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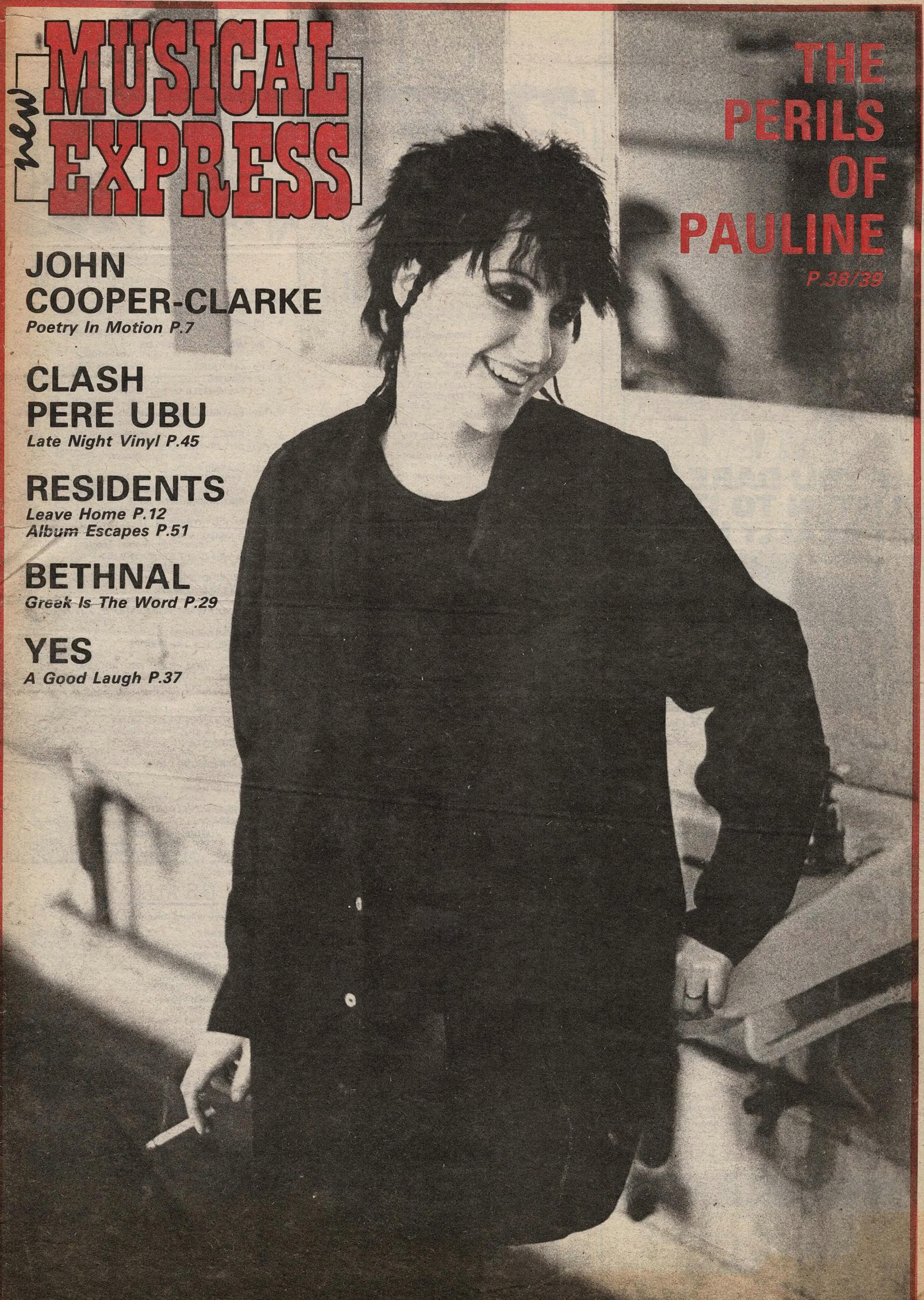

THE PERILS OF PAULINE

P.38/39

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Poetry In Motion P.7

CLASH
PERE UBU

Late Night Vinyl P.45

RESIDENTS

Leave Home P.12
Album Escapes P.51

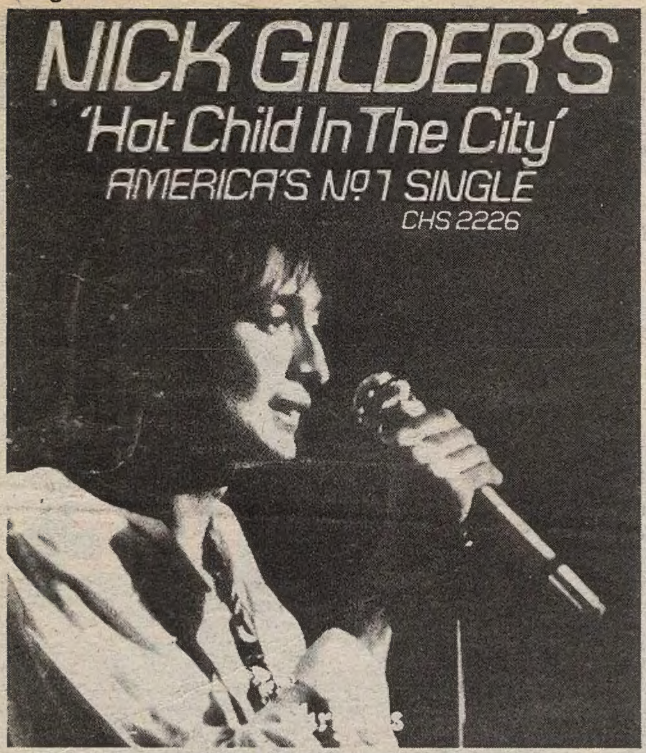
BETHNAL

Greek Is The Word P.29

YES

A Good Laugh P.37

'Urry Up Pauline ... PENETRATION: Photograph by PENNIE SMITH.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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending November 6, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	PUPPY SONG / DAY DREAMER	David Cassidy (Bell)
2	2	SORROW	David Bowie (RCA)
16	3	LET ME IN	The Osmonds (MGM)
3	4	EYE LEVEL	Simon Park Orchestra (Columbia)
4	5	GOODBYE YELLOW BRICK ROAD	Elton John (DJM)
5	6	CAROLINE	Status Quo(Vertigo)
13	7	TOP OF THE WORLD	Carpenters (A&M)
12	8	GHETTO CHILD	Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)
7	9	FOR THE GOOD TIMES	Perry Como (RCA)
8	10	A HARD RAIN'S GONNA FALL	Bryan Ferry (Island)
17	10	DECK OF CARDS	Max Bygraves (Pye

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending November 6, 1968.

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS	Joe Cocker (Regal-Zonophone)
3	2	THE GOOD, THE BAND AND THE UGLY	Hugo Montenegro (RCA)
1	3	THOSE WERE THE DAYS	Mary Hopkin (Apple)
9	4	THIS OLD HEART OF MINE	Isley Brothers (Tamla Motown)
5	5	ONLY ONE WOMAN	Marbles (Polydor)
13	6	ELOISE	Barry Ryan (MGM)
1	7	LIGHT MY FIRE	Jose Feliciano (RCA)
4	8	LITTLE ARROWS	Leapy Lee (NCA)
7	9	LISTEN TO ME	Hollies (Parlophone)
6	10	MY LITTLE LADY	Tremeloes (CBS)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 8, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE	Gerry & the Pacemakers (Columbia)
2	2	SHE LOVES YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
8	3	BE MY BABY	Ronettes (London)
6	4	SUGAR AND SPICE	Searchers (Pye)
5	5	BLUE BAYOU	Roy Orbison (London)
3	6	DO YOU LOVE ME	Brian Poole and The Tremeloes (Decca)
4	7	I	Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
9	8	MEMPHIS TENNESSEE	Chuck Berry (Pye Int.)
7	9	THEN HE KISSED ME	Crystals (London)
10	10	THE FIRST TIME	Adam Faith (Parlophone)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending November 11, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	SUMMER NIGHTS	John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	8	1
2	(4)	RAT TRAP	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	4	2
3	(5)	SANDY	John Travolta (Midsong/Polydor)	6	3
4	(3)	MACARTHUR PARK	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	4	3
5	(10)	DARLIN'	Frankie Miller (Chrysalis)	4	5
6	(9)	BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE	Jacksons (Epic)	7	6
7	(7)	PUBLIC IMAGE	Public Image Ltd (Virgin)	3	7
8	(22)	HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU	Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	2	8
9	(2)	RASPUTIN	Boney M (Atlantic Hansa)	7	2
10	(20)	INSTANT REPLAY	Dan Hartman (Blue Sky)	3	10
11	(14)	HURRY UP HARRY	Sham 69 (Polydor)	4	10
12	(8)	SWEET TALKIN' WOMAN	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	5	6
13	(19)	GIVIN' UP GIVIN' IN	Three Degrees (Ariola)	4	13
14	(6)	LUCKY STARS	Dean Friedman (Lifesong)	8	3
15	(—)	PRETTY LITTLE ANGEL EYES	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	1	15
16	(17)	BICYCLE RACE / FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS	Queen (EMI)	2	16
17	(13)	HAVE YOU EVER FALLEN IN LOVE	Buzzcocks (UA)	7	13
18	(18)	DOWN IN THE TUBE STATION AT MIDNIGHT	Jam (Polydor)	4	18
19	(27)	DIPPETY DAY	Father Abraham & The Smurfs (Decca)	3	19
20	(30)	RADIO RADIO	Elvis Costello (Radar)	2	20
21	(—)	I LOVE AMERICA	Patrick Juvet (Casablanca)	1	21
22	(—)	ALWAYS & FOREVER/MIND BLOWING DECISIONS	Heatwave (GTO)	1	22
23	(11)	I CAN'T STOP LOVIN' YOU	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	7	5
24	(—)	TOAST	Street Band (Logo)	1	24
25	(16)	TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP	Crystal Gayle (UA)	8	11
26	(—)	EAST RIVER	Brecker Brothers (Arista)	1	26
27	(—)	TEENAGE KICKS	Undertones (Sire)	1	27
28	(28)	SILVER MACHINE	Hawkwind (United Artists)	2	28
29	(15)	NOW THAT WE FOUND LOVE	Third World (Island)	8	9
30	(21)	BRANDY	O'Jays (Philadelphia)	4	21

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

PROMISES — Eric Clapton (RSO); RESPECTABLE — Rolling Stones (EMI); GIVING IT BACK — Phil Hurtt (Fantasy); PRANCE ON — Eddie Henderson (Capitol).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending November 11, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	MAC ARTHUR PARK	Donna Summer
2	(1)	HOT CHILD IN THE CITY	Nick Gilder
3	(3)	KISS YOU ALL OVER	Exile
4	(4)	YOU NEEDED ME	Anne Murray
5	(6)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
6	(8)	HOW MUCH I FEEL	Ambrosia
7	(7)	BEAST OF BURDEN	Rolling Stones
8	(5)	WHENEVER I CALL YOU "FRIEND"	Kenny Loggins
9	(11)	READY TO TAKE A CHANCE AGAIN	Barry Manilow
10	(10)	YOU NEVER DONE IT LIKE THAT	Captain & Tennille
11	(14)	I JUST WANNA STOP	Gino Vannelli
12	(15)	SHARING THE NIGHT TOGETHER	Dr Hook
13	(12)	REMINISCING	Little River Band
14	(17)	I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE (DISCO ROUND)	Alicia Bridges
15	(9)	WHO ARE YOU	The Who
16	(—)	YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS	Barbra & Neil
17	(18)	GET OFF	Foxy
18	(25)	TIME PASSAGES	Al Stewart
19	(23)	ALIVE AGAIN	Chicago
20	(22)	SWEET LIFE	Paul Davis
21	(24)	BLUE COLLAR MAN (LONG NIGHTS)	Styx
22	(13)	RIGHT DOWN THE LINE	Gerry Rafferty
23	(26)	ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE	Funkadelic
24	(28)	DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITHOUT IT	Pablo Cruise
25	(29)	STRAIGHT ON	Heart
26	(—)	(OUR LOVE) DON'T THROW IT ALL AWAY	Andy Gibb
27	(—)	STRANGEWAY	Firefall
28	(19)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey
29	(—)	CHANGE OF HEART	Eric Carman
30	(—)	EVERYBODY NEEDS LOVE	Stephen Bishop

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending November 11, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	GREASE	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	18	1
2	(2)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS	Boney M (Int/Hansa)	17	1
3	(4)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Jeff Wayne (CBS)	19	2
4	(10)	EMOTIONS	Various (K-Tel)	2	4
5	(7)	IMAGES	Don Williams (K-Tel)	15	2
6	(3)	BIG WHEELS OF MOTOWN	Various (Motown)	7	2
7	(6)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	29	1
8	(9)	STAGE	David Bowie (RCA)	6	8
9	(12)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	47	3
10	(13)	CLASSIC ROCK	London Symphony Orchestra (K-Tel)	14	6
11	(8)	PARALLEL LINES	Blondie (Chrysalis)	8	7
12	(5)	BROTHERHOOD OF MAN	Brotherhood Of Man (K-Tel)	5	5
13	(16)	BLOODY TOURISTS	10 c.c. (Mercury)	8	3
14	(28)	A SINGLE MAN	Elton John (Rocket Records)	2	14
15	(30)	IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT	Status Quo (Phonogram)	2	15
16	(—)	ALL MOD CONS	The Jam (Polydor)	1	16
17	(—)	I'M COMING HOME	Tom Jones (Lotus)	1	17
18	(—)	IF YOU WANT BLOOD YOU'VE GOT IT	AC/DC (Atlantic)	1	18
19	(—)	INNER SECRETS	Santana (CBS)	1	19
20	(14)	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	13	7
21	(—)	WELL WELL SAID THE ROCKING CHAIR	Dean Friedman (Lifesong)	2	21
22	(11)	ROSE ROYCE STRIKES AGAIN	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	6	8
23	(15)	LEO SAYER	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	9	14
24	(24)	25th ANNIVERSARY ALBUM	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)	2	24
25	(25)	MANHATTAN TRANSFER LIVE	Manhattan Transfer (WEA)	2	25
26	(—)	EXPRESSIONS	Don Williams (ABC)	1	26
27	(17)	TORMATO	Yes (Atlantic)	7	9
28	(23)	LIVE & MORE	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	4	11
29	(—)	THE AMAZING DARTS	Darts (Magnet)	1	29
30	(—)	ECSTASY	Various (Lotus)	2	28

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

THE DAVID ESSEX ALBUM — David Essex (CBS); WAVELENGTH — Van Morrison (Elektra); MOVE IT ON OVER — George Thorogood (Sonet); EVITA — Original London Cast (MCA).

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending November 11, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	GREASE	Various Artists
2	(2)	LIVING IN THE U.S.A.	Linda Ronstadt
3	(3)	LIVE AND MORE	Donna Summer
4	(10)	52nd STREET	Billy Joel
5	(6)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
6	(5)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston
7	(7)	PIECES OF EIGHT	Styx
8	(8)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones
9	(9)	DOG & BUTTERFLY	Heart
10	(4)	WHO ARE YOU	The Who
11	(12)	HOT STREETS	Chicago
12	(11)	TWIN SONS OF DIFFERENT MOTHERS	Dan Fogelberg & Tim Weisberg
13	(13)	TORMATO	Yes
14	(18)	TIME PASSAGES	Al Stewart
15	(15)	ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE	Funkadelic
16	(16)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
17	(20)	COMES A TIME	Neil Young
18	(14)	NIGHTWATCH	Kenny Loggins
19	(17)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
20	(24)	BROTHER TO BROTHER	Gino Vannelli
21	(19)	IS IT STILL GOOD TO YA	Ashford & Simpson
22	(23)	CHILDREN OF SANCHEZ	Chuck Mangione
23	(22)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees & Various Artists
24	(—)	A WILD & CRAZY GUY	Steve Martin
25	(26)	ALONG THE RED LEDGE	Daryl Hall & John Oates
26	(30)	LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY	Anne Murray
27	(21)	MIXED EMOTIONS	Exile
28	(—)	BURSTING OUT	Jethro Tull
29	(29)	WORLDS AWAY	Pablo Cruise
30	(—)	A SINGLE MAN	Elton John

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

DURY XMAS CHEER FOR LONDONERS

IAN DURY & The Blockheads were this week confirmed for a string of seven major concerts in London immediately before Christmas. But unlike Elvis Costello — who headlines a similar number of seasonal shows, all at the Dominion Theatre — Dury and his band are spreading their Christmas cheer around, playing their seven gigs at five different venues.

Their itinerary comprises Lewisham Odeon (December 17 and 18), Hammersmith Odeon (19), Streatham Odeon (20), Ilford Odeon (21) and Kilburn Gaumont State (22 and 23). In this way, Dury ensures that most areas of suburban London will be within reasonable distance of at least one of his shows.

Tickets for all gigs go on sale tomorrow (Friday), though at presstime the two support acts had not been set.

Dury and the Blockheads leave this weekend for a month-long tour of Europe, which includes a few dates in Ireland. But during their absence, Stiff Records release their new single on November 24 — titled "Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick" and coupled with "There Ain't Half Been Some Clever Bastards".

Gen X set 18 dates

GENERATION X have now confirmed 18 dates for their late autumn tour, plans for which were revealed by NME two weeks age, and there's a strong probability that more will be added.

As reported, the tour ties in with the late Novenber release by Chrysalis of their new album "Intercourse (Old Meets New)", which was produced by Ian Hunter. They've been off the road for several months working on this, their second LP, but they now return to live action with dates at:

High Wycombe Town Hall (November 24), Northampton County Ground (25), Croydon Greyhound (26), Cardiff Top Rank (28), London Wembley Arena (29), Cheltenham Town Hall (30), Birmingham Aston University (December 1), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (2), Bristol Locarno (3), Hertford Castle Hall (5), Newport Stowaway Club (6), Nottingham Boat Club (7), Sheffield Polytechnic (8), Manchester Mayflower (15), and two shows at Liverpool Eric's (16).

Their Wembley appearance is, of course, in the previously-reported Great British Music Festival with The Jam.

GENERATION X: back in business.

RATS ON A TURKEY TROT

The Rats' BOB GELDOF in suitably festive mood.

THE BOOMTOWN RATS begin the second leg of their autumn concert tour early next month. They played a string of dates back in October, but then came off the road in order to fit in recording sessions and European concerts. They've now confirmed nine shows for December, including a major London concert, and these are given a Christmas flavour with the billing of "Seasonal Turkey Tour.".

It's understood that several more dates have still to be finalised for the band, who are currently riding high in the charts with their single "Rat Trap". But those set as far are Bracknell Sports Centre (December 2), Guildford Civic Hall (3), Exeter University (4), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (5), London Hammersmith Odeon (7), Glasgow Apollo (9), Lancaster University (10), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (12) and Manchester Apollo (13).

Ticket prices at all seated venues are pegged at £2.50, £2 and £1.50, and at unseated gigs they'll all be at the one price of £2. The support act has still to be named.

NEWS WAVES

MAGAZINE — who, as reported last week, will soon be starting their biggest U.K. tour to date — have added two more dates to their itinerary. They are Derby Kings Hall (December 2) and Leeds Polytechnic (5). And their gig on December 8, originally announced as Hanley Victoria Hall, is now switched to Cromer West Runton Pavilion.

PERE UBU, whose second LP "Dub Housing" is issued by Chrysalis this weekend, have made several changes to their U.K. tour. These involve High Wycombe Town Hall (switched from November 19 to 20), Birmingham on November 27 (now at Barbarella's instead of The Gig) and December 9 (changed from Glasgow Queen Margaret Union to St. Andrew's University). Additionally, Portsmouth Polytechnic (November 30) and Brighton Sussex University (December 1) are added, while Loughborough University (3) and Doncaster Outlook (4) are cancelled. The support spot on the Ubu tour is shared — from one venue to another — between Red Crayola, The Soft Boys and The Human League.

THE SHIRTS have made two date changes in their British tour, opening this weekend, although the venues remain the same. They now play Batley Crumpets this Sunday (12) instead of November 16 as originally planned. And to accommodate this, Birmingham Barbarella's moves back a day to next Monday (13).

THE FLYS have confirmed five November dates — at Aberystwyth Univeristy (tomorrow, Friday), Manchester The Venue (Saturday), London West Hampstead Railway Hotel (14), High Wycombe Nags Head (23) and Seaford Third World (30).

THE EDGE, the band launched by two ex-Damned members, have added several dates to their current debut tour — at Cranfield Technical College (tonight, Thursday), Winchester School of Art (this Saturday), London Kensington Nashville (November 17), London Islington Hope & Anchor (24) and Gloucester College of Technology (25). And more gigs are still being finalised.

Lurkers add more venues

THE LURKERS have added a string of dates in Ireland, Scotland and the North of England to the tail end of their current tour. These include Belfast The Pound (November 23 and 24), Greenock Town Hall (28), Aberdeen Ruffles (29), Glasgow venue to be confirmed (30), Edinburgh Clouds (December 1), Fife St. Andrew's University (2), Dumfries Stagecoach (3), York Pop Club (4) and Nottingham Boat Club (7).

The band are also to headline a major London concert on December 9, details to be announced shortly, prior to coming off the road for the first time in nine months. Their new Beggars Banquet single "Just Thirteen" has been delayed until November 17, and in February they record a new album for release in April.

NEWS

PUBLIC IMAGE TICKET CHAOS

THERE WERE wild scenes in Chelsea last Friday, when tickets went on sale at Beaufort Market for the debut concerts by Public Image Ltd. — at London Rainbow on Christmas Day and Boxing Day. Despite all attempts to prevent touting, two van-loads of touts arrived at the shop armed with wads of tickets they had managed to procure. In the ensuing chaos, police were called to restore order.

Promoter Jock McDonald told NME this week that response to the concerts had been "overwhelming". He said: "Both gigs are now virtually sold out, and it's pretty certain that we shall be adding a third show as a matinee on Boxing Day afternoon". He reminded ticket-holders that there is no public transport after 4pm on Christmas Day — but travel on London buses that day before 4pm is free of charge.

John Lydon (or Johnny Rotten, whichever you prefer) has now confirmed three support bands for the Public Image Ltd. gigs. Two of them are reggae outfits — The Poets and Brixton-based group The Roots. Also confirmed are up-and-coming Leicester band The Wendy Tunes. Another two supports are still being finalised.

Slits join Clash tour as support

THE SLITS — no longer an all-girl band, now that they've acquired a male drummer — are to support The Clash on their extensive U.K. tour starting next weekend. The outfit's new member — replacing Palmolive who left the line-up "by mutual agreement" three weeks ago — is Budgie, who was previously with Liverpool band Big In Japan. He joins the girls because they were unable to find a competent female drummer.

Reggae band Pressure Shocks also appear on The Clash tour, to make a three-band package. But The Clash have still not announced details of their London and Birmingham dates — even though they were due a week ago, but were not available at that time, nor again this week. This seems to indicate that the band are having their usual trouble in finding venues prepared to accept them — particularly in London, where up to five dates are planned.

SID VICIOUS BENEFIT

It's understood that one of the London gigs will be a special Sid Vicious benefit concert, to help pay the legal fees for his upcoming trial, and this is expected to take place during the second week of December. One change in their previously-reported itinerary involves Edinburgh Odeon, which moves from December 3 to November 16, and now becomes the opening date of the tour. And their Coventry gig on November 28 is at Tiffany's, not the Locarno as previously announced.

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ON THE ROAD

ERIC CLAPTON has added another date to his upcoming British tour, making ten concerts in all — it's at **Guildford** Civic Hall on December 7. As on all the other dates, Muddy Waters is special guest.

TAPPER ZUKIE — who, as reproted last week, headlines a **London** Rainbow concert on December 16 — is now also confirmed for **Manchester** Mayflower Club on December 7. One or two other gigs are being lined up.

RALPH McTELL headlines a one-off concert at **Belfast** Whitla Hall on Thursday, December 14, as compensation for his non-appearance in this month's Belfast Festival due to illness.

PETER SARSTEDT, whose new Ariola single "You'll Never Be Alone Again" is out this weekend, is also playing a one-off concert — it's at **Reading** Hexagon Theatre next Tuesday (14), with Catherine Howe guesting.

CHARLIE AINLEY promotes his first EMI album "Bang Your Door" (out this weekend) by playing three nights at **London Camden** Dingwalls next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday (14-16), with labelmates China Street as his guests.

LINDISFARNE, who start their massive 40-date tour this week, have switched their December 10 concert from **Stoke** Jollees to **Hanley** Victoria Hall.

BAND OF JOY play a series of selected dates during the coming month — at **Bristol** Granary (November 16), **Corby** Town Supporters Club (23), **Birmingham** Caravan Club (25), **Nottingham** University (December 2), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (3), **Wolverhampton** Polytechnic (6), **Kidderminster** College (8) and **Manchester** The Venue (10).

DAVID SYLVIAN of Japan

JAPAN have added a couple of gigs to, and subtracted one from, their five dates announced last week. **Leeds** Fforde Greene Hotel (November 19) is now cancelled, but **Southampton** Polytechnic (25) and **Sheffield** Polytechnic (29) are newly booked. The band, currently on a ten-day US tour, are being lined up for further dates at the end of this month and in early December.

STADIUM DOGS are another current touring band who've added extra dates to their itinerary. These are **Swansea** Circles Club (tonight, Thursday), **London Kensington** Nashville (November 13), **London Harrow Road** Windsor Castle (21), **Manchester** Mayflower (23) and **Birmingham** Barbarella's (25). But their previously-announced gig at **Manchester** University on November 22 is now cancelled.

BULLETS, the Birmingham band whose single "Girl On Page 3" sparked a skirmish with The Sun newspaper, are back from a European tour and gigging at **Luton** College (tomorrow, Friday), **Chichester** Bishop Otter College (Saturday), **London Islington** Hope & Anchor (November 15), **Lincoln** A.J's (18), **London Camden** Dingwalls (25), **London Harrow Rd.** Windsor Castle (29), **Bristol** Granary (30), **Milton Keynes** College (December 1), **Derby** Mickleover College (2), **Cannock** Troubadour (15), **Abertillery** Arrael Club (16), **Stratford-On-Avon** Green Dragon (22) and **Nottingham** Boat Club (28).

THE YOUNG BUCKS continue their hectic gig schedule with **London** dates at W14 The Kensington (this Thursday November 16, 23 and 30), Central Poly (this Friday), Canning Town Bridge House (13 and 20), Covent Garden Rock Garden (14, 21 and 28), Regent's Park Bedford College (17), Marquee (19), WC1 Institute of Education (24), Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (27), Stoke Newington Pegasus (29), Southbank Poly (December 1), Roehampton Froebel Institute (2) and Islington Hope & Anchor (3). One out-of-town date is at **Canterbury** Kent University on November 25.

THE SKIDS go back on the road to promote their new four-track red-vinyl EP "Wide Open", issued recently by Virgin. They play **Nuneaton** 77 Club (November 14), **Manchester** Russell Club (16), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (17), **Liverpool** Eric's (18), **Plymouth** Metro (21), **Reading** Bones Club (22), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (23) and **Edninburgh** Clouds (24). More gigs will be added, and they also support Ultravox at **London Strand** Lyceum on Sunday, December 10.

WAYNE BARRETT of Slaughter

SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS, who recently re-formed with their original line-up, have switched the venue for their big comeback gig in **Manchester** next Wednesday (15). Originally scheduled for the Lesser Free Trade Hall, it now takes place at the Russell Club, with Ed Banger among the support acts.

SCENE STEALER, whose first Rebel Records single "Ballerina" comes out at the end of this month, begin their first full-scale tour at **Corby** Denston College tonight (Thursday). Other gigs set are **Derby** Lonsdale College (Saturday), **Milton Keynes** Crawford Club (November 13), **Sheffield** Polytechnic (28), **London Camden** Music Machine (29), **Langley Mill** Club (30), **Liverpool** Christ's College (December 1), **Liverpool** C F Mott College (2), **London Fulham** Golden Lion (6), **Preston** Polytechnic (7), **Dundee** Polytechnic (8), **Corby** Civic Hall (20) and **Rotherham** College (27). Irish dates next month include two nights at **Belfast** The Pound (December 15 and 16).

MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH and COCKY, two comedy folk-rock acts, combine in a Christmas tour that goes out under the banner of "Cat Whittington And His Dick". Dates so far are **Plymouth** Drake Club (November 23), **Newton Abbot** Seale Hayne College (24), **Bristol** Poly (25), **Dunstable** College (28), **Loughborough** University (29), **Cheltenham** North Glos College, (December 1), **Wolverhampton** Poly (2), **Sheffield** Poly and University (3), **London Twickenham** St Mary's College (4), **London Ealing** Technical College (5), **Hatfield** Poly (6), **Walsall** West Midlands College (7), **London Ealing** Teachers Centre (8), **Reading** Bulmershe College (9), **Plymouth** Hoe Theatre (10), **Pontypridd** Glamorgan Poly (11), **Aberystwyth** University (12), **London** Courland Hall (13), **Solihull** Boggery (18), **Brize Norton** RAF (19), **Portland** HMS Osprey (20), **Dorchester** Askers Motel (21), **Bristol** Barton Hill Club (22), **Redditch** Sticky Wicket (23) and **Bridgwater** Town Hall (29 and 30).

THE ENID have four gigs during the next ten days — at **Salford** University (tomorrow, Friday), **Slough** Langley College (Saturday), **Guildford** Surrey University (November 17) and **London Woolwich** Thames Polytechnic (18).

FABULOUS POODLES have made several changes to their current extensive tour, promoting their new album "Unsuitable" and single "Mirror Star". They have new bookings at **London Kensington** Nashville (tonight, Thursday), **Bradford** University (November 22), **London Strand** Lyceum (23), **London** Marquee (24) and **Reading** University (25). Their show this Saturday (11) is switched from **Manchester** University to **Coventry** Warwick University, and on November 16 from **Edinburgh** Clouds to **Dumbarton** Neptune Club. And **Sheffield** Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday) and **Stirling** University (November 18) are cancelled.

Do you ever feel like hiding your face?

For you: a few clear hints on getting to the spot.

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3. Be kind to your face in other ways. Like with good cleansing, fresh foods, exercise, fewer fats: they can all help.

4. There's nothing that will give you a perfect complexion *overnight*. But, used properly, Propa P.H. often shows a real improvement on spots and blackheads within 3 days.

5. Waste no time. Ask at your chemist for Propa P.H. Use it as instructed on the bottle. And get to the spot, fast.

Harvey planning New Year tour

ALEX HARVEY and his new band, who made their debut earlier this week by playing three nights at The Venue in London's Victoria, are also set for a show at Manchester Mayflower Club this Sunday (12). And during the next fortnight they'll be playing a string of college dates, which are not being advertised nationally, so as not to affect their major British tour currently being lined up for the New Year.

Now billed simply as The Alex Harvey Band, they leave for a European tour on November 24, but manager Brian Adams says he's hoping to arrange a few Christmas shows for them in and around London. The band's personnel comprises ex-SAHB keyboards man Hugh McKenna, ex-Beggars Opera bassist Gordon Sellar and renowned jazz saxist Don Weller, plus two 18-year-olds — Simon Chatterton (drums) and Matthew Cang (lead guitar).

● Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow will not be touring Britain next month, as originally expected. Instead they're off to France to record a new album, planned for late winter release. And they'll now be touring Europe and the U.K. in March and April, though no dates are available yet.

● Average White Band have also delayed their UK visit, originally planned for late November and early December, until the New Year. Reason seems to be that they're behind schedule in completing their new album which, when released, the tour would promote.

RONNIE HAWKINS OUT OF ROXY ROCK SHOW

RONNIE HAWKINS, the near-legendary rock'n'roller who was to have topped the day-long event at London Harlesden Roxy Theatre this Saturday (11), has been forced to cancel his visit. Hawkins, who was also to have appeared at London Dingwalls next Monday, has been admitted to hospital in Toronto and is apparently suffering from a recurrence of his heart trouble.

But the rock 'n' roll marathon goes ahead on Saturday, with two late headliners booked to replace Hawkins — they are Warren Smith, one of the early Sun Records artists who was last here in May last year, when he played London Rainbow; and Ray Smith, the Canadian rockabilly veteran. They join the British bill which includes such names as Crazy Cavan, Flying Saucers and Freddie 'Fingers' Lee. A spokesman said that it's now hoped to bring Hawkins over in the New Year, when he's recovered from his illness.

Kiss due this month to set up U.K. gigs

KISS fly into Britain on November 28, but it's only for a short promotional visit, and they won't be playing any dates on this occasion — though they will take the opportunity of finalising arrangements for their U.K. tour planned for early next year.

They're coming in, together with a Casablanca Records entourage, primarily to attend a Press reception and a showing of their film "Phantom Of The Ballpark". But no doubt the individual members will also be plugging their various solo albums, which have just been issued. The exact period of the band's 1979 British tour will hopefully be fixed with promoter Jeff Kruger while they are here, and it's likely to be in the late winter or early spring.

PALACE PROMOTION?

CRYSTAL PALACE Football Club at Selhurst Park, in South-East London. are planning promotion next year — to the big league of rock concerts! It's understood that the club, heavily in debt despite its success on the field this year, is having discussions with a leading promoter with a view to a massive open-air rock event being staged there in the late spring — similar to concerts previously presented at the neighbouring Charlton ground. The project could encounter objections and complaints, though — because the ground is situated in a heavily residential district.

ROCK GIGS END AT ROUNDHOUSE

IT LOOKS LIKE curtains for the Roundhouse in Chalk Farm, as one of London's leading rock venues, following the decision of Straight Music — who've been presenting regular Sunday shows there for some years —to stop using the hall.

The Roundhouse is one of the longest-serving rock-concert venues in the capital, and most of the big names — like The Who, The Stones, Joe Cocker and The Doors — have played it at some stage of their careers.

But the local Camden Council now seem to have won the long-standing battle to oust rock from the venue. They launched an attack early this year, as the result of constant complaints from local residents (some reports suggest that only one resident was complaining), limiting the number of concerts allowed each year and the decibel level permitted.

Since then, meter readers have been in evidence at most shows and — following further objections — XTC's concert planned for the Roundhouse this Sunday (12) has been pulled out. It's been switched to the near-by Electric Ballroom in Camden Town on Friday, November 17 (admission £2).

And Straight Music say that, as far as they are concerned, that ends their association with the Roundhouse. Commented promoter John Curd: "Quite frankly, we just can't be bothered to carry on there. It's all too restrictive, and we're always fighting a losing battle. We shall now move most of our shows down the road to the Electric Ballroom."

In view of Straight's experience, it's unlikely that any other promoter will jump into the breach. It's understood that the Roundhouse management are considering promoting their own rock concerts next year — but with all the restrictions now imposed, it's virtually certain that the Roundhouse will never recapture its old halcyon days.

Rod to play extra dates

IT NOW seems certain that several more dates will be added to Rod Stewart's major British tour next month, over and above those reported last week. Manchester Belle Vue reported a sell-out of Rod's three shows there (December 2, 3 and 5) within hours of the box-office opening on Monday. And postal bookings for London Olympia (21-23) were described as "mountainous". A spokesman said that one, possibly two, extra dates are likely to be slotted in at Olympia — plus at least one more in Manchester. Details can be expected next week.

Kenny plays on Who set

KENNY JONES — drummer with the now-defunct Faces who, after their disbandment, joined the re-formed Small Faces — is at present working on The Who's film "Quadrophenia". Widespread rumours in rock circles this week suggested that he had, in fact, joined The Who as permanent replacement for the late Keith Moon. But a Who spokesman denied this emphatically on Monday, and added: "The band are laying down a few tracks for the film, and Kenny is sitting in with them to help them out. That's all there is to it."

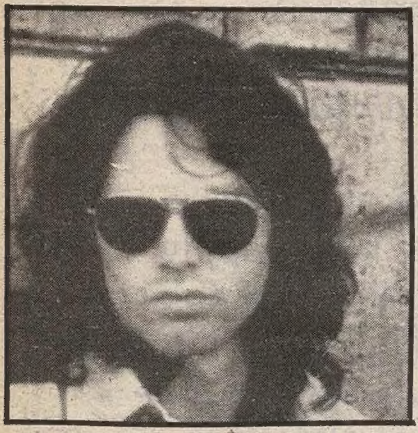
ELTON TAKEN ILL

ELTON JOHN was rushed to a Harley Street clinic at midday on Tuesday suffering from a mystery illness.

According to his company, Rocket Records, he was taken ill while preparing to fly to Paris for further treatment to his recent hair-graft operations. But a spokesperson denied early reports he had suffered a heart attack.

"At first we thought it was a heart attack . . . but this has been denied by his doctor."

Rocket stated that Elton was conscious when admitted to the clinic and was undergoing "comprehensive investigation". He was said to be resting and his condition was "comfortable". The results of tests were to be known on Tuesday evening, after *NME* had closed for press.



JIM MORRISON

NEW DOORS —all previously unissued titles

AN ALBUM of previously unissued material by Jim Morrison and The Doors, which has taken over two years to complete, is released by Elektra on December 1. Titled "An American Prayer", it features tracks from the late sixties, and includes such numbers as "Black Polished Chrome", "Stoned Immaculate", "American Night" and "Ghost Song". Several tracks are taken from Morrison's incomplete album of poetry readings, which were recently set to music by the three remaining Doors — Robby Krieger, Ray Manzarek and John Densmore — and there's also a live version of "Roadhouse Blues". The album includes an eight-page booklet containing poems and drawings by Morrison.

ELP ELPEE

EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER spring a surprise by releasing a new album on the Atlantic label on November 24, titled "Love Beach". It's a surprise because news of ELP's upcoming releases is usually known well in advance, but on this occasion the album has come out of the blue. The tracks are all original compositions, except for Rodrigo's "Canario", and Side Two is devoted to one four-part suite titled "Memoirs Of An Officer And Gentleman". A single extracted from the LP, called "All I Want Is You" comes out the previous week on November 17. There is still no official news of any British concerts by ELP, although unofficial reports suggesting that they are planning dates for early next year, now that they've completed their recording commitments.

● **Kelvin Blacklock,** formerly of Tuff Darts and The White Cats, has revived the 1968 Herd classic "I Don't Want Our Loving To Die". Produced by Midge Ure of The Rich Kids, it's released by EMI on November 17.

● DJM Records are putting out, with immediate effect, a limited edition of **Elton John's** "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road" pressed in yellow vinyl.

● A solo album by **Gary Moore,** his first since becoming a permanent member of Thin Lizzy, is released by MCA on December 7. Titled "Back On The Streets", it features Phil Lynott, who also co-wrote two of the tracks with Moore. The title track is issued as a single tomorrow (Friday).

OFF THE RECORD

Buzzcocks keep chart promises

THE BUZZCOCKS have a new single released by United Artists on November 17, despite the fact that their current single "Ever Fallen In Love" is still figuring strongly in the charts. Titles are "Promises"/"Lipstick", neither taken from the band's hit album "Love Bites", although both were cut at the same week-long session. "Promises" is a new Shelley-Diggle composition, but "Lipstick" has a strange history — Shelley wrote it when Howard Devoto was still in the original Buzzcocks, but after Devoto left he asked if he could use the guitar riff for a Magazine single called "Shot By Both Sides", which was duly agreed. But now The Buzzcocks have revived the original number!
add record news

Oldfield's first double LP due

MIKE OLDFIELD'S first album for three years "Incantations", which is also his first double set, is released by Virgin on November 24. It was recorded at his home studio in Gloucestershire, mainly by himself — but with assistance from Sally Oldfield, Maddy Prior, Jabula (African drums), Pierrie Moerlen (percussion) and choir and strings conducted by David Bedford.

Issued on the same day is an Oldfield EP (the first 25,000 copies in 12-inch white vinyl) featuring "Portsmouth", "In Dulce Jubilo", "The Sailor's Hornpipe" and a new track "Wrekorder Wrondo". And on December 1, a limited number of "Tubular Bells" picture discs become available, imported from the States.

Early in the New Year, Oldfield begins his first-ever concert tour visiting Germany, France, Belgium and Spain, and climaxing in several London shows. He'll be accompanied on stage by 72 musicians and singers, and the concerts will feature music from all his albums, but with special emphasis on his latest release.

Motors re-serviced!

THE MOTORS' new single, issued by Virgin this weekend, is "Today". It's taken from their "Approved By The Motors" album, though it's been re-recorded and "tarted up" in the process, and the band hope that it will follow "Airport" and "Forget About You" into the charts. The B-side is a new Garvey-McMaster song called "Here Comes The Hustler".

November 17 sees the re-launch of the "Approved By The Motors" LP in a brand new sleeve. Both Virgin and the band were bewildered by its relative lack of success, specially as it contains two hit singles, but market research revealed that public reaction to the original sleeve was "strongly negative" — hence the revised cover.

Stiff are in the picture!

ALL FIVE acts currently touring Britain in the "Be Stiff" package are to have their latest albums made available as picture discs. They are "The Wonderful World Of Wreckless Eric", "Juppanese" by Mickey Jupp, "On The Other Hand There's A Fist" by Jona Lewie, "Stateless" by Lene Lovich and "Fool Around" by Rachel Sweet.

And it's a credit to Stiff Records that they're releasing this limited edition with an album price of £4.99 which, by existing standards, is incredibly low for this technique. The picture disc involves the artist's likeness being imprinted in the grooves (as on the Rachel Sweet LP reproduction above) without loss of sound quality.

Wreckless Eric has a single from his LP issued on November 17 — titled "Crying Waiting Hoping", it was one of the last songs Buddy Holly recorded before his death in 1959. B-side is the original demo recording of "I Wish It Would Rain", which is featured in its finished form on the album.

Rachel Sweet's new single, out this weekend, is her version of the 1966 Carla Thomas classic "B-A-B-Y". Backing includes various members of The Blockheads.

Beatles albums — for £50 plus!

A COMPLETE set of all 12 Beatles albums, in their original covers and marketed in a specially designed deluxe box, is available from this weekend on EMI Records. And as a bonus, there's also a free 17-track sampler LP called "Rarities", which includes two German singles never before issued in Britain ("Komm Gib Mire Deine Hand" and "Sie Liebt Dich") and a version of "Across The Universe", previously only obtainable on a limited-edition charity album. Price of "The Beatles Collection" is £51.39 (gulp!).

● Rockpile front men **Dave Edmunds** and **Nick Lowe** both have new singles issued on November 24. Edmunds' is called "Television" and it's on the Swan Song label. Lowe's is a double A-side, coupling "American Squirm" and "(What's So Funny 'Bout) Peace Love And Understanding", released by Radar. The second of Lowe's titles is a new version of a number he originally recorded in 1974 when he was a member of Brinsley Schwarz.

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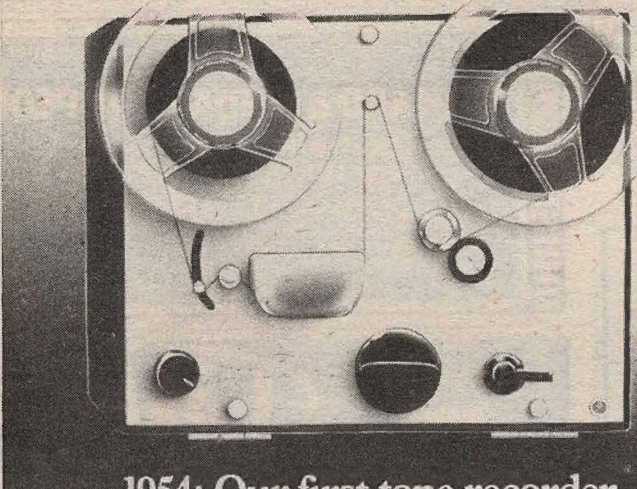
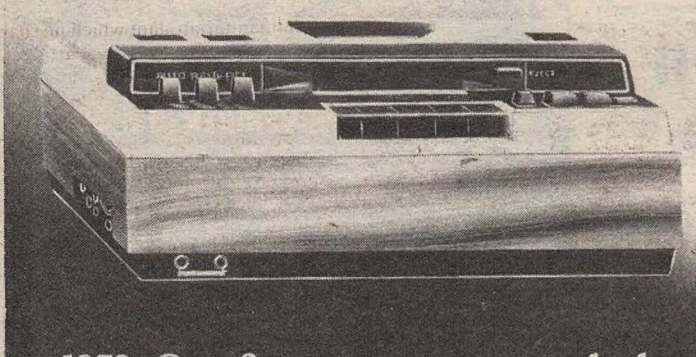
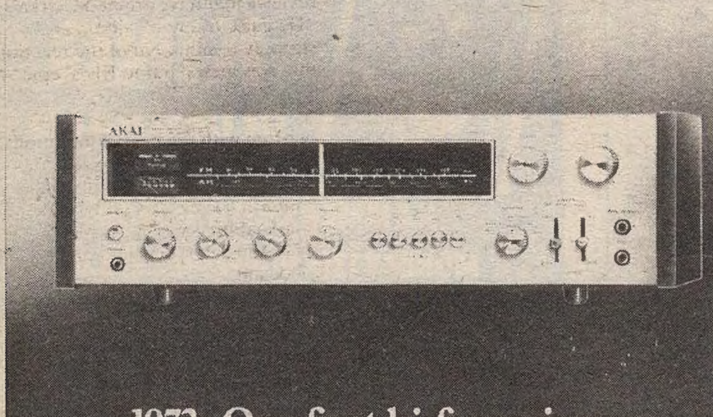


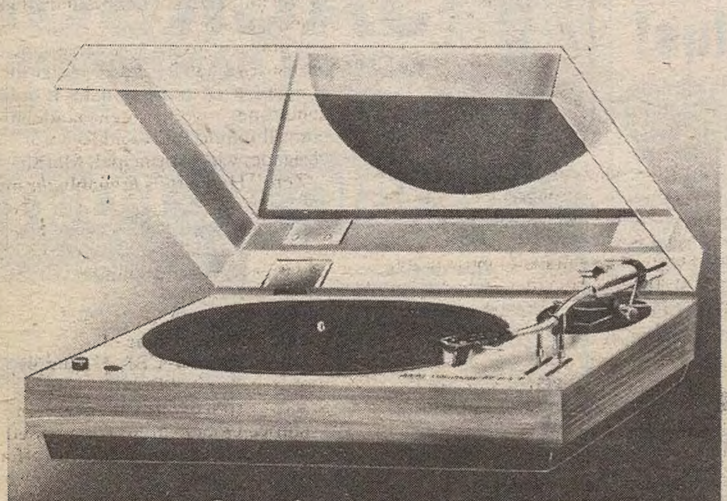
1954: Our first tape recorder.



1970: Our first stereo cassette deck.



1973: Our first hi-fi receiver.



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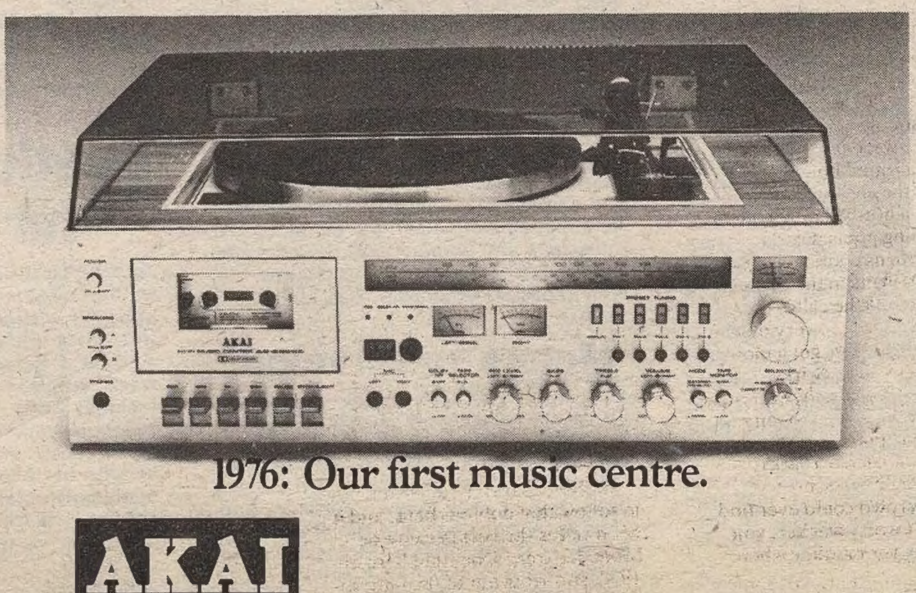

1976: Our first music centre.

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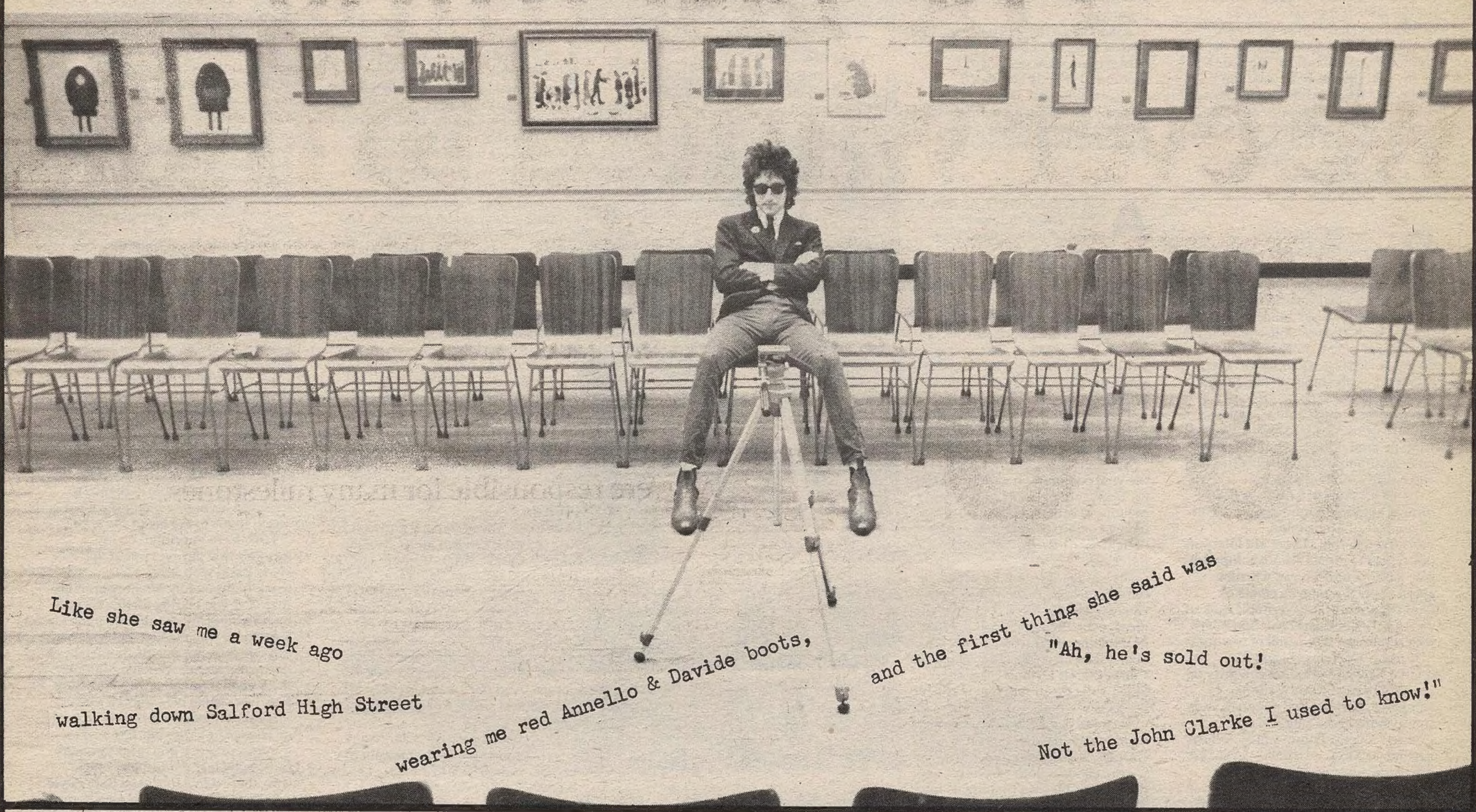
THIS YEAR'S ESPERANTO



Like she saw me a week ago

walking down Salford High Street

wearing me red Annello & Davide boots,

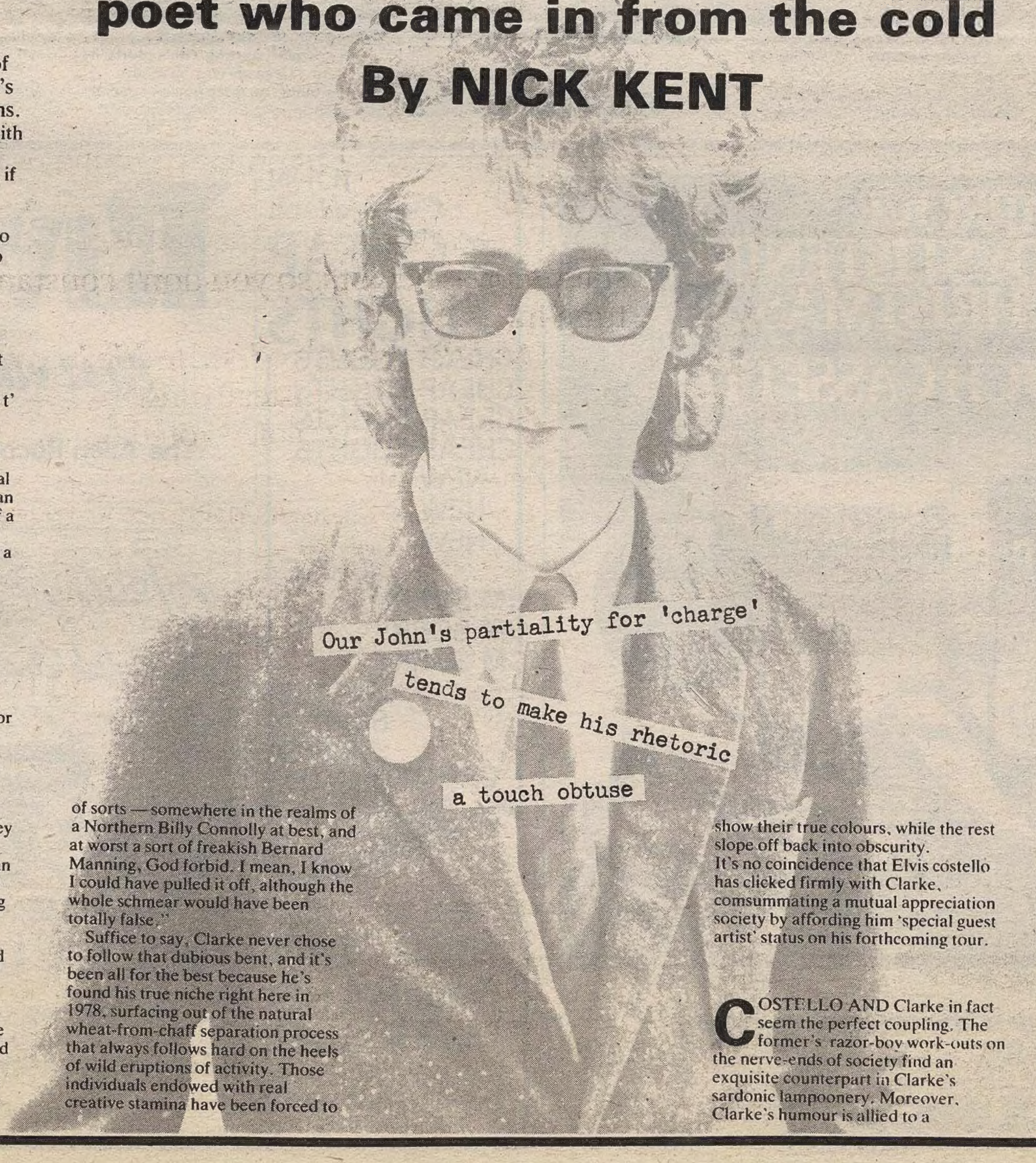
and the first thing she said was

"Ah, he's sold out!

Not the John Clarke I used to know!"

JOHN COOPER-CLARKE, the poet who came in from the cold

By NICK KENT



Our John's partiality for 'charge'

tends to make his rhetoric

a touch obtuse

"AY OOP, it's just lahk winning t' pools!" cracks John Cooper-Clarke, wacky beat poet, as we laconically lay waste a large table's worth of Indian dishes at Queensway's primo oriental eaterie, Kahns.

Servile waiters mill around with the savouries: onion chappatis, chicken bhuna — "off the bone if you please, squire" — and enough layers of larynx-incinerating popadoms to demand a fire-engine at hand to slake the condition commonly known as 'flamin' gob.' The setting is a picture of opulence.

"Aye, but I've got no time to get big-headed, mind," the poet adds. "Me mam soon bashes all that out of me, puts me back on t' straight and narrow."

Johnny Clarke is always one for a swift jape and no mistake. The afore-cracked twists of wit are typical examples of the species of Mancunian ribaldry he'll whip out at the drop of a ha'penny piece. Indeed, they illustrate a vocational bent that only a few years back he was half-seriously thinking about steering his car into: traditional Northern comedian.

Because before the new wave got its testy baptism, the likes of Cooper-Clarke were the proverbial square peg in a round hole breed. Christ knows, the early-to-mid-'70s wasn't exactly a hot-bed of activity for odd-ball jestering poets. Clarke's anarchic recitations could only find the vaguest of outlets in the odd pub or jazz club for what he calls "the Edgar Lustgarten set . . . very much the 'cool-it-daddyo, I've got a monkey on my back' crew." He smirks knowingly, and imitates the everyman Mancunian coppers who'd often raid the seedy joints he played, remarking to the habituees cloaked in dark glasses and dim-lighting (Christ knows how this crowd could ever find the bog): "Don't worry wacker, you won't be needing yer monkey where you're going."

"It was reaching a point" — Clarke is now being serious — "where I could see some sort of outlet for one small portion of my talents allowing myself to be stereotyped as a Northen comic of sorts — somewhere in the realms of a Northern Billy Connolly at best, and at worst a sort of freakish Bernard Manning, God forbid. I mean, I know I could have pulled it off, although the whole schmear would have been totally false."

Suffice to say, Clarke never chose to follow that dubious bent, and it's been all for the best because he's found his true niche right here in 1978, surfacing out of the natural wheat-from-chaff separation process that always follows hard on the heels of wild eruptions of activity. Those individuals endowed with real creative stamina have been forced to show their true colours, while the rest slope off back into obscurity.

It's no coincidence that Elvis costello has clicked firmly with Clarke, comsummating a mutual appreciation society by affording him 'special guest artist' status on his forthcoming tour.

COSTELLO AND Clarke in fact seem the perfect coupling. The former's razor-boy work-outs on the nerve-ends of society find an exquisite counterpart in Clarke's sardonic lampoonery. Moreover, Clarke's humour is allied to a humanitarian slant which he shares with those few maverick artists concerned with *real* human passion and perverstities, like Ian Dury, Tom Waits and Kevin Coyne.

All three are in fact Cooper-Clarke favourites. To hear him recite Coyne's "Kung-Fu King" for example, blurting out the song's brutal indictment of Martin Webster's brand of macho neo-fascsim, is to witness the original's venom even better interpreted. And that's just in the restaurant. It would be a treat, were Clarke ever to utilise the number in his stage show.

There is another parallel to be drawn with Costello, not in terms of aesthetics so much as status. The reviews that have greeted Clarke's "Disguise In Love" album are strongly reminiscent of the reaction that was meted out to Elvis' epic "My Aim Is True." The general tone has been ecstatic, and although no doubt written with the best of intentions, such articulate drooling all too often tends to set the subject up as this year / month / week's (delete where applicable) 'saviour' — placing the party on a perverse and often deadly pedestal.

Fortunately for our hero, numerous advents are more decidedly in his favour, notably his age (29), which has provided him with enough wordly experience to compensate for the ego-boost-shots that have OD'd so many poor sods in this cut-throat business, plus a sturdy line in self-deprecating humour that will keep him buoyant under all manner of heavy weather.

Similarly his work as recording artiste, though it's issued under the might CBS banner, remains rooted and roped together in the studio by the all-important Rabid Records brigade, whose principal, Martin "Zero" Hannett, is arguably *the* most important creative entrepenuer on the Manchester new wave scene ("Spiral Scratch" was his first shot, should his previous form need calling to attention).

It was Hannett in fact who engineered the signing of Cooper-Clarke to CBS. He simply took a pressing of Rabid's "Psycle Sluts" 45 rpm to CBS 'main gazain' Maurice Oberstein, who expressed such faith in the record that he offered Hannett 'carte-blanche' to produce all Clarke's output on the mighty label.

■ *Continued over page*

Pix: KEVIN CUMMINS

Cooper-Clarke

■ *From previous page*

with CBS footing the bill. The subsquent chart-busting antics of "Jilted John" (who still works as office co-ordinator at Rabid's modest offices just outside the centre of Manchester) have given the brave new label even greater commercial credibility. With Stiff having little left of any real substance beyond Ian Dury, and Radar's funds being more or less single handedly provided by the Costello—Lowe Riviera Global axis, it's high time Rabid was allocated the Most Creative Small Label in England award.

BUT TO RETURN to Cooper-Clarke toot-sweet. An almost disarming amiable chap to chew the cud with, he can, however, be a tad frustrating to interview, due to our John's need to relax in such 'formal' situations with a few stogies' worth of 'charge' (his chosen term for a well-known mild relaxant). Unfortunately our John's partiality for 'charge' tends to make his rhetoric a touch obtuse, and one tends to get drawn into raps infiltrated with the kind of stoned humour that tends to sound completely bizarre if you haven't inbibed with him.

These sessions will find our hero turning in blithe reminiscences about all manner of Mancunian subterranean folk. There are hilarious references to an old school compadre who's now a well-known wrestler going under the *nom de plume* of Giant Haystacks — a veritable hulk of a man with thick curly hair and beard who resembles some kind of low-rent "Hercules Unchained" and is a regular beef and potatoes celebrity on any programme Kent Walton comperes, bashing hell out of all and sundry both in the ring and out. Clarke — a year below him at Salford Secondary Mod. — recalls: "Aye, he were well advanced for his age."

And then there's Rev, who builds guitars — a real character with whom Clarke once played rhythm guitar "after a fashion" in one of his many groups, and about whom a plethora of stories come flooding out.

Or another of Clarke's twilight acquaintances, the guy who suffered from speed psychosis, calling upon the poet to help him through the worst stages. Not to mention the manageress of The Fall — "a sort of teenage Hilda Ogden" whom Clarke berates with a hilarious venom.

"Her favourite phrase is 'sell out.' She says it in her sleep, y'know — 'sell out, sell out.' Like she saw me a week ago walking down Salford High Street wearing me red Annello & Davide boots, and the first thing she said was 'Ah, he's sold out! Not the John Cooper-Clarke *I* used to know!'"

These characters inevitably tend to find their way in one form or another into John Cooper-Clarke's literary ventures.

Asked when the written word first started to attract him, the pause between question and answer becomes distinctly elongated.

"Very difficult," that one," he replies, ransacking his memory bank for some possible salient retort. "I just spent a lot of time reading."

AS A TEENAGER, he recalls being a mod though he was never actually able to boast about having a gang.

"I only had three mates as such, and anyway the whole idea of a gang . . . I never got into that. I never saw the point in going around like certain other set-ups in Slaford and Manchester, y'know. There was never any of that 'Ere have you been lookin' at my tart? Boof! Ere, that's my beer! Whack!' "

The music that the post-pubescent Clarke immersed himself in was soul and blue-beat: the mod's staple diet.

But then of course there was to be the vital communion with Bob Dylan for Cooper-Clarke, as with literally millions of others. He was 16 years old when it first struck home and "Highway 61 Revisited" was the first purchase.

"It was the fact that he stretched out so much, took such ridiculous chances with his work, that really hit me — even though behind the facade of total unorthodoxness it was still dead logical." As a matter of interest, Clarke claims Dylan's "Another Side" to be the album that really hit home.

Records like Dylan's on the one hand, coupled with books like Jack Kerouac's *The Subterraneans* — Clarke chooses both carefully — set the fuse for his own first flights into phrase and particularly poetry.

"I was writing poetry before I left school," Clarke remembers. "You ask me what it was like — well, Jack Kerouac in his racey bits tended to leave just everything in, even the monotonous stuff. But I . . . I always tried to find a focus for what I was writing."

Was your work very much stream of consciousness orientated?

"Yeah, certainly, but always as I said, very focused."

raps infiltrated
all manner of Mancunian
subterranean folk
Johnny Ray always
on the juke-box

Most teenagers who dabble in poetry tend to use it to document their neuroses or whatever. It's usually very coy and so intensely subjective that it usually has no meaning to anyone.

"Well actually I was always very objective. I dealt even then in archetypes. See, I'm not a very self-examining person. It's too paranoiac an area."

LEAPING MADLY ahead over the years — years that have covered innumerable menial jobs, a failed marriage ("She left me. It was strange, because in all honesty I didn't care that much but I found myself *forcing* myself to become jealous. Proving in the process that those sort of emotions — possessiveness, jealousy, malice — are simply not natural emotions, and that you've got to twist yourself into feeling that way. It was absolutely ridiculous.") and even the growing of a Salvador Dali moustache, we find Cooper-Clarke in his mid-twenties ready and rearing to go to do public performances of his poems at the local pubs and jazz clubs.

Reactions would not unnaturally tend to be mixed. Hails of beer cans and bottles were not uncommon at certain pub gigs.

"It just put me on me toes", remarks Clarke.

"If anything, apathy was worse. I mean, sometimes there's no fuckin' point. I'm not that much of a die-hard."

It was at one of the pub gigs that I first caught a ganders at the straggly John Cooper-Clarke. It was in fact on the second series of *So It Goes;* Clarke was reading his immortal "You Never See A Nipple In The Daily Express", and three things became apparent.

First was the undeniable and quite stunning similarity to Dylan Circa '65-66. Second was an acute case of nerves. And third was a mixture of sheer bottle wedded to a definite talent.

Of the first two, well, Clarke has never denied his visual similarity to Dylan ("Good lookin' bloke, innee?"), while the second was probably more due to the camera present than anything else.

It was only mete and right that John Cooper-Clarke should be introduced to the masses via *So It Goes*, the second series of which was never less than good riveting rock viewing. Tony Wilson, the programme's presenter, can take a large share of the credit for presenting Clarke to a wider audience than the local pub and jazz club cognoscenti, starting with a profile he did for a Granada current affairs programme on three poets — one of whom apparently being fairly conventional, the other a regular starvation artist and the third being you-know-who. Clarke happily acknowledges the debt.

AND JOHN Cooper-Clarke's current projects?

There's the album, of course (suffice to say that Mr. Morley's opinion of three weeks back receives a full-throated 'yea' from yours truly who's got the record pegged down well for his best 10 of '78 and no muckin' about), a group once known as The Curious Yellows, now referred to as The Invisible Girls (How did you find them? "Very nice, thank you"), and a book of Cooper-Clarke lyrics/poetry with illustrations by flat mate Steve Maguire coming out soon on Jonathan Cape (now *that* is success).

Clarke also has a finished spoof detective novel featuring a whole ream of Chandleresque cliches — a kind of surrealistic "Gumshoe" with a hard-bitten private eye who never gets laid, Johnny Ray always on the juke-box, the hero concluding as another Lucky Strike hits the dust: "Showing emotion is a sign of weakness in a man."

Meanwhile after years of quietly pouring it all out on note-pads and jumbo-jotters, John Cooper-Clarke is poised and ready to have his shot at sky's-the-limit level. At the very least he'll seduce a sizeable audience to subsidise his work, and at the most . . . well, that's in the lap of the gods.

I just have imprinted on my memory that day two weeks ago in Hyde Park, with John mock-belligerently lurching onto his soap-box and blaring forth, one red boot bashing out the rhythm as he hurtled his way through descriptions of a whole panorama of characters — the health fanatic, Salome Malonie, the Kung Fu thugs — with his beady eyes just visible behind his specs.

No hint of nerves this time around, no champing at the bit. Even when the cops dragged him off his podium, his spindly legs flying everywhich way, there was a feistiness to his style, an elegance and cocksureness to the way he carried himself; that was a million miles from that TV image of the lonely poet rummaging through his scraps of paper.

Mr. Clarke, in other words, had arrived.

And as for success going to his head, well as he said himself:

"I'm supposed to be the next big thing and no-one yet has offered me any cocaine!"

Make no mistake, John Cooper-Clarke and his brand of "desperate esperanto" will stand!

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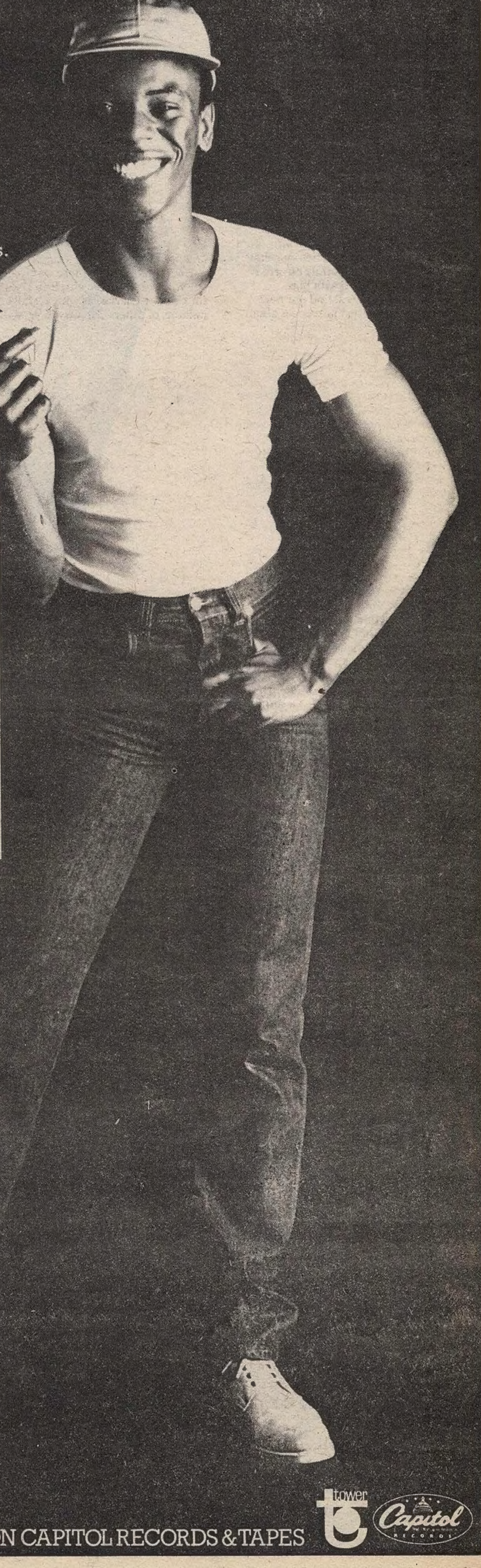
CHECKIN' OUT TOWER



American import product available here NOW on Capitol 'Tower' records. Now and in the future this means simultaneous release of the best in American Black Soul/Funk music on Capitol.
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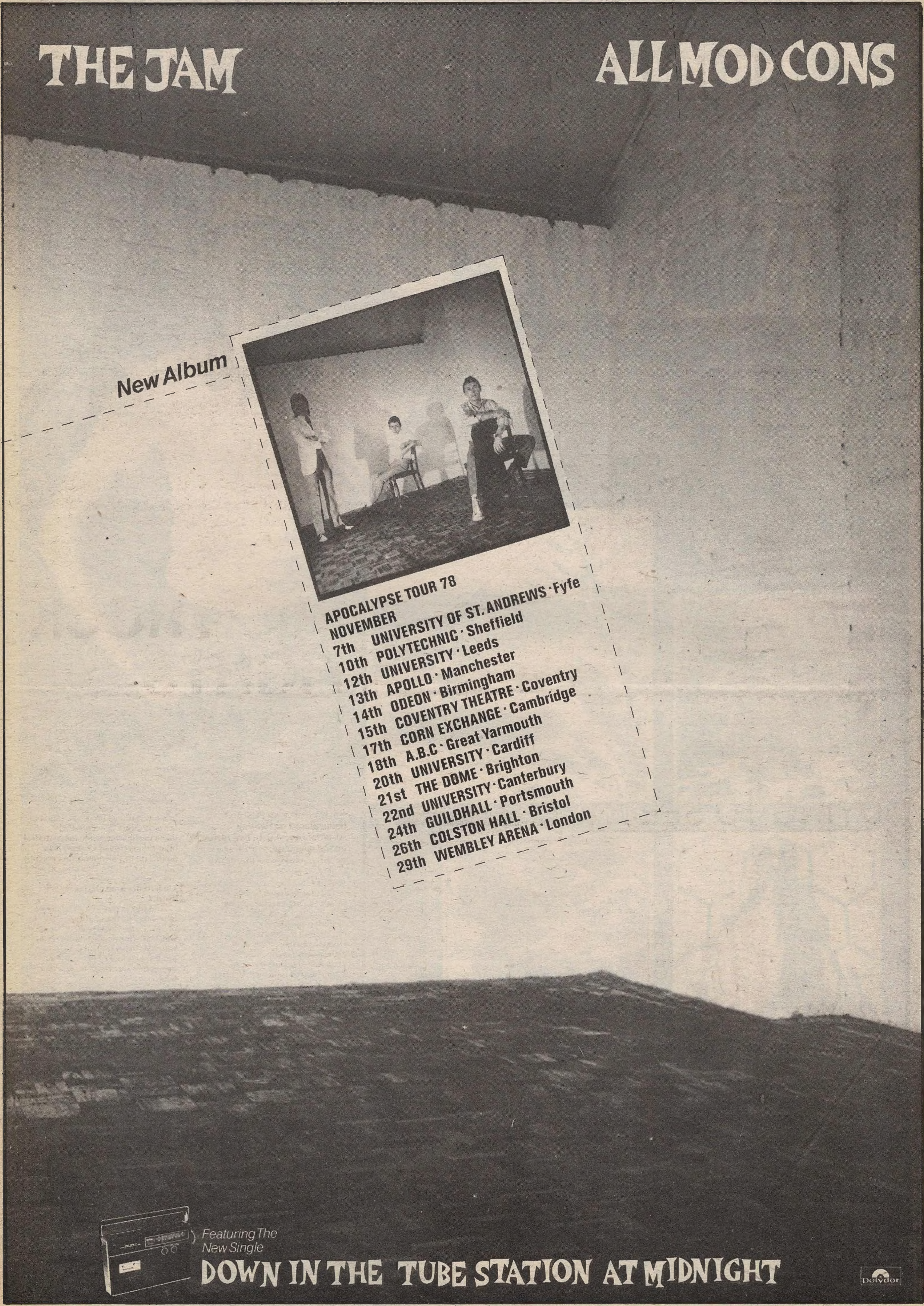

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Polydor

THRILLS

GRA
THE Venue
Venue
Venue

How was it? Just GRA, lad — just GRA! Photog PAUL YULE catches the Venue with its pants down on opening night.

HERE'S ONE ACT WE'RE REALLY DYING TO SEE . . .

GENUINE OFFER

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WILLING TO COMMIT SUICIDE IN PUBLIC –
METHOD BEHEADAL BY AUTOMATIC GUILLOTINE.

DETAILS ANTI–SOCIAL, c/o 24 MASCORD ROAD, BANBURY

ANTI-SOCIAL

THE ONLY question is: why didn't anyone think of it before? The ultimate in outrage. Suicide live on stage.

It's been joked about before, but now a group of Brummie punks are actually planning to stage a suicide — for real.

Anti-Social whose press release has them as "the world's most violent rock group," are offering £15,000 to anyone who agrees to be executed onstage by guillotine.

But already the stunt has run into hassles with the law. Under the Suicide Act it's illegal to aid, abet or counsel anyone to commit suicide; the offence carries a rap of up to 14 years inside. And Birmingham police have seized posters like the one reprinted above.

Bob Green, head of Dynamite Records (for whom the group record), claims Anti-Social have a way round the law, though he "couldn't go into it" on the phone.

Despite this, the band are finding it difficult to come across a venue who'll stage the event. Originally they wanted Birmingham Town Hall to put on the beheadal, but to everyone's total surprise, the Town Hall have banned it.

According to Green, five or six potential suicides have contacted the band.

"I don't know how many are genuine," he told *Thrills*.

Anti-Social say they got the idea for the public suicide after a friend had committed suicide by jumping off a parapet onto the M6.

Did Green think there was anything wrong with what they're doing?

"Whatever one does, there are laws to restrict it. My personal view is that so long as it's not me I don't mind. It disturbs me because a person I know recently attempted suicide, and I only just saved him."

All concerned must be well aware of the publicity value.

"We shall see. They're the weirdest people I've ever dealt with. Anything can happen when they get together. They've destroyed two guitars already — and that was in rehearsal!"

How shocking.

SUE E SIDEBOTTOM

THRILLS

ROCK AGAINST TERRORISM

IRISH ROCK FIGHTS FOR PEACE

THE IDEA has existed for sometime of setting up an organization in Northern Ireland similar to Rock Against Racism only with the emphasis being placed on fighting sectarianism, which, like racism on the mainland, is used as a devisive weapon by those with vested interests in playing lucrative political power games.

The idea has been mobilized in the form of an organization called R.A.S.A.R. (Rock Against Sectarianism And Repression).

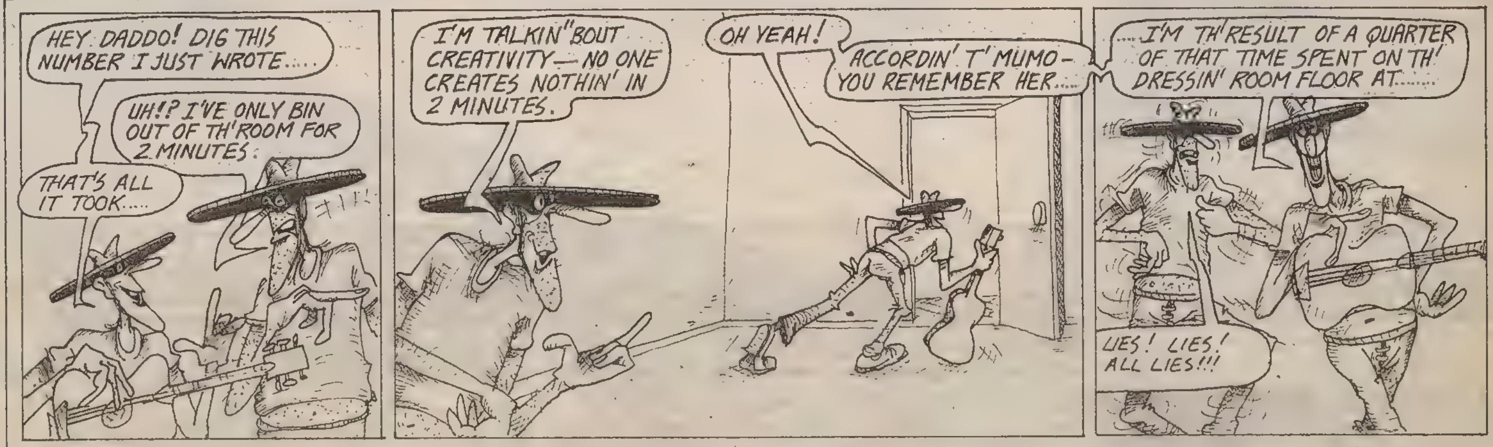
The need for such a body in Ulster is all too obvious; it has Britain's highest unemployment figures, some of its worst housing and a climate of deep religious influence wherein repressive laws such as minimising Sunday entertainment and making homosexual acts between consenting adults illegal, find their ways to the statute books.

Licking their wounds from various election defeats in England, the heinous National Front see Ulster as the next target to endure their dogmatic bullshit, while the hysterical bible thumpers and Cromwellian politicians of Ballymena have recently inflicted a direct wound in the flesh of our culture by banning The Undertones from playing in their district.

And just in case you've become inoculated by the sanitised sedatives of Stiff Little Fingers, there *are* areas which are practically bomb sites — with kids being trained in private armies, kids locked in a world of dogmatic indoctrination, fear and hate.

● Next page

The Lone Groover *BENYON*


HEY DADDO! DIG THIS NUMBER I JUST WROTE.....
UH!? I'VE ONLY BIN OUT OF TH'ROOM FOR 2 MINUTES:
THAT'S ALL IT TOOK.....
I'M TALKIN' 'BOUT CREATIVITY — NO ONE CREATES NOTHIN' IN 2 MINUTES.
OH YEAH!
ACCORDIN' T' MUMO - YOU REMEMBER HER.....
.....I'M TH' RESULT OF A QUARTER OF THAT TIME SPENT ON TH' DRESSIN' ROOM FLOOR AT.......
LIES! LIES! ALL LIES!!!

● *From previous page*

While only in its formative stages, RASAR has its first gig planned for November 29 at Belfast's Harp Bar. This will feature four bands — Ask Mother, Reflex Action, Protex and The Ruefrex. The latter two combos have shown admirable courage by playing pubs and clubs buried deep in ghetto areas — which shows up grand claims from the likes of Jake Burns of Stiff Little Fingers (SLF played two Belfast gigs before hopping on the plane to England, where in Burns words, they told "lotsa little lies" about Ulsters kids).

The debut gig has encountered opposition from Belfast's leading punk svengali, one Terri Hooley — who owns the Good Vibrations label and controls the Harp Bar on Friday and Saturday nights.

Hooley has refused to give up his Saturday stint — just for one week — with the result that the RASAR gig has been allocated a mid-week spot with the obvious disadvantage that entails. Such needless bickering is, to say the least, regrettable.

The support offered by RAR and Tom Robinson among others should see RASAR grow into a strong organization with an outdoor festival similar to those already seen in London and Manchester taking place in Ulster next spring.

I suppose it's customary to close an article like this with a phoney anecdote bordering on sentimentality.

Truth — 15 minutes after I'd left the meeting on the way for my bus home I heard a shout of "Fenian Bastard" and looked round to see a young kid being pursued by two meatheads with beer bottles and boots. A British Army truck stopped, listened, sneered and drove off.

I felt helpless and pathetic when I realized, the guy was going to get seven shades of shit knocked out of him and there was nothing I could do.

What RASAR actually achieves depends on how effectively it channels its voice and assert its pressure, but if it can stop mindless displays of wanton violence like that taking place then it won't be a waste of time. The address is RASAR, PO Box 101, 7 Wine Tavern Place, Belfast 1.

GAVIN MARTIN

THRILLS

The late JIM MORRISON models early urban chic (eat your heart out, Clash).

LIZARD KING PLOTS COMEBACK

THE RETURN of the Lizard King is imminent. The Jim Morrison and The Doors album "An American Prayer" has finally been scheduled for release on December 1.

"An American Prayer" centres around readings of Morrison's verse, by the author, with backing by ex-Doors Ray Manzarek, Robbie Krieger and John Densmore, who agreed to reform for this one-off venture.

Unlike the available published poetry collection *The Lords and the New Creatures,* the spoken verse functions as an imagistic and concrete documentary of Morrison's vision. The locale is twilight Los Angeles, the themes are chromatic and deathly. Broadly, there is a narrative theme wherein Morrison assumes his fictional/real persona of the Dionysian superman losing interest in his public responsibilities as artist.

"An American Prayer" contains a booklet incorporating both the words and a selection of Morrison's line drawings as accompaniment to the text. Tracks include "Awake — Ghost Song", "Dawn Highway", "New Born Awakening", "Stoned Immaculate", "The World On Fire", "The Hitchhiker", and "Teen Chrome".

As well as the lyrical musical sections, there are first-time airings of Morrison singing a fractured blues, accompanied by guitar, and a live take of "Roadhouse Blues".

Initial hearings give some valuable insights into the workings of Morrison's mind around the time of "LA Woman", but the excellence of the newly applied cohesion is bizarre to say the least.

Interest in the project has surprised WEA, who plan to bring Krieger, Manzarek and Densmore to England this month to promote the album, though there is no suggestion that they will play live. Or even dead.

MAX BELL

THRILLS

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Working the chain-saw? The hours are murder. Sent in by reader Bov, Leeds.

THOSE OF you who follow the regular propaganda turns of those San Mateo obscurantists The Residents, will have noticed of late certain odd developments in the product department.

Not long ago a series of murderously unfathomable ads began to appear in the music press for something called "Eskimo". Then, just as suddenly, they ceased some two months ago. Our pages were bereft of the so-called "Pore-No Graphics" of the Cyrptic Corporation's chief graphics manipulator "Homer Flynn" — until last week, when to the surprise of all but a few hardened cynics, an ad appeared for The Residents' second and previously unreleased album "Not Available".

This album (fearlessly scrutinised by Andy Gill on page 51) is said to have been recorded under The Residents' "theory of obscurity": not to be released until the artists had entirely forgotten about it.

Mystery, high farce and much suspended credulity surrounds The Residents like flies around food. In the light of which, a moderate dose of salt would seem to be the appropriate seasoning for the latest developments from the cracked side of the California fault line.

"Jay Clem", publicist for the Cryptic Corp, Ralph Records, and The Residents, breezed into the *NME* offices recently to relate same and also to try to make contact with The Residents, who, he felt reasonably sure, were in England, possibly somewhere near the South East coast. Or not.

See, in the process of creating "Eskimo" — a two-year plus project depicting Eskimo life in near documentary form, says Clem — The Residents blew a fuse. Or two.

One of their main problems was that Eskimo life itself is extremely boring.

But a more telling factor in their sudden disappearance the day before they were supposed to deliver the "Eskimo" tapes was, says Jay, stifling traces of a tell-tale smirk, "that they weren't pleased with some of our marketing techniques; they felt we were promoting them too fast, and endangering the anonymity that they feel is vital to the creative process."

Relations were still cordial before

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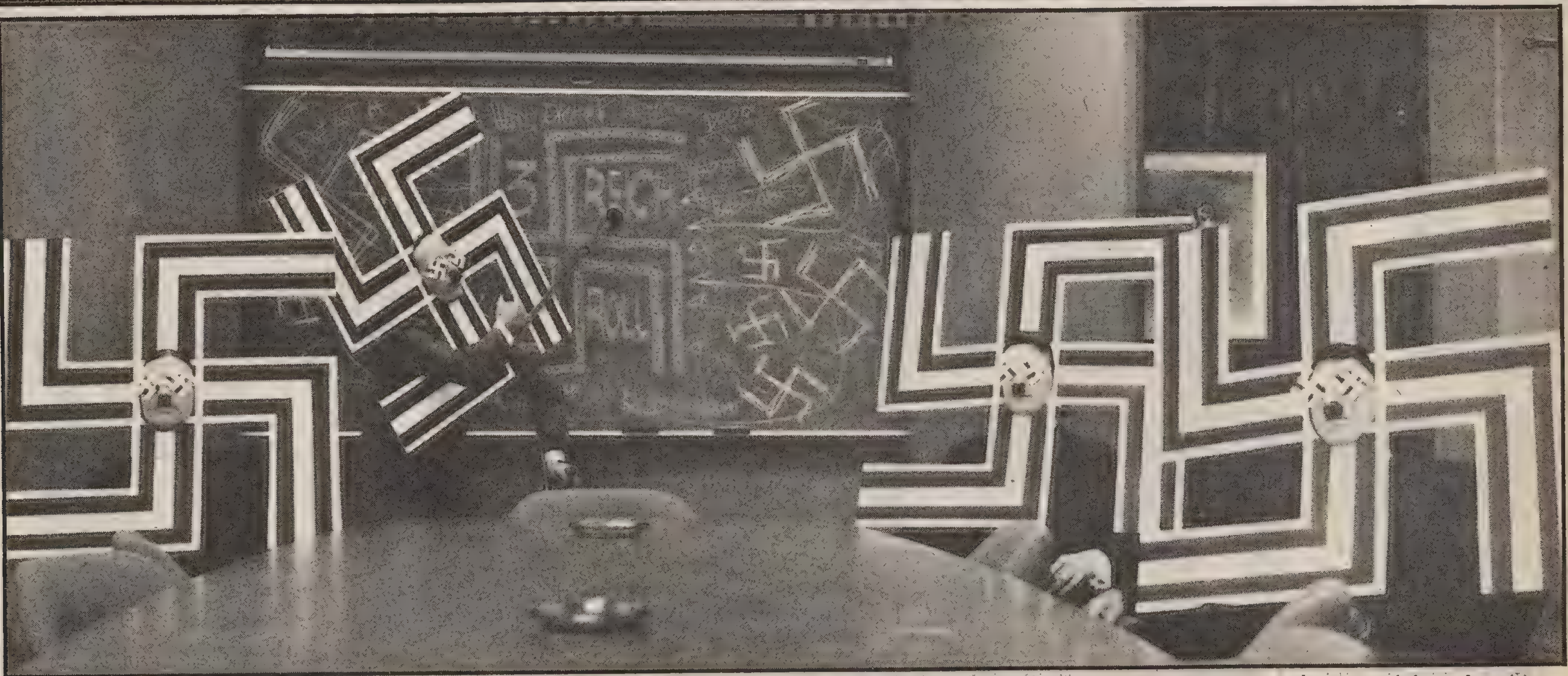
Neil Young offer closes 11th November 1978



Above: a typical scene in the Cryptic Corporation boardroom.

RESIDENTS LEAVE HOME

they vanished, he claims, though their disaffection was hinted at by baskets of fresh fish left in the Cryptic Corps reception area on several occasions.

Clem's immediate goals in coming to Britain were to arrange for release of Residents recordings at domestic prices — which meant talks with various record companies — and to recover the "Eskimo" tapes, which were in the possession of ex-Henry Cow member and lately Residents acolyte Chris Cutler. They had been left with him by The Residents whilst en route for Japan.

Clem — who went to the same school as The Residents in Shreveport, Louisiana — explained the then imminent release of "Not Available".

"They violated their agreement by not delivering 'Eskimo', so we have released 'Not Available' — because we had to have something to ensure the future viability of our company."

Speaking of the considerable amount of wasted effort involved in the promotion of "Eskimo", he pointed out that "art and fun are the most important things in The Residents' lives," and dedication to these often comes at the expense of business considerations.

A mysterious incident occurred during the pressing of "Not Available" which meant that half the initial batch had to be scrapped.

"This could well have been the result of some Residents mischief," mused Clem, trying hard to appear ingenuous.

Last week, however, events took a melodramatic turn. A press conference was convened in London on Halloween Day to announce the impending release of "Buster & Glen" (whatever that might be), and most importantly to witness the handing over of the "Eskimo" tapes from their interment at the National Safe Deposit Box Company in the City Of London, where Cutler depostied them a few months ago.

This was all the outcome of The Residents' sudden re-appearance in the sunny groves of San Mateo.

Differences had been reconciled. The Residents had "lost their point of view on 'Eskimo', and needed to wash their ears out," says Clem. "Their protective isolation had become more or less a prison, which had prevented the necessary balance of creativity and reality."

You may be relieved to hear the The Residents retain their long standing contempt for pop culture and finance . . . "but their perspective is now broader, dealing with the real world in a more straightforward manner."

Which means, at the very least, a possible tour around the end of next year.

Finally, I asked "Jay Clem" whether The Residents really do laugh all the way to the bank, or only part of the way — a proposition previously expressed in these pages.

"The Residents themselves are not concerned with financial matters," he said.

"But," he added after a suitable pause, "I have been known to crack a grin over it once in a while."

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS

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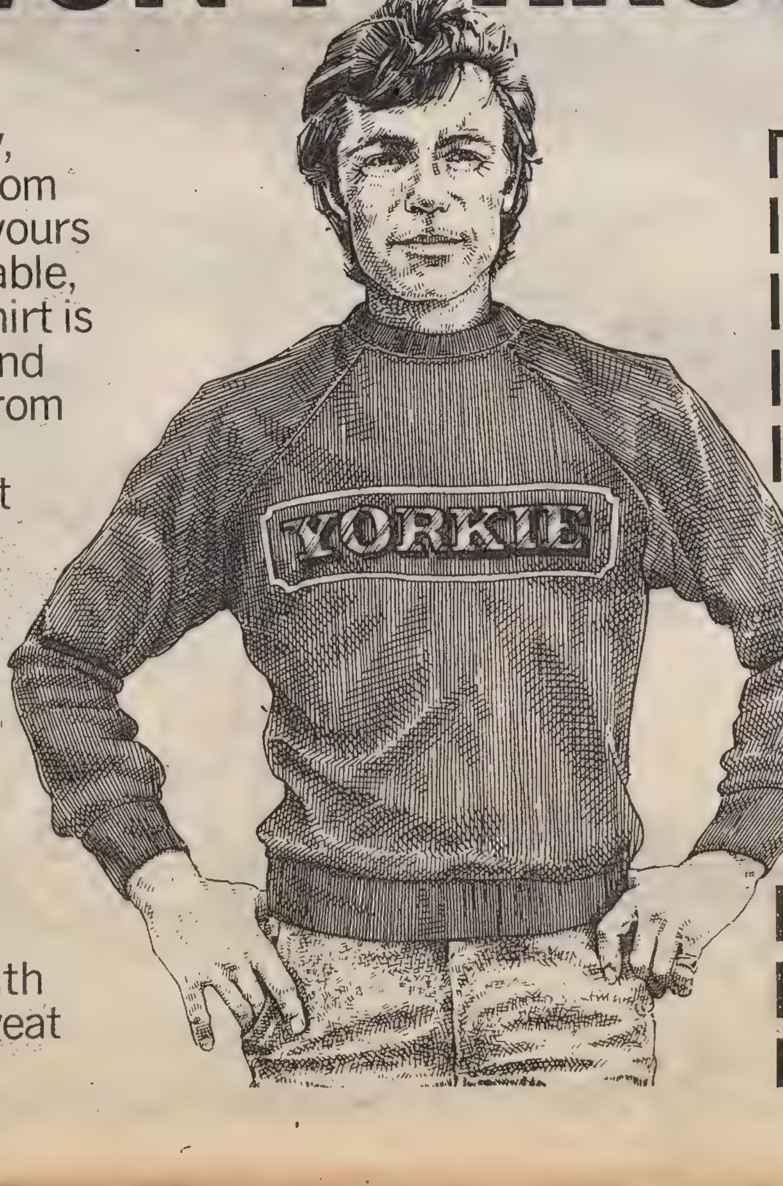

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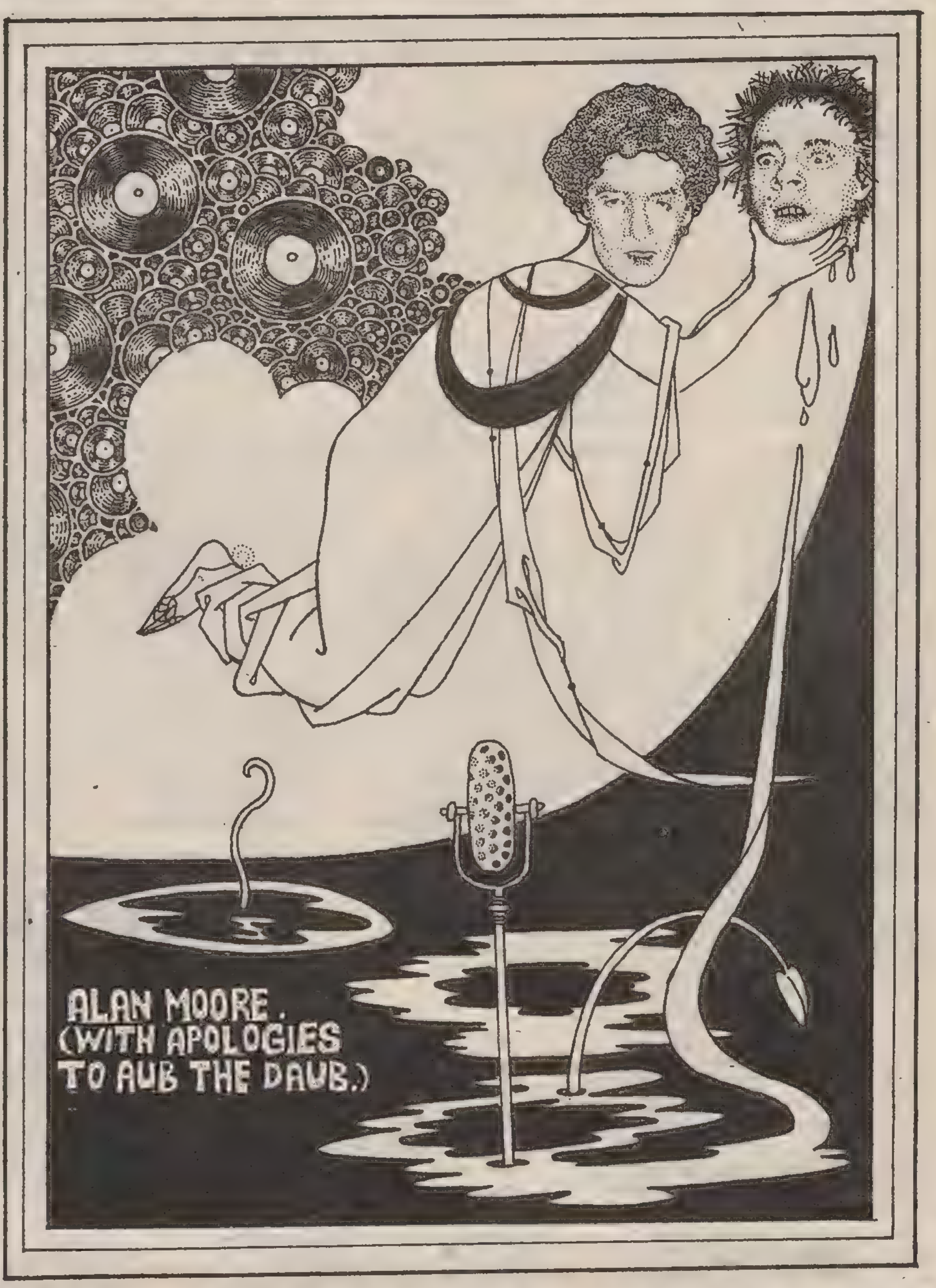
ALAN MOORE.
(WITH APOLOGIES TO AUB THE DAUB.)

THE GREAT ROCK'N'ROLL CELLULOID SWINDLE

SEX PISTOLS MOVIE DETAILS

● WHO'S SWINDLING WHO?

THE SEX PISTOLS were the greatest rock and roll swindle of all time and the trouble was that their record was so good — such is the opinion of celebrated haberdasher Malcolm McLaren as revealed in an interview with French magazine *Facade*, a glitzy upmarket rag not unlike a thinking person's *Ritz*.

In the interview, Malcy throws in some interesting titbits about the contents of the Pistols' movie, *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle.*

It's said to be almost finished, and will be released early in the New Year with a soundtrack album on Virgin following soon afterwards. No one is yet sure whether footage of Sid's debacle will be included though.

How much of the Pistols film is real? According to McLaren, everything, though they had to "remake" certain scenes.

"You don't know what's real and what isn't — that's not important."

The film will apparently contain large amounts of live Pistols, from the earliest gigs to the very last in San Francisco. There are also interviews with the Pistols' friends, relatives and associates, including their girlfriends and others who had sexual relations with the group, in which they disclose the sexual preferences of the Pistol concerned. Pistol mums also talk about their progeny, and old schoolmates tell tales on their Pistol classmates.

Then of course there is the Rio trip, Sid singing "My Way" in Paris (the song having been written by a Frenchman, Claude Francois), not to mention Malcolm explaining in ten easy lessons how to perpetrate "the greatest rock and roll swindle of all time".

Talking about the future of punk, Malcolm says: "I think the swindle will continue in other forms. Punk has to destroy Donna Summer and The Bee Gees next.

"There are many ways to be a punk. You have to steal the money, but the art is to steal it publicly, using the media. The important thing is to get the money and become a celebrity in doing so. One of my favourite heroes is The Man Who Sold The Eiffel Tower, and I based my attitude on his.

"I sold a group that didn't exist."

But they played all those gigs and made an excellent album.

"That's the trouble. The album's too good. In the film, you see, it's only these incredibly ordinary boys who are better qualified to be rebels than musicians.

"Johnny Rotten has become a parody of himself. He really believed he was Johnny Rotten — but Johnny Rotten doesn't exist, he was just an idea I had. He was less important than the people who saw him."

Asked about his future plans, the cuddly anarchist expresses a desire to "use disco and destroy it. People like shit, want to become shit themselves, so sell them it and make as much money as possible.

"For example, when they lower that chandelier at The Palais (the chic joint for young Parisians hot to trot to the disco sound), you should get a load of kids to jump up and pull it down and kill a few people. That would be a happening."

Yeah, but the place would shut.

"Great. You have to get all the clubs in Paris to close, then everyone would be on the streets and maybe then things would change."

FRERE JACQUES

● WHO DID KILL BAMBI?

THE ORIGINAL Sex Pistols film, *Who Killed Bambi?*, would seem to have been a far more debauched and outrageous piece of celluloid than *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle*, according to information given to *Thrills* recently by Malcolm McLaren.

Who Killed Bambi? was to have been directed by underground king turned box-office trash exploiter Russ Meyer on a budget of over half a million pounds — £150,000 from 20th Century Fox for distribution rights, the rest from independent producers John and Michael Goldstone and Virgin Records.

Whilst the film was being written, rumours of some of the film's more sensational details leaked out. Realising that none of the millions of consumers who might otherwise attend a rock movie would be able to see this X–rated creation, 20th Century withdrew their support.

That's one story.

The only known fact is that Meyer quit the project in October of last year and returned to Hollywood in a rage. According to Fox,

CLASH
PLAY SID
BENEFIT
EVERYONE NEEDS STANDARDS

ON THURSDAY of last week, Mrs Ann Beverley visited the *NME* offices to talk to Nick Kent about her son John Ritchie — better known to the world at large as Sid Vicous.

Mrs Beverley is a fragile, thin woman in her late 30s with jet-black hair and a retiring manner. The conversation revolved around the grievous nature of Sid's heartbreak and the problems he's having reducing his methadone habit from 90 milligrams to his current 40 (although he's still got a long way to go before his bloodstream is thoroughly detoxified).

The crux of the matter however was Mrs Beverley's attempt to raise further funds for her son . . .

She asked whether she could locate a certain Mick Jones. This was indeed possible, as just a few streets away The Clash were holding a reception of sorts in Dean Street for the release of their new album.

Kent introduced the pair, with the result that The Clash will be playing a benefit for Vicious sometime in the near future. No venue or date has been set but the second week of December seems likely at time of press.

THRILLS

Meyer's exit was their reason for pulling out; according to McLaren, it was the other way around.

At any rate, locations had been selected, props ordered and production schedules set. McLaren locked himself away with Meyer and screenplay writer Roger Ebert (who did Meyer's classic *Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls*) to work on the script. It was four months odd before a sixth and "final" draft appeared. It goes something like this . . .

Page 2, *Who Killed Bambi?*: *A masked horseman rides through the streets of contemporary London, past landmarks of the past and present. He is dressed entirely in red, rides a black horse, and carries a black flag — red and black being the international colours of anarchy. He rides past Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly Circus, Parliament, Buckingham Palace, Billingsgate Fish Market and Highbury Cemetery.*

The titles roll up over his ride. They are made up from letters cut from newspapers, and assembled to give the appearance of a kidnap ransom note.

The story opens with scenes of England on the dole, as wealthy entrepreneur T.P. Boggs pulls up to an employment exchange in his limousine. He calls out to the long line for someone who wants to be a star. Boggs is how McLaren has portrayed himself in the film, a character suggesting touches of P.T. Barnum, Colonel Tom Parker, and Zero Mostel in *The Producers*.

Along come the Pistols, berating the "stupid fools who stand in line", and Boggs is immediately fascinated by them. He begins scheming to make them a big rock band, despite their definite disinterest.

The Pistols proceed to a gig and then on to some all-night carousing. As examples of their pursuits, the following reflects how each of the Pistols are portrayed throughout the movie.

Steve Jones spends the night with a hooker and an ever-present paper bag full of burgers by his side. Sid Vicious walks alone all night, entertaining himself in any way possible. Johnny Rotten is drinking as always, and makes love with a young tart in a phone booth. Paul Cook, ever sober and business minded, slinks into a concert hall and steals equipment.

Page 19, *Who Killed Bambi?* — A Soho Brothel: *Steve Jones is simultaneously getting head and eating a hamburger. The door opens with a knock and Paul Cook enters with a stolen amp. Steve gives it an appraising eye, while still getting head. Then Steve reaches down to his sack and offers a Wimpy to Paul, who accepts. Steve begins to give a hamburger to the hooker, who is still at work, but pauses and thinks better of it.*

Amongst incidents from the Pistols' career — some exaggerated, some played down — and the equally distorted rise of punk, there is a rock star character designated M.J.

Early on in the film this character kills a deer and dumps the carcass outside a cottage. A little girl sees it and runs inside yelling: "Mummy, they've killed Bambi!"

There's also the 'Battersea Rapist', a mysterious hooded figure who crops up raping a young girl, mixing the sound at a Pistols gig, and is finally revealed to be Rotten's Pink Floyd fan brother Rodney.

The Sid Vicious/Marianne Faithful son/mother sex scene is also present and incorrect in this draft.

Continues page 21

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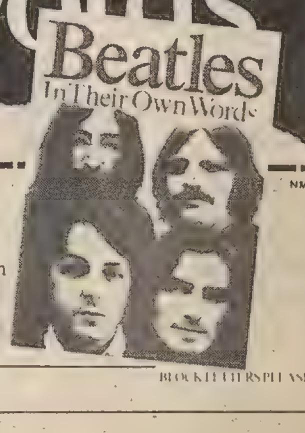

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Chrysalis

Rubin — there's pie in yer eye . . .

Rubin gets cream pied in yippie renaissance

EARLY in October during a lecture by former radical activist Jerry Rubin at the University of Vermont, a guy ran onstage and stuck a cream pie in his face. The reason? Rubin, he declared, was a "sellout".

Significant stuff, considering that ten years before Rubin had co-founded the Yippies and helped spread their head brand of chemically-fuelled street action across the country.

In his book *Playpower*, Richard Neville defined their stance: "The Yippies", he wrote, "are politicized acid freaks, or as Paul Krassner once put it, 'they're hippies who've been hit on the head by a policeman.'"

Now, though, Rubin's concerns have changed. His latest venture is an "awareness extravaganza" at New York's Madison Squre Garden which he claims will be the "kick-off of a new self-awareness era."

He told the trade magazine *Advertising Age:* "What I want is an establishment connection. I can see myself writing for the *Times*, for the *New York Post*, doing public relations, or doing a talk show on the radio. I want to go beyond the '60s and get an identity for the '70s and '80s."

Once upon a time, Rubin authored the comic book tract *Do It*, a pyrotechnic collage of radical ideas designed to topple the beast, America. Now that the New Age has claimed him, Rubin is the one with pie on his face.

As for the other Yippie supremo Abbie Hoffman, author of *Revolution For The Hell Of It*, the intervening years appear to have left his radical credentials intact. This is largely due to the fact that for over four years Hoffman has been on the run from the FBI, avoiding a trial on charges of selling cocaine.

Every once in a while he emerges for the media while an above-ground committee fights for his pardon. Hoffmann seems to be tired of his fugitive lifestyle, tired of the migrant labour, tired of posing in photo booths with a mask obscuring his face. Although it is difficult to assess his chances, it is noticeable that the campaign to free Patty Hearst is attracting much wider support.

Hoffman's soon-to-be-released memoirs might change that.

But what of the other '60s activists who, along with Rubin and Hoffmann, were co-defendants in the Chicago Conspiracy Trial, charged with conspiracy to incite a riot after the bloodbath of the 1968 Democratic convention?

Namechecks were recently provided all round in a *Los Angeles Times* article by Tom Hayden, one of those Chicago Eight, who is now married to actress Jane Fonda and chairs the Campaign for Economic Democrary, described by him as "a grass-roots effort to bring giant corporations under democratic control."

Entitled *Rebels of 1960s: 'Our Time Is Coming'*, he confirms that most of the Chicago Eight are still politically active, and even sees Rubin's new plans and Rennie Davis's spiritual direction as equally positive.

Hayden believes that they "helped to end segregation, and the war, win new recognition for youth, minorities and women, topple two president — and yet the revolution we forecast never came."

But he says those same activists, "having now fully cut their teeth, will be back again and again with the same philosophy but expressed through new roles." His simple point is, "the 1960s created what can be called a leadership generation for the future."

His tactics now are different: "We will not be protesting but proposing solutions: an energy programme emphasizing renewable resources, such as the sun; democratic restructuring of large corporations; employing technology to decentralize decision-making and information, making the quality of our lives more important than greed or materialism."

His political aspirations are clear: "Those who filled the streets in the 1960s may yet fill the halls of government in the 1980s, and if we do, I don't believe we will forget our roots."

One suspects Hayden could be heading for a pie in the face too. Certainly his optimistic picture of enlightened radicals commandeering the Halls of Justice will cut little ice with the radicals of the almost-'89s who run *YIPster Times*, the new organ of the Youth International Party which proudly claims to be 'America's Only National Underground Newspaper'.

One of its senior editors is A. J. Weberman, Dylan's garbage sorter. Its editorial box carries the Salvador Dali quote: "I do not use drugs, I am drugs!"

Kaleidoscopic images of demonstrations, busts, narcs and jail cells fill the paper. their regular column *Assassin Nation* documents the growing conspiracy theories surrounding the most controversial murders of our age, while *Reefer Madness* rounds up news of the wave of smoke-ins being held by yippies across America. It is ragged but alive — and a sign that once again the pie-throwing pranksters are on the loose.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

WRITING ON THE WALL FOR FLOYD?

NO RELEASE date has yet been set for Pink Floyd's next mega-statement, but already mystery surrounds the idea behind the long-player.

Thrills was told by a reliable source that the title of the new Floyd waxing is "Walls", and that to present the piece the Floyd are planning to delve deep into the realms of "environmental theatre". *(Beats lasers — Ed.).*

According to one source, the Floyd are intending to take "Walls" to the public by constructing a wall between the audience and the stage. As for the group themselves, they'll spend at least some of the show as part of the audience, and not — as is customary in these rituals — on the stage itself. They were never all that strong on stage presence, after all.

When asked to confirm this, Harvest Records, the Floyd's record company, commented that it was the first they'd heard of this rather outlandish scheme. They did however inform *Thrills* that the working title of The New Floyd Album is indeed "Walls".

The Floyd office, EMCA, were even less forthcoming. No, it's not called "Walls", they said, and anyway it's too early to divulge info about the record. Both Harvest and EMCA did say that the Floyd are about to commence recording any day now and that Roger Waters has completed writing the thing.

Thrills understands that the group, these days not renowned for their beaver-like work-rate, have booked their own studios, Britannia Studios, for three days a week for the next six months. Who, we ask, do they think they are, The Clash?

SID BERET

THRILLS

JIM MOSSOLM sweated in the desert for three years to make his fortune. In that time he sent more than £46,000 homo to his wife Patti, the lerd singer in a pop group.

Hi Jim! Meet Allen Lanier, Paul Simonon and Fred 'Sonic' Smith.
Spotted by Philip Savage, Surrey.

RATS SPOTTED ON VILLAGE ROAD

RATS have been seen running across a road in Snodland, parish councillors were told.

Vice-chairman Mr. Roy Croucher told members he had seen them running from allotments into Malling Road.

turn-off which is further on. And changing the sign would also divert traffic away from the village.

A site meeting is to be held with county councillors to discuss safety on the A228 following a number of accidents.

You great big squeaking bully Geldof. Leave those poor snods alone.

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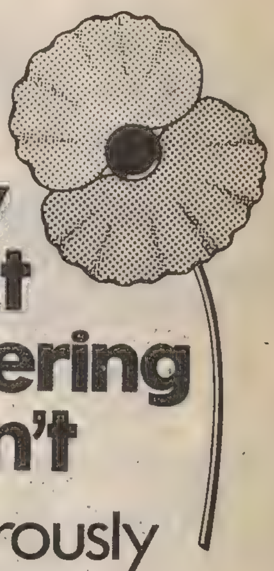

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BISHOPS: (From left) Pat, Dave, Paul, Johnny, Zen. Pic: STEVE DIXON

THE NEW CONCEPT

This is an alternative alternative to the alternative. You don't have to be a modern machine. Drummerless trios or white overalls may not suit. You could listen to THE BISHOPS.

ALTERNATIVE MUSIC, the modern alternative that is — Mekons, Gang Of Four, The Fall, the Banshees — offering an option not a solution; others are open and to claim otherwise would be to deny the facts.

Bands who promote nothing more radical than good time rock'n'roll, though admittedly somewhat bedevilled by the irreverently accelerated forward rush of time, are still functioning, still doing steady business.

Take The Bishops, an often bruisingly effective rhythm and blues outfit, who are neither bloodless nor infirm but who, in the often distorted, reflected light of these modern times, may be viewed as something of an anachronism, as outmoded as facial hair and marijuana.

Whether or not they have a relevant contribution to make to the modern music scene is a decision you will have to make for yourself, but I would suggest to you that if commitment is still a quality worth the tip of a hat, then The Bishops must be in line for something.

"Some people actually think that rhythm and blues is the best music around — us for instance," says Johnny Guitar, Bishops' lead guitarist. An American, he's very probably the tallest person I have ever stood next to in a car park, 6ft 4in with the wide open, cock-eyed innocent look of a freckless Howdy Doody, and the build of a fresh light heavyweight.

"Progression is not something we sit down and consciously think about. We don't go into the studio and say, 'Okay it's about time we used synthesizers.' We have progressed, we're still the same band but our sound has changed. We play more interesting arrangements, better. Actually I think we have a pretty distinctive sound."

Dave Tice, a vocalist in what must surely be a grand old tradition (especially if you happen to be a naturalised Australian), sits on the edge of his chair, a character of cartoon clarity and dimension.

"It's rock and roll music that we play. If somebody doesn't think it's relevant to the current social or political situation then they don't have to buy our records and they don't have to come to our concerts. We don't want to change the world, fuck that, it's just entertainment, it's rock and roll, and we're doing it because we like it."

A delightful and unassuming stereotype, the thought that this music could be looked upon as anything other than Big Fun is completely alien to him.

ROLES, Everybody has one to act out, either by instinct or through choice. I ask the band if they are aware of their chosen role, their rhythm and blues identity so to speak, when they sit down to write their songs. I direct the question at Zenon de Fleur, rhythm guitarist, and the only original Bishop remaining in the line-up these days.

Parodoxically perhaps he's also the least likely band member — a true blue Brit, formerly a freelance accountant who now runs a P.A. company. He looks like he might almost have a weight problem. but will probably never go broke.

"Well yes and no. I mean, I know whatever I write will end up sounding like The Bishops."

Dave continues the theme: "Because we are what we are, whatever we do is going to sound a certain way. We don't really think about it, it's a natural process."

Watching The Bishops on stage, and talking to them, is an experience akin to watching a film in which the actors are distinguished only by the roles they play: 'The Guitar Player' played by a guitar player, 'The Singer' played by a singer etc.

After spending ten minutes with any of the band, with the possible exception of Zen, I guarantee you'd be left wondering just what the hell they'd be doing had they not met each other, or even more unthinkable, had they not come into contact with rock'n'roll.

The two Bishops to whom you have not been introduced are bassist Pat McMullen, and drummer Paul Balbi.

"There was an audition, about 60 or 70 bassists, and I went along, broke a string while I was tuning up, told a few Irish jokes, and that was that. I was in."

Personally I don't swallow any of that, I think The Bishops took McMullen under their wing because he's an Irish pixie, too innocent to be exposed to the evils of this vile and double-dealing world.

Paul Balbi, another naturalised Australian, a young man with shoulder-length hair and much wit in his eyes, exudes the kind of mild-mannered charm that big city girls with cold water souls call wimpiness. Me, I think he's cute, but that's me all over.

I wonder at the type of audience The Bishops attract. "People, basically." Sharp, Johnny, real sharp. "I mean anybody and everybody, from 14 to 40 . . .though I suppose it's mainly 16 to 19-year-old, guys. They're the one who stand right in front of you and watch your finger."

. . . In the film of the book of the life, 'The Rock Audience' is played by a rock audience . . .

Ah but Johnny, what happens when these kids come and watch you, and maybe hear all these R&B classics for the first time, and think maybe they ought to check out the original recordings

CIGARETTES

IS ROCK

— a conflict of interests?

"Good, man, I hope they do. I hope they do go and listen to the original artists. Personally I think our versions stand up pretty well against the originals. And remember, the original Count Bishop songs are by The Count Bishops."

When quizzed about their feelings toward the punk phenomenon, the band adopt an attitude of mellow disinterest.

Dave: "It happened, but we didn't change. We're still playing basically the same stuff as we've always played."

Johnny: "Right. I mean what the hell is punk anyway, just rhythm and blues, played faster and maybe sloppier. It's the same three chords. It did encourage more kids to come out to concerts, opened up a whole new market."

Okay so perhaps that is a pretty superficial assessment of a situation that is by no means entirely washed up, but considering it comes fron a band who did miss the main elevator ride way back then when the getting was good, it seems refreshingly free of malice and sour grapes.

I spent a couple of days with The Bishops while they were playing warm-up for the Feelgoods, during which time I saw them work over two crowds with an admirably professional dead-eyed precision. The Bishops very rarely make mistakes and never carry excess baggage.

In order to familiarise myself with their music I drifted through the best part of a week listening to nothing but Bishops records, which on relection was probably not such a hot idea. Don't misconstrue my meaning, the albums are fine examples of the genre, but things do tend to get a little out of proportion when you lift them completely from their frame of reference.

But onstage — that's where they kill. "It's rock and roll, and we're doing it because we like it."

JOHN HAMBLETT

THRILLS

Teds Airlift

THE THOUGHT of a party of 500 Teds air-lifted in from Blighty's shores to check-out America's rock'n'roll heritage is enough to make even Jimmy Carter think about calling out the National Guard.

Imagine the looks of horror on the faces of the city fathers as the Teds stagger around Gracelands or check-out the ancestry of Buddy Holly in Lubbock, Texas. And will Chicago's Southside ever be the same again after the Teds have taken a look around the home of de blooze?

Already 80 Teds have laid their money down, £375 to be precise, for a gen-u-wine conducted tour of America's rock'n'roll ancient monuments. As well as a visit to Elvis's former home in Memphis and the Holly residence in Texas, not to mention the jaunt to Chicago, the tour intends to visit the Sun Studios, St Louis, Dallas, Little Rock, Oklahoma and Kansas City, taking in a number of legendary rock venues en route.

The organisers, GMC Promotions, are also hoping to organise concerts by Jerry Lee Lewis, Chuck Berry, and The Crickets to tie in with the invasion. Tickets for the two-week tour will be made available at the London Rock'n'Roll festival at Harlesden's New Roxy Theatre this Saturday, November 11.

A £30 deposit secures a seat on the DC10 Jumbo jet GMC have chartered from an American airline, World Airways, and already another jet is standing by which the organisers are confident they will have filled by September 24, 1979, when the tour kicks off.

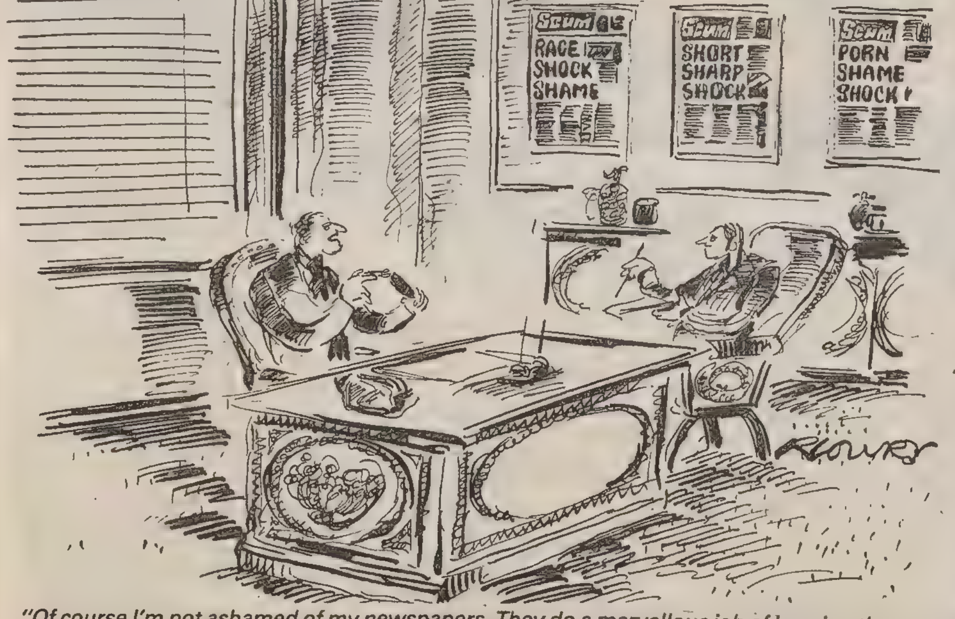
For your £375 all travel and accommodation is provided. GMC's Gerry Coates claims he won't be making a profit on the trip. He told *Thrills:* "It's an investment. We're hoping to make money out of a follow-up tour by British rock'n'roll acts."

Also the plane will be British rockers Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers, who're hoping to play somewhere along the line.

READY TEDDY

THRILLS

LOWRY



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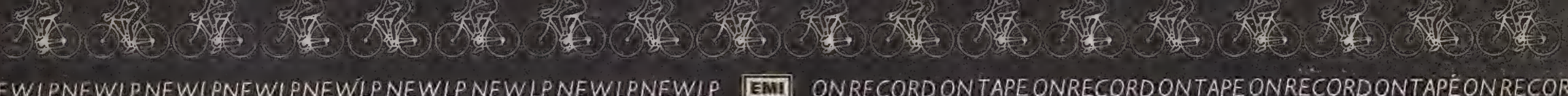

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HUNK OF THE MONTH EXPOSED

WANNA feel ma body, baby, such a thrill my body, baby . . . whoops, aaahg, sorry about that. Many thanks to all you butch creatures who put pen to paper and entered last week's Name The Macho Dude competition.

No, dears, the handsome hunk of gateau de boeuf pictured above *wasn't* Jean-Jacket, nor was it Bryan Ferry, Sylvester, Ivor Biggun or Debbie Harry (everybody knows Deb don't have a centre parting in her hair).

It was, of course, Mucho Macho Machito of Afro-Cuban Salseros fame, born Frank Raul Grillo to cigar-making parents (honest) in Havana. That's in Cuba.

As one can easily tell, from even a cursory listening to Mucho Macho Machito's Latins rhythms, he numbers Maria Teresa Vera, El Seateto and Antonio Mario Romereau among his early influences. He formed the Afro-Cubans in 1940 (a memorable year) and, when the band made their recording debut a year later on Decca with "Sopa De Pichon (Pigeon Soup)", blew everybody's minds, (it says here). With the advent of Bop after World War Two, Mucho Macho Machito (this is getting tedious) began to blend his Afro-Cuban sound with heads-down, cool-daddyo jazz, playing Salsa long before the salsero gringos of today were even a stridulation in their fathers' marraccas.

For this no Hispanic Stranglers fan will ever forget him.

The winner of the first prize of a genuine mansize chest wig is Geoff Dadswell, 15 Allen Close, Deeping St James, Peterborough.

Second prize of an LP token goes to John Clarke, 8 High Street, Cranford, near Thrapston, Northants.

All entries by people who weren't boys were automatically disqualfied.

GURLS R. SOPPY

THRILLS

TRB 'BACK OUT OF AMNESTY GIG'

TOM ROBINSON was criticised this week for failing to play a charity gig for Amnesty International at Cambridge University last month because he wasn't offered enough money.

Robinson's agent Bob Salmonds allegedly gave the go-ahead for Cambridge Union's social secretary Stephen Ball to set up a possible date for Robinson.

When Ball told Salmonds he had arranged a gig at Cambridge's Corn Exchange in mid-October, he claims he was told it was no longer possible to stage the show.

"It was simply a question of logistics," Salmonds told *Thrills*.

But Ball alleges the gig was blown out because they were offering Robinson only a maximum of £1,000; considerably less than his then-current fee, which Ball believes was £1,500 to £2,000.

The Cambridge Union had originally mooted the idea of Robinson playing a charity gig because they couldn't afford his usual fee and knowing Robinson's political sympathies, they thought he would play for Amnesty for less money.

"He (Salmonds) told me that Tom was very interested in doing the gig for Amnesty," said Ball. But the agent told *Thrills* that he had *never* mentioned the concert to Robinson.

"It seems to me," continued Ball, "that Robinson's salary proved more important than his beliefs."

Salmonds counters: "We clearly had a breakdown in communication. As you can imagine, every politico is on to me all the time trying to get Tom to do gigs.

"You know as well as I do how much it costs to keep a band on the road and the guys who do the PA and the lights couldn't give a monkey's toss whether it's for Amnesty. And Tom *isn't* the world's richest man.

"To say that I had a verbal agreement with Cambridge Union is rubbish."

PENNY LESS

Yes folks, it was all happening in Hemel Hempstead last Wednesday when the Stiff tour rolled into town. Everything was going to plan until Watford Albion's part time groundsman and kit minder Elton 'Hercules' John appeared out of nowhere and stuck the boot in. Pictured l-r we see Dave Robinson's rowdies in action — deep breath — Lene Lovitch mimes the aria to Bizet's "Carmen" while a Welsh geezer with a bass tries to stop Rachel Sweet giving a punter a swift karate chop. Meanwhile Elt wonders why Wreckless isn't using listerine these days.

PISTOLS

● *From page 15*

And there is a scene where the Pistols, after being sacked by their record company following a TV swearing incident on a *Juke Box Jury* type show, go on the rampage in the company's offices. One hapless executive gets his clothes stripped off in front of his secretary and falls through a window to his death.

The film ends with a party at M.J.'s estate. M.J. has had himself made up as an exact double of Johnny Rotten, and as he is prancing around to the delight of the guests, the little girl (remember Bambi) shoots and kills him.

Page 140, *Who Killed Bambi?* — overhead shot:

M.J.'s body lies on the floor in the spotlight.

The first and only person to move is Johnny Rotten. He walks slowly forward to the dead body. Looks down at it. Turns it over with the toe of his boot so that the dead face gazes sightlessly skyward. Speaks at first so softly not everyone can hear.

Close up:

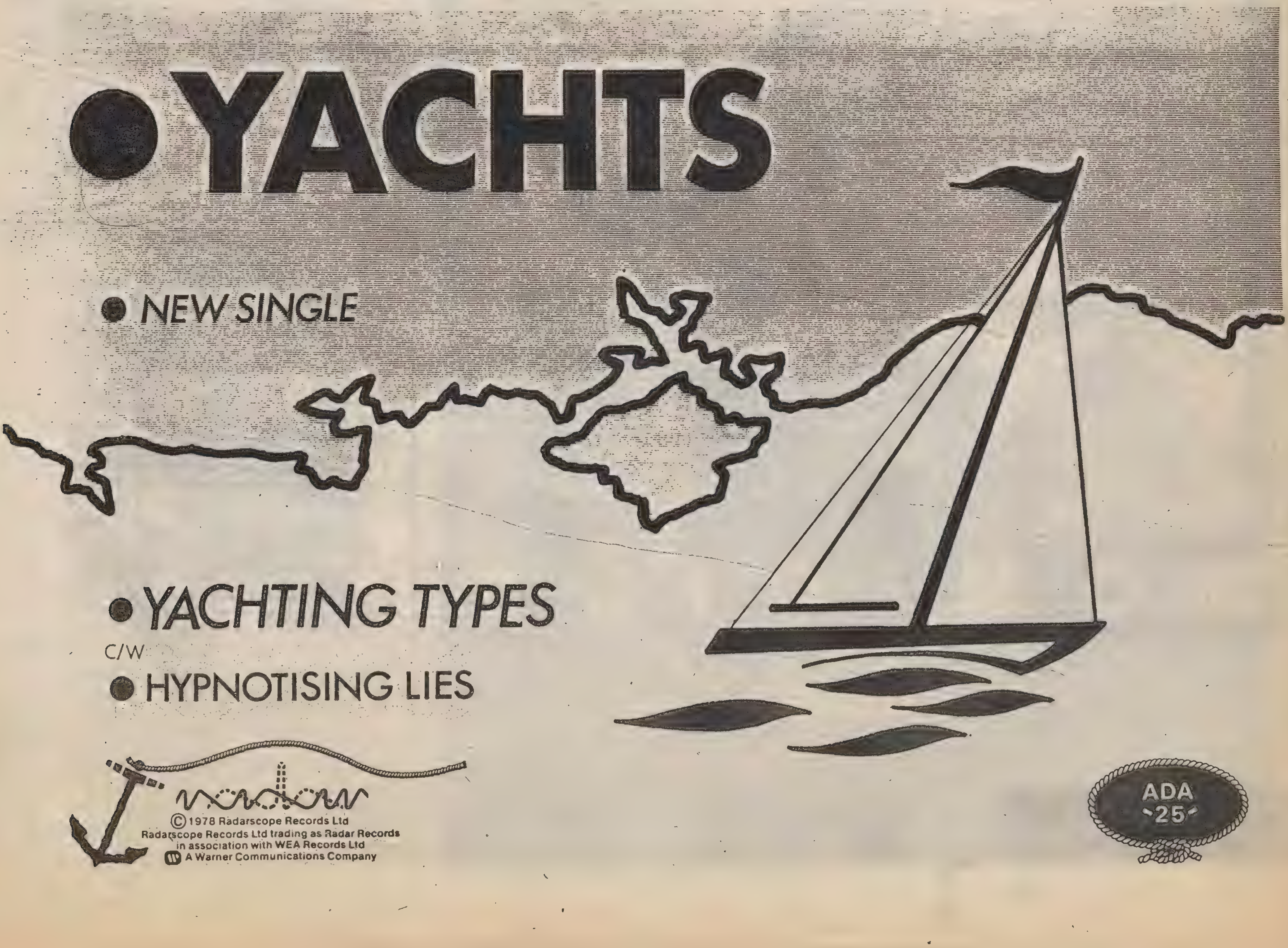
Johnny (down at the body): "Will Success spoil Johnny? . . . (pause) . . . (then freaking out and kicking the lifeless body of M.J. all over the stage as he continues talking) . . . No! He will waste, spoil, smash, blow up, and destroy success!"

Only one scene from *Who Killed Bambi?* was ever shot: a five minute clip of the scene where rich, jaded rock star M.J. (whoever *he* might be) shoots the deer. This had to be filmed before production began because the deer hunting season was about to close.

GARY SPERRAZZA

● *Reprinted courtesy of Bomp*

THRILLS



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The gentleman of the heavy metal persuasion gobbling his pick-ups on our right is not all he seems. These days he prefers to express his 'pure creative energy' in the universal language of disco . . .

INSTANT REPLAY: THE ADVENTURES OF DAN HARTMAN

"INSTANT REPLAY' was just recorded for fun. It was inspired by an intense love affair. It's an expression of the pure creative energy inside me."

Dan Hartman's conversation is literally peppered with Amerikaspeak phrases like "pure creative energy". Yet behind this executive outlook and his chubby, boyish face lurks a bloke who has not only been through the rigours of running with the Edgar Winter/Rick Derringer glitterboy ratpack in the early '70s, but who has also been of central importance in the recent renaissance of Muddy Waters and Johnny Winter and, by extension, of the blues itself.

And yes, we *are* talking about the same Dan Hartman — the one whose new (first) single "Instant Replay" has been dominating the airwaves these past couple of weeks with its disco drive, scat sax and *pure creative energy*.

The very same. A man of many parts.

For a start, Hartman used to be the most underrated force in a most underrated band, The Edgar Winter Group. Dan used to play bass plus occasional guitar and keyboards, as well as taking more than half the singing and songwriting chores in a band that included the likes of Rick Derringer, Ronnie Montrose and ol' Edgar himself.

Thus it came as no surprise, when I phoned Hartman in New York last week, to hear that he'd played everything except sax (Edgar Winter) and congas on "Instant Replay", which he also wrote, sang and produced.

"You see, I have this studio at my house," he drawled, "so it's easy to mess around . . ."

Ho hum. How terribly boring. Home studio, yeah.

"It's called The Schoolhouse," he added.

I nearly fell off my mangy *NME* executive chair.

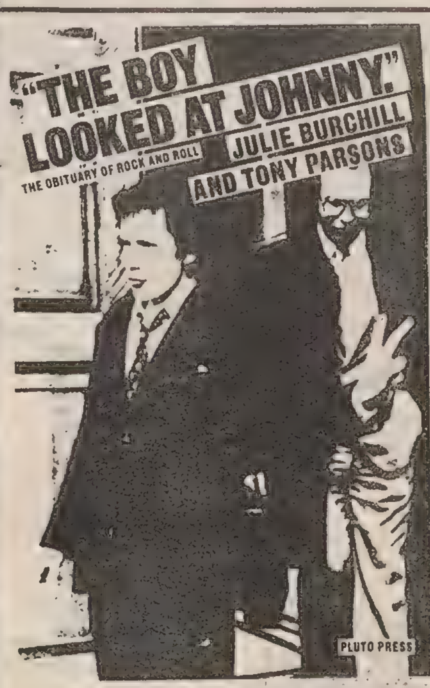
For the uninitiated, The Schoolhouse is the heretofore mysterious studio where Johnny Winter and Muddy Waters concocted their recent quartet of masterly blues albums, "Hard Again", "I'm Ready", "White Hot & Blue" and "Nothin' But The Blues".

Wherever they were recorded, it must have been a helluva place, so perfectly do those records blend contemporary sophistication with a traditional raw power one assumed had been bled out of rock'n'roll by the germ-killing wonders of tehnology. And here's Hartman calmly telling me he actually owns and dwells within this oasis of true grits . . . Tell me more.

"It's a 16-room colonial house with a studio attached. My band's rehearsing there now."

Your *band?* Hold it. Take five Dan, while we bring the viewers up to date with your career and creative energy thus far, and then we'll find out where the hell this band suddenly sprang from, OK/ Right.

DAN HARTMAN, like nearly all great rock stars, was born in 1950. In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. At age 13 he joined a local combo, ~~The~~ Legends, on keyboards and



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later guitar, immersing himself in the Harrisburg rock scene until in 1971 he struck lucky and passed an audition to join The Edgar Winter Group — the band Winter was setting up as an antidote to the stifling funk-rock circus White Trash.

Despite the presence in The Edgar Winter Group of such luminaries as Montrose and Derringer, it was the unknown Hartman who dominated the band. His vibrant, youthful vocals proved the perfect foil for Winter's nasal sleaze virtuosity, and he wrote most of the songs, and many of their best — particularly "Hangin' Around" and "Free Ride" on "They Only Come Out At Night" (both U.S. hit singles) and "Easy Street" on "Shock Treatment".

When the group broke up, Hartman remained active within Steve Paul's Blue Sky Records enclave.

Along with all the members of both the Winter brothers' bands, he showed up on the live oldies album "Together". He helped Edgar on his solo album "Jasmine Nightdreams", he produced a Foghat album, he cut his own album "Images" backed by Todd Rundgren's rhythm section of John Wilcox and John Siegler (which CBS rightly considered too weak for UK release), and he stepped in with guitar and keyboards when Derringer, temporarily reduced to a trio, cut their latest set "If I Weren't So Romantic, I'd Shoot You" . . .

And then one day in April, messing about at The Schoolhouse, he turned up with his seething disco track "Instant Replay". Already a U.S. disco chart topper, it now looks set to establish Dan Hartman both here and in the States as a hotter property than any of his more famous cohorts, at least in 45 terms.

By the way, Dan, whatever did happen to Edgar after that dumb White Trash reunion last year?

"Edgar? Oh, he's . . . uh . . . taken a brief intermission to relocate into Manhattan."

Translation: he's moved to New York. Expect a disco-orientated album soon.

Meanwhile, Hartman has his own LP due — "Instant Replay", of course — and after a two-year search he has finalised a Dan Hartman Band line-up: Hilly Michaels (ex-Sparks, but then who isn't?) on drums, plus G. E. Smith of The Scratch Band and one Vinny Cusano on guitars. They debut in a fortnight's time.

Presumably people will be expecting to see a disco act?

"I like to think of what we play as 'rhythm rock'. It will be disco, but played at 10,000 db."

Great, Dan, sounds marvellous. Any final comment?

"It's an expression of the pure creative energy inside me." Thank you and goodnight.

I hung up just as Nick Kent tottered out of the *NME* review cell clutching the crumpled sheafs of his J.C.C. feature. I've just done an interview with Dan Hartman, I tell him.

"Oh, Edgar Winter's bass player," quoth Kent. "I met him once."

Any impressions?

"He's a survivor."

PHIL McNEILL

THRILLS

Gaffa

NOTTS ROCK? IT'S NOT ROCK!

NOTTS ROCK '78 — an annual festivity in these parts — took place at Nottingham Playhouse recently. Five local bands appeared: Race Against Time, Slip Hazard and the Blizards, Harry Stephenson, Some Chicken, and Gaffa. In the outcome, the concert carried a single message: the direct hostility of Nottingham Playhouse to all concerned.

The event was organised by Trevor Dann of BBC Radio Nottingham, who like the bands and their road crews, was not allowed to watch the concert from the theatre, because admittance was by ticket only and they hadn't bought tickets for their own gig!

Throughout the event, the Playhouse security was strict. Fans had to show their tickets three times before being led to their seats. Correctly installed, they sat stiffly under the beady gaze of Playhouse staff (busy controlling the exits like extras from Colditz). With freedom of movement tightly controlled, most fans brooded in silence.

Backstage, conditions were equally grim. Gaffa wanted to film part of their set. The playhouse management intervened and stopped the band from filming. When pressed for an explanation, the Playhouse pointed out that "actors don't like having their pictures taken."

Meanwhile, out in the audience, a photographer working freelance was ordered from the theatre. He'd taken two photographs.

Gaffa had also arranged for a group of kids (from the Club Malibu) to skateboard across the stage during one song, "The Fonz is Cool". The skateboarders didn't appear. The playhouse had ordered the band to ring Nottingham's Fire and Education departments. Proper procedure before allowing minors onto a public stage.

The most objectional aspect of the whole fiasco emerges with the concert's financial arrangements. Four bands received £10; Gaffa £15. (Last year's gig earned each band £40). As one musician observed, the Playhouse was almost full, the bands got bugger all, and the BBC's promotional costs were minimal.

Notts Rock '78 exploited the interests of bands and audience alike. It also confirmed once more the city's appalling lack of a decent rock gig. Local musicians have responded with a special concert for December 2, at the Club Malibu. Billed as "Rock Against Seat Numbers", the gig will feature Gaffa, Harry Stephenson, Low 'C', The Press, films, and lots of booze.

Nottingham needs it!

MALCOLM HEYHOE

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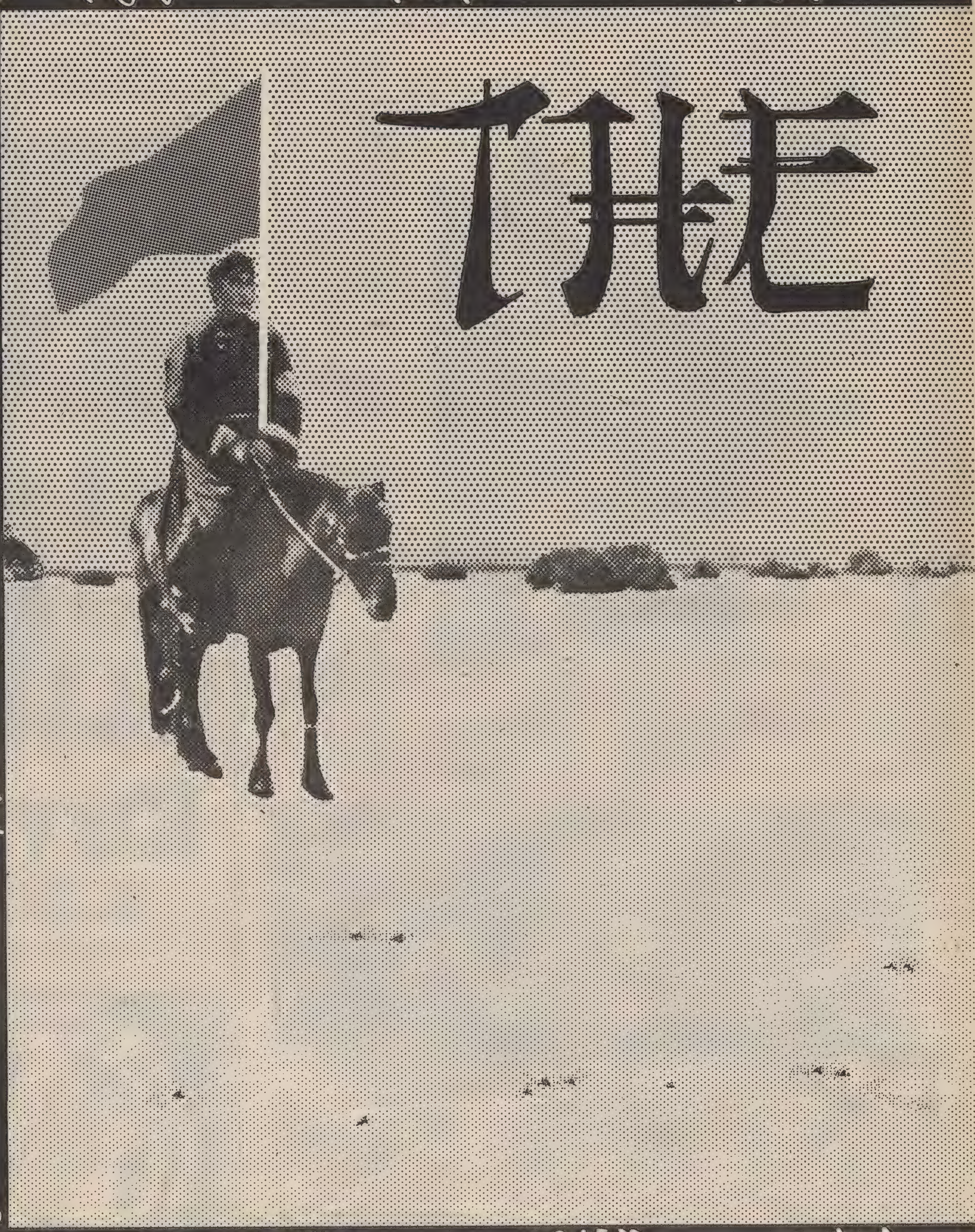

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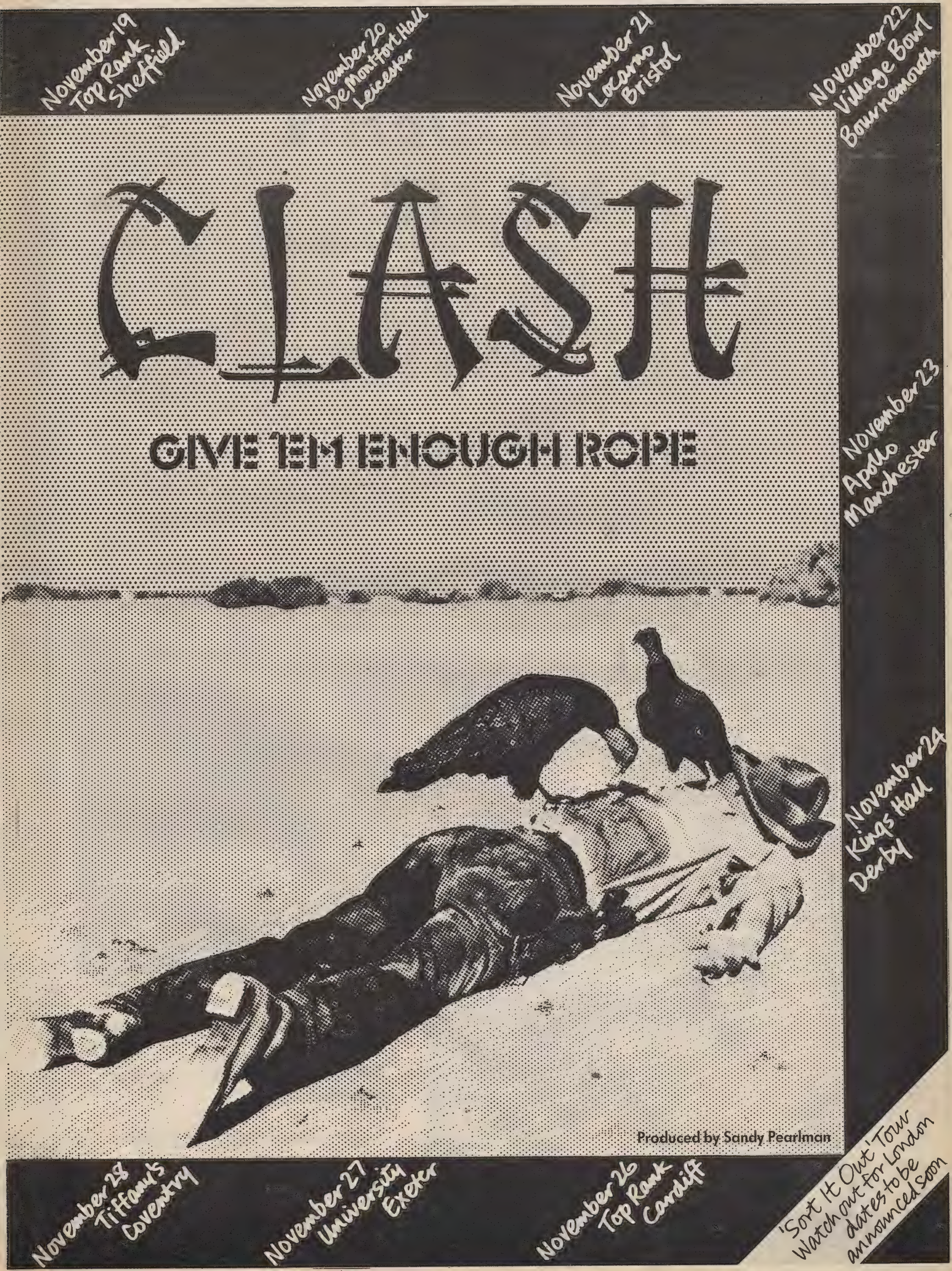

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'Sort It Out' Tour
Watch out for London dates to be announced soon

THOROUGHLY UNMODERN MILLIE

MILLIE JACKSON — keepin' it in the family

Interview: GRAHAM LOCK

Pictures: PENNIE SMITH

A SMALL FIGURE in white denim scrunched up at one end of a long green and gold sofa. My first glimpse of Millie Jackson at the outset of my first close encounter with a superstar. I'm nervous. She's tired. Jet lag. "It's five in the morning in New York," she yawns apologetically. Here in sunny Swiss Cottage, it's nearly midday.

Millie slips out to put on some make-up and this, abetted by black coffee, seems to restore her spirits. By the time everyone else has arrived, she's full of energy and bad jokes. Instead of doing separate interviews, she's talking to five or six of us at once. An unusual set-up, and the result is a cross between a mini-press conference and a seminar group.

Chris May *(Black Music)* and me ask mostly about the politics of her music. The others want to know stuff like who her friends in the business are ("The Moments, Denise La Salle, Betty Wright"), whether she's big in Japan ("they love me") and what she thinks about sex ("I don't think there's anything dirty about sex whatsoever, it's part of life").

Millie talks readily, laughs a lot (mostly at her own jokes) and generally tries to be helpful and entertaining. Particularly, entertaining. I find it very depressing.

When we quiz her on politics, she gets pretty evasive. She doesn't seem to appreciate what we're getting at; and we don't explain ourselves very clearly. The talk goes round in circles.

We begin innocuously by asking her how much of the mini-musical with which she's been touring the States will be included in her British shows. None, is the answer. Millie's doing straight concerts here, with just the band and the background singers from her American act. No props, no Starvin' Marvin, no concept. It would be too expensive, she says, to ship them all over here.

Someone asks if she's going to tone down her act, because the last time she was here a few people found it offensive.

"Offensive, huh?" Millie chuckles delightedly. "Well, they do realise who they brought over here, don't they? No, I'll be offensive again."

I ask if she sets out to be offensive. Millie ponders. "I think offensive is a strong word, I think only a very few people are really offended. Startling would be a better word. People like to be startled."

So there's no point behind it? It's just entertainment? "Yeah, just entertainment."

Someone suggests people are offended because they don't expect women to use such forthright language on stage. Millie laughs. "Well, they know I'm a woman, don't they? They only gotta look at the sleeve of my album — or else it's a good representation of a poof."

There's an embarrassed silence. Millie grins at us. It's a dumb joke, but it breaks the ice. I tackle her about the packaging of her latest album, Chris May wants her to explain the anti-gay remarks on her last British tour.

In case you haven't seen it, "Get It Out'cha System" sports a leggy pin-up pic of Millie on the front cover and a toilet bowl on the back. Tacky is the word that springs to mind. So how come you have a pin-up photo on the sleeve, Millie?

"A what?" A pin-up photo. Millie shrugs. "I never even thought of it that way. I just chose an outfit and got in it. It wasn't planned at all."

But the toilet, er, concept was yours?

"Oh yeah, it was a joke."

Millie goes on to explain that originally she wanted a toilet on the front too, but the record company had screwed up the photos.

Someone asks if the toilet and the title refer to her previous work, an oblique suggestion that she feels trapped by her role? Millie laughs heartily. "No. No hidden meaning. I don't come up with hidden meanings and all that, I just come up with whatever I think is good marketing."

On the gay question, Millie goes through a whole series of defensive postures. Why are we bothered anyway? We couldn't have been listening properly; some of comments were pro-gay. How do we know *she* isn't gay. Some of her best friends are . . . etc.

Later she remembers that the "jokes" about gays are balanced in her American show by a put-down of Anita Bryant's fervent anti-gay campaigning; but the latter was left out of her British shows because she'd been told no-one here had heard of Anita Bryant.

Nonetheless, her attitude seems completely equivocal. For someone who thinks of herself as an accomplished comedienne it's a shame she has to resort to such cheap humour.

THE NEXT BONE of contention is the Family. Chris May remarks that many of her songs deal with the stresses of family life; so, is Millie Jackson a great believer in the sanctity of the family?

She nods soberly. "Yeah."

You don't feel the stresses are caused by the set-up of the nuclear family itself?

Millie ignores this question, and explains instead why she does songs about stress. "Those songs, they never die. You can talk about political stuff today, and tomorrow there's a new President, and your record sounds stupid in a year's time. But people'll always get married, they'll always have affairs, they're always gonna break up. So ten years later, you can still relate to these songs." (She means you'll still buy them).

Yeah, but don't you feel the family set-up itself is the cause of the stress?

Millie shifts uneasily on the sofa. "I'll have to get the question right."

Chris May gives a spiel about the characters in her songs being possessive, and asks if this wouldn't change in a more extended family system. "I really don't get you," replies Millie. OK, you describe the problems, Millie, but have you got any answers?

"Oh, it's the Dear Millie column," chuckles Millie. "No, not really." So you're not interested in politics? "Mmm, not really. I try to stay out of political stuff."

And you don't think your view of relationships in the songs is political?

"If people wanna see it that way . . ." Millie shrugs again. "People wanted to put me up as a feminist, leading the women away from home. Ah, crap." She gestures dismissively.

Right! What we're suggesting, Millie, is that your work is really conservative, leading the women *back* to the home.

"I don't wanna lead anybody anywhere. I just wanna sell records."

YOU'LL have gathered by now that the idea of something being either entertaining or marketable is Millie Jackson's ultimate justification for whatever she does. It's a philosphy which sometimes backfires on her. Several times during the interview, she mentions that she's fed up with her notorious raps, which apparently are enormously popular. So is she going to drop them?

"Nah, I'm stuck with them. Nothing I can do about it now." The raps, she says, are what the DJs play, what the live audiences come to hear. "They don't expect to hear every song you've recorded, but they expect to hear every one of those stupid raps you've done. Spring (her record company) say 'bring us a rap', and they pay the bills." Millie, it seems, will continue to put her mouth where the money is.

Her apparent unconcern with the content of her songs extends even to the "Caught Up" and "Still Caught Up" albums, which she describes as "soap opera". I press her about this — you mean they're not serious, just melodramas? Millie nods indifferently. "Yeah, that's right."

It's about the closest I get to agreeing with her. Listening to those albums again, before the interview, I grew to dislike them intensely. Far from being the honest, outspoken exploration of mature sexual relationships that they were hyped as, the "CaughtUp" albums seem to me a tawdry, torrid melodrama, based on a narrowly conservative view of relationships and human behaviour. And the characters in them are throughly unpleasant; so vicious and deluded.

However, the albums did sell well.

In fact, it was these two albums that rocketed Millie Jackson to the forefront of 70s soul music. Born 1944 in Georgia, she only started singing by chance. Some friends of hers were playing in a club, and someone bet her she wouldn't get up on stage and sing with them. She's been singing ever since.

In 1969, she recorded a single for MGM, which flopped, and she was than signed up by Spring Records who teamed her with producer Raeford Gerrard. But it was "Caught Up", her fourth album, which she co-produced with Brad Shapiro, and the first of her concept albums, which was also her first million seller.

It's about the break-up of a marriage. The songs on side one are sung by "the mistress", those on side two by "the wife". The tracks are linked by raps in which the characters insult each other and reflect, none too profoundly, on their situations.

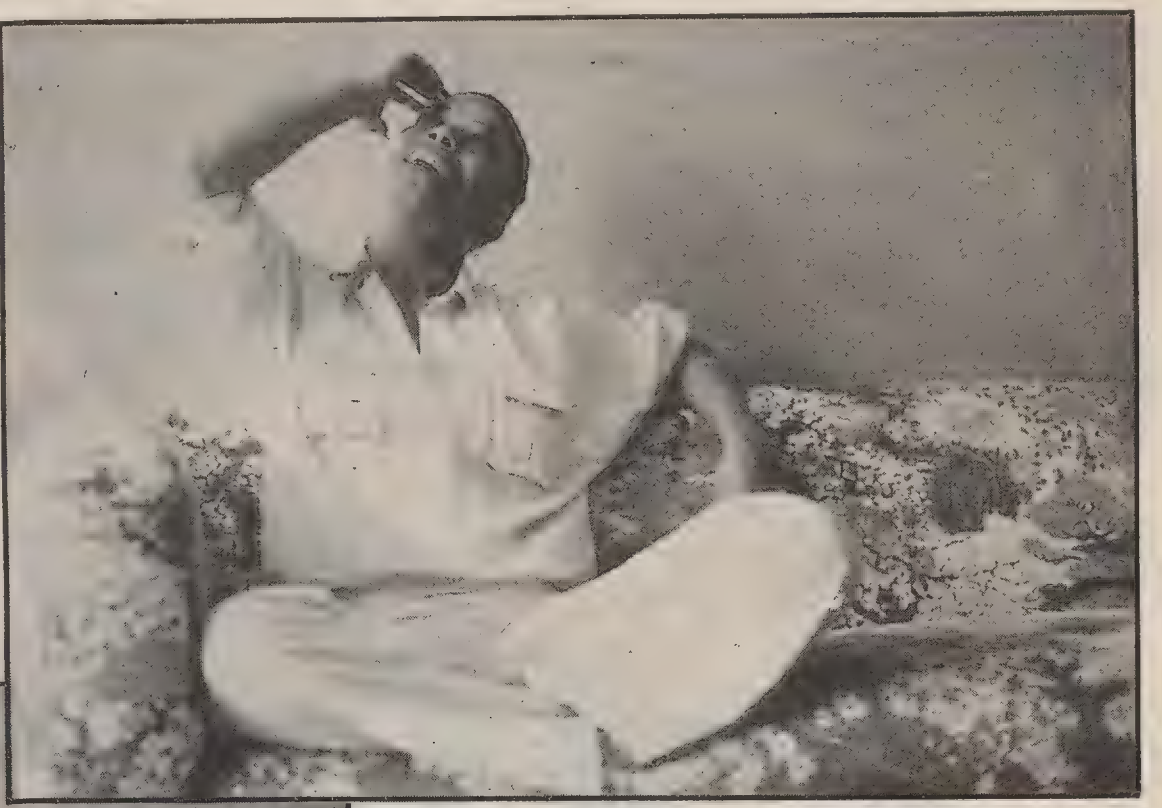
The idea proved so popular that Millie brought out a sequel, "Still Caught Up", in which "the wife" gets her man back, while "the mistress" is carted off to the lunatic asylum.

Her subsequent albums, though not employing so rigid a format, have dealt mainly with similar themes. And the raps have dogged her to such an extent that the longest track on her most recent album is totally rap.

I MENTION to Millie that a lot of feminists have criticised her albums, because the women in them seem so dependent on their men.

Millie looks at me, astonished. "Women *are* dependent on men, let's face it."

● *Continues page 73*



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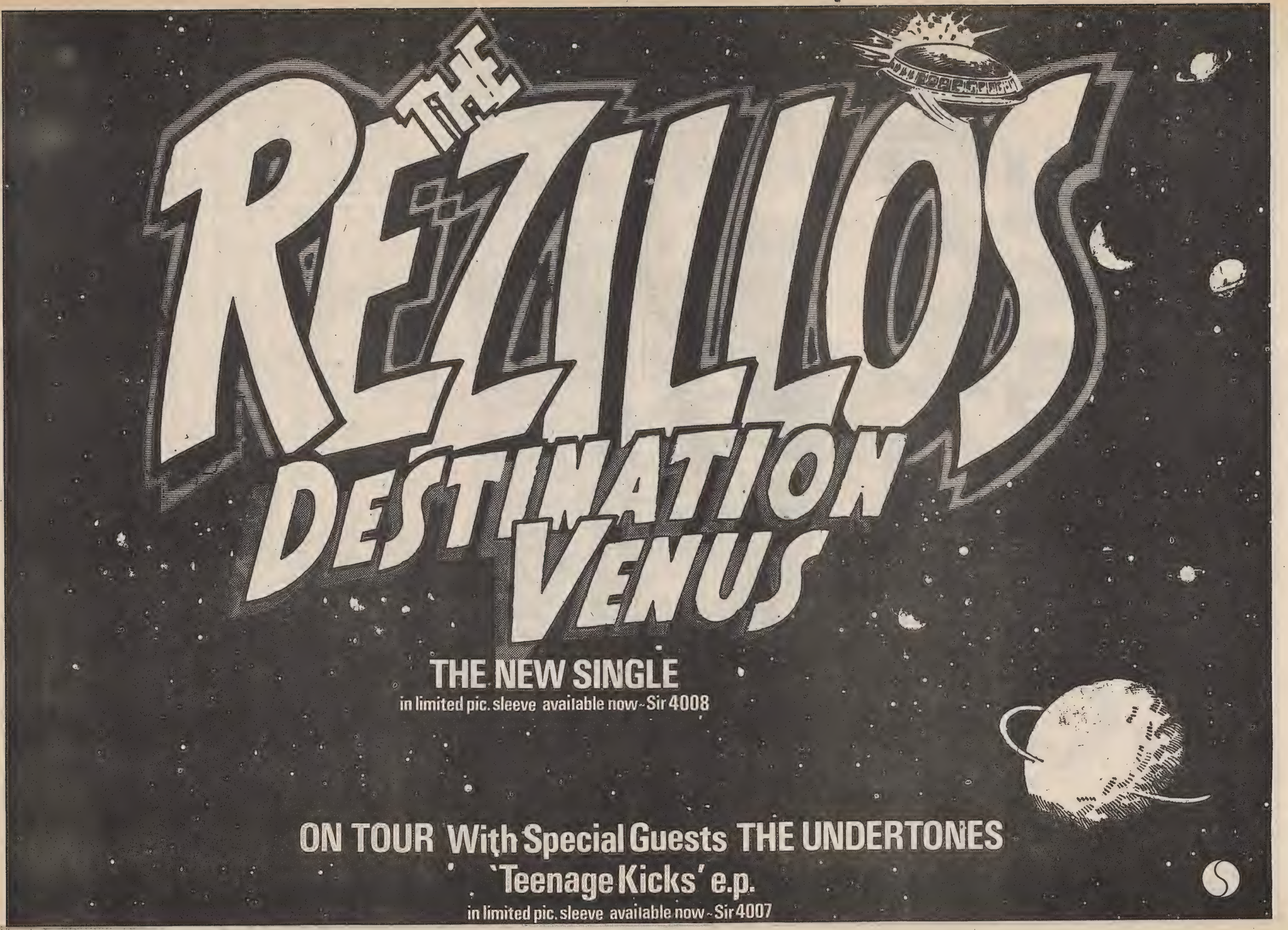
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BETHNAL: (From left) Paul Dowling, Nick Michaels, George Csapo, Everton Williams. Pix: PENNIE SMITH.

Crash Landing In N17

BETHNAL, who by virtue of their multi-national background can't help accumulating 'political' overtones in these Rock Against Racism days, talk to PENNY REEL about the relationship between Message Music, politics, and making money.

"EVERYONE HAS a platform to bring *themselves* out; Tom Robinson has his *whole* minority thing; *all* the minority things that he's against, like people suppressed and that, and like people imprisoned and that.

"If he *didn't* have *that,"* George Csapo asks triumphantly, "how else would Tom Robinson come through?"

Csapo is expounding, measuring his sentences for stress, myself and Everton Williams in muddled attendance. His considered Cockney enunications demand our whole attention.

He's a thick-set, powerful-looking man, Csapo — lead-singer, Romany violinist and occasional keyboards-man with Bethnal — whose profile dominates the band's publicity photographs and who, together with black bassist Everton, pens the group's songs and acts as their joint spokesman.

By contrast, Williams' sleek movements betray a wiry eagerness. Panther-like, with the nascent sprouting of locks, Bethnal's backbone is a sharp, electric youth whose thoughts tumble forth more quickly than his tongue can arrange them into intelligible expression. There's no fear of being reduced to discussing the perpendicularity of walls whilst Everton's about.

Bethnal have suspended rehearsal of the band's current UK tour to talk to *NME*. Presently, just half of its number is fulfilling thus. Pete Dowling and Nick Michaels having contributed a few brief interjections before wandering away . . .

Drummer Pete and lead-guitarist Nick are less accessible characters. Both reserve their judgements to the most terse of comments, although they each smile a lot and, in general, seem to hold no contrary opinions to those so forcefully uttered by the aforementioned Messrs Csapo and Williams.

"If you wanted to talk about some big tits and all that," George explains in parenthesis, "then you can talk to Dow. But he's not into talking about the policies of the band. That's me and Ev. Being we're the writers."

Pennie Smith hovers, taking photographs.

Now he continues. "Tom Robinson . . . yeah, sure he's in it to make money, but he's *using* some things to get there. So is Bob Marley."

"Doesn't mean that he doesn't believe in it," Everton chimes in. "F'rinstance Pistols, right? They're using the punk platform, right? What they believe in. Because at that certain time Zeppelin, Rod Stewart and all that, they'd gone over the borderline and the kids couldn't communicate with them.

"So the Pistols, what they *did* was good, shook 'em up like, to see what was going on. And that was the Pistols' platform, the Punk revolution type of thing.

"And even then, right, the Pistols wants to make a lot of money. I mean, don't tell me The Pistols didn't want to make money. 'Course they did. Everyone wants to make money. Money's important."

George pursues the refrain to its conclusion. "I can't honestly see anyone that makes it that's not in it to some degree to make money," he says. "My point about the platform, right, everyone must have something to *talk* about."

And what are you talking about?

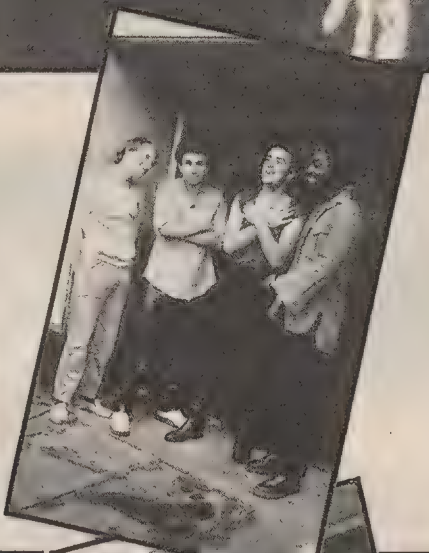
"We're talking about what *we* relate to. That's anything that happens to us, alright. What does the Stones . . . what are they about?"

"What's Elvis about?" asks Everton.

"What's Elvis Costello writing about?" pursues George. "I mean, what was Chuck Berry writing about in the '50s?"

Cars and sex! What are *you* writing about?

"Listen!" George waves an impatient pair of arms. "How many bands are there that have got a Greek, a Hungarian, a Jamaican, and an English bloke in the same band; went to school at the same school from like the age of 10, 11; come from different backgrounds; growing up together in the *same* band for *so* long; and drawing from them experiences and writing about it in their songs? In London!



"Now that's what we're about. There's no other band like us in that way. We come from Wood Green, there's *loads* of blacks and *loads* of Greek kids, and everything . . ."

"Indians . . ."

"That's what *we're* writing about. We're using *that* as *our* platform. That's where *we* stand."

"Well I've been standing here trying to think Where do we stand? But I seem to lack the education. Where do we stand? Well, two and two don't mean a thing. Where do we stand? And if someone pushes you a bit too far . . . Where do we stand?" **("Where Do We Stand?" — Bethnal).**

THIS MONTH, to coincide with the band's current headline rout of the British Isles, their record company Phonogram have scheduled release of the second Bethnal album, "Crash Landing", boasting the involvement of one Pete Townshend in an advisory capacity.

An interesting move, as publicist Tony Brainsby points out, "since Bethnal have always been happy to tell the world they are heavily influenced by middle period Who." Further adding the inclusion of Townshend's own teenage wasteland diatribe "Baba O'Riley" on the debut Bethnal set, "Dangerous Times".

While not entirely forsaking the vivid Bethnal brash exemplified by "Dangerous Times", the newer LP is of greater range than its predecessor, more subdued in its tone and execution, less of an assault on the frontal lobes.

Such consideration has prompted lead guitarist Nick Michaels' confession to one interviewer: ". . . That first album, I can't sit down at night and listen to all of it. The new album's more listenable."

And the snap rejoinder from Everton Williams. "No one should want to hear an album at night, everyone should be sleeping."

Do you not think then that it's pleasant to put on an album at night and just relax to it?

Everton nods in agreement. "Oh yeah", he exclaims, "but I mean you can do that with the first album."

Nick — momentarily rejoining the discussion — begs to differ, and introduces a corroborative witness in his defence. "That's what our press bird just said a minute ago," he muses. "She said that. She says I can go home and listen to this, she goes."

Everton fidgets agitatedly. Stabbing at the air with his forefinger, he declaims. "I mean, you are complaining to me. Well, what can I do? We made an album, right; the way we wanted it; the mood that we were in, right? You can go home and listen to Zeppelin, right? And they're bloody heavy . . ."

During the night, I'd rather put on — like — Brook Benton, or something like that.

"It's just the type of music that you would like to put on," counters Everton. "Right? Each music takes a different mood, right? So, I mean obviously Brook Benton you can go home and listen too because it's more

■ *Continues over page*

BETHNAL

From previous page

on the lower level. It's not blaring out.

"You couldn't go and put Zeppelin on, except for some disco or party, when you can really let your steam go. So you just take it on different levels, different terms, different moods."

"On the new album," speaks. George, bringing things back into perspective. "On the new album, the songs are more laid-back, and like there's a couple of soft numbers. I would say there's more variety. It is more well produced."

"We're older," points out Everton, "we're a year older. It's a more mature album."

George: "It's no good us releasing 'Dangerous Times' Mark II . . . ."

"I think music is here to enjoy," claims the irrepressible Everton. "I mean, there's people going out, right, and doing nine-to-five jobs and things. Obviously, they want to come home, as you said before, and put a record on, and get away from all the misery, the pressure chasing all the time.

"And at the same time you want to sit back and think about . . . alright; if it's a loving feeling you've got, you want to come home and put a record on and you can relate to that feeling. And as writers that is what we are trying to do."

What music do you listen to?

"I listen to anything I can get hold of. You give me anything, and I'll put it on. I'm not biased like, hey I'm black I should be into reggae. Or blues. Or soul. If I listen to Zeppelin and there's a number I really like, I play it the whole day. If there's a Bob Marley track I really like, I put it on."

"Put It On", of course, being a Bob Marley track I really like.

"Eh!"

I'm putting you on. Sorry. You were saying.

"Yeah! Same with Stevie Wonder, Pink Floyd," Everton adds. "I'm into everything. I'm very liberal in my music."

You don't move on the black scene? Checking out sound-systems?

George: "Yeah, we've got this mate. What's Tony's sound-system called?"

"Warrior, right. D'you know 'im? It's a black sound, a Wood Green sound. I used to go to Fat Man Hi Fi and all that when I was younger. But then, the thing is, I'm mostly on the road nowadays type of thing. And practising type of thing. I haven't got time to go.

"Now and again I go to Ronnie Scott's. I like anywhere there's mixed audiences. I hate going to places where there's just kind of blacks and that's it."

TELL ME George, do you contrive any Greek influence in you music?

"Not consciously. I think subconsciously I do. There's all little bits on the violin that I do type of thing that I think are probably Greek."

The violin is an instrument that's fairly common in Greek popular music. Is that what made you take it up?

"No. My dad's a professional musician, right? He's Hungarian, my dad. And it's not because he wanted me to play Greek music that I picked up the violin. It's a *real* musical family. We — our family — are into more sort of classical music. Not like ... it wouldn't be like pop music."

It wouldn't be what you hear on the juke box in a Kebab house.

"Seen! We have *some* records, my mum's Greek, but we don't really put a lot of Greek music on. We like variety.

"We've got some Greek, we got lots of classical. I picked it up because basically I'm from a musical family, you know what I mean? My dad's a musician, my brother's a musician, my sister's a musician, too."

EVEN THOUGH Bethnal wax lyrical on the subject of their cosmopolitan identity, the political tag that the band have acquired during the past 12 months of media scrutiny irritates and unsettles its four apolitically declared members.

"Let me explain," says George. "It's like ever since Tony Stewart — done that write-up on us in *NME (A Wave Of Me Own. 21:1:78)*, it's like people associate us with the National Front, at least not with them, but that we write against them. That we're very strongly against the National Front. And that we're a mildly sort of political band, if you like.

GEORGE CSAPO.
Pic: BEERBLOWER

"That's total bullshit for me and Everton; to say that we are a political band because we go on stage and we say, look, this number is against the National Front.

"Like, why are we singing against that? Because, as a band we're not English, we're British. We're fucking like foreigners if you like then. The National Front come in, we're out! So we're talking about our own fucking sorta future. Self-preservation if you like. We're talking about *ourselves*. That goes back to what I'm saying. *That* is what we're writing about."

Then that is political.

"If *you* wanna call it political, but *I* don't call it political," George is adamant. "What if we said, look, the bloke there is going to beat my fucking brains in? Is that political?"

No, that's just aggressive.

"Then why isn't *that* aggressive? Because they are a political party?"

If people are coming out and saying, like, blacks go home, yes, that is a political statement.

"For *them!* But what about the blacks?"

It's political for them to stand up and say fuck you! I live here. I'm staying here. What you are very reasonably perturbed about is being classified under a banner as an anti-National Front band. It's understood that you're anti-National Front, simply because you ain't got no choice, brother.

George: "If someone don't like me because of my hair then I don't put them in slots. I just say on the whole we're just writing about things that affect us. As a band. In London. What we are made up of."

Everton: "What we are talking about is just the mood of the moment."

And do you ever have any racial disharmony in Bethnal?

"Nah!"

"If we did," begins Everton, "if we did..."

"Kunta! Kunta! Come forward, mon."

"If we did, Bethnal wouldn't still be going."

"There was a time," remembers George, "when me and Nick — 'cause we used to do the business an' that — we used to think oh hell we can't get a deal. Wonder what it is? Maybe it's because Everton's black and they won't sign us up as a little pop band.

"As far as we could see then, the only way we was gonna make it was by being a little pop band. We were writing pop songs that could've been shitty hits, you know. But we didn't say to ourselves let's get rid of him, you know."

AN IMPATIENT chorus of back-seat instructions. No, no, go not to Leith. It's Edinburgh University we want — the heart of Midlothian — fourth right, not Forth Bridge. Here, up the Royal Mile. Step on it, man! You're on stage in ten minutes.

It is the opening night of the Bethnal November tour, and the band have managed to attract probably double the audience of the last time they played here, earlier in the year.

Mostly students; a fringe gathering of local punks; a small Sham Army contingent; lots of ANL buttons; the odd I And I Survive.

A good crowd! Only excepting the moron who decides to match his beer glass against his neighbour's skull midway through the group's set, endangering the limbs of dancers with an ensuing sticky red mess on the floor.

Onstage, Bethnal demonstrates its strength. High-energy gymnastics, breathless, proficient music. Two numbers in, and the crowd at the front of the stage is wildly cheering, waving, and dancing as though the weekend starts here. (It does. It's Friday night.)

They play brisk, crisply, pacing their set with a selection of "Dangerous Times" favourites, including "Soldier Boy", "Baba O'Reilly", "Leaving Home" and "The Outcome", interspersed with an even greater variety of songs from the forthcoming set: "Summer Wine", "Just Another Clown", "Odd Man Out", "Crash Landing", "I Gotta Go", "Talk Of The Town", and the highlight, "You're A Dreamer", which last number might best be described as lovers-rock, were Bethnal a reggae group.

In addition, they play a couple of unrecorded compositions, notably "Lady Love" and the classical based "Allegro", as exciting in their exposition of this as The Nice ever were, and more so than ELP ever will be. They call it loving up a storm!

And as the set draws to its close and the crowd files into the midnight ...

"They're dancing in the street, now that they've reached their teens. Now they know what it feels like, to be free and dance through the night.

"We don't need no purple heartaches. We don't need no needle in the arm. A little drop of something bitter will send you on your way."

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SINGLES

Reviewed this week by TONY PARSONS

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

SNIFF 'N' THE TEARS: Driver's Seat *(Chiswick)*
Sniff may look like a cross between Hugh Hefner and Iggy Pop, he may sing with a definite Al Stewart inflection, but don't be put off just because he doesn't have the visual profile of one of The Lurkers and rest assured Sniff don't deal in no *"Tahm Pussuges"* bed-sit barf.

This is that rare breed — dance music that isn't disco. The Tears resemble The Zombies auditioning for Poco, those spooky jungle rhythms covered with a smooth, emulsion-finish sheen and thus all the more disturbingly hypnotic. How can we resist ya?

And those lyrics — fragmented certainly but surely much too modern to have been begat by that 30-year-old literary technique, the cut-up method.

Hedonistic cerebation, alone in the room and on something more than Chiswick?

"Come what may, I'm gonna dance the day away / Trouble and strife — she had another way of looking at life / Pick up your feet, got to move to the trick of the beat / There is no elite / Just take your place in the driver's seat."

And let that be a lesson to all of you.

THE CARS: My Best Friend's Girl *(Elektra)*
Mmm, the very quintessence of that unique, captivating pop sensibility that blossomed in Boston's Rat Club some 18 months back. The Cars borrow from the best and stew it all up into something that is as derivative as it is irresistible; martyred Marc Thor's pungent alienation on "Circling LA", The Real Kids dewy-eyed personal tragedy on their solitary sensitive moment "Commom At Noon", the heads-down, no nonsense frustrated libido of The Boize with the wankers-cramp paean, "I Want Sex"...

Joe Jackson move over for the new placebo of the week. *Apres* Jilted John, *le deluge*.

999: Homicide *(UA)*
Tom Petty for psychotics.

IKE AND TINA TURNER: Nutbush City Limits *(UA)*
The nearest the Turners ever got to capturing the live excitement of their photographs.

CANDLEWICK GREEN: Who Do You Think We Are? *(Splash)*
Opportunity Knocks' major contribution to humanity. A compliment — Candlewick Green were candyflossed Buzzcocks. Only a staid Can fan could dispute that the Candlecocks line, "It's not fair, you don't care!" and Buzzwicks *"You make me feel like dirt and I'm hurt!"* are one and the same.

OAK RIDGE BOYS: I'll Be True To You *(ABC)*
Of late (well, the last fortnight) I find that Country and Western tear-jerkers are playing havoc with my emotional core more than anything other than Springsteen. I'm thinking of starting a trend.

KATE BUSH: Hammer Horror *(EMI)*.
DOLLY PARTON: Baby I'm Burning *RCA)*.
JOAN ARMATRADING: Bottom To The Top *(A&M)*.
BARBARA DICKSON: City To City *(CBS)*.
ROBERTA FLACK: Come Share My Love *(Atlantic)*.
KIKI DEE: Stay With Me Baby *(Rocket)*.
CHAKA KHAN: I'm Every Woman *(Warners)*.
One day the vivid imagination of Kate Bush is going to come up with a line the equal of, *"When the pieces of the chess-board get up and tell you where to go!"* In the meantime her debut album firmly establishes her as one of the few artists capable of appealing to a broad audience covering the spectrum from dirty-raincoat clad intellectuals right through to matron-fixated *Ask Aspel* boffins with a poetic bent.

"Hammer Horror" finds Kate apeing Joni Mitchell circa her "Blue" period on the high notes, right down to Joan Armatrading and the Black Dyke Mills Band on the low notes, and Bush will be in the charts before either of ye.

It's chilling stuff — ominous post-ELOrchestration redolent of the windswept moors on "Please Let Me Through The Window, Heathcliffe, I appear To Have Left My Key In My Other White Sheet", the unrequited lust of a broken affair viewed as living-dead, love-bites-back, as in classic 50's British celluloid, a real nail-biter, hypnotic and disconcerting, catching as all hell.

What exactly are you ON, Kate Bush? And please can we have some?

The contrived, jolly hockey sticks honky-tonking of Barbara Dickson, the ingratiating string infested syrup of Roberta Flack and Kiki Dee (the latter an unforgivable travesty of the Ragavoy / Weiss standard), all portray their hapless purveyors as regular rock and roll issue simpering victims, hopefully tugging that cowered forelock into the heart of the nation.

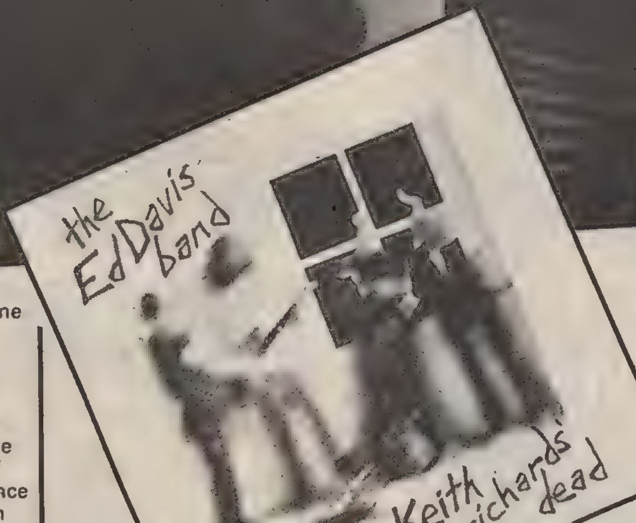
Chaka Khan's "I'm Every Woman" is amazingly simplistic gobbledegook, The Navel seen as a disco-queen Helen Reddy suffering from delusions that she's Emily Pankhurst as She plagiarises the tune to "Climb Every Mountain" and frigs a few mock-feminist lyrics into the song (which doesn't entail too much more than substituting "I'm Woman" for "Climb Mountain" and leaving the middle-word "Every" as you were).

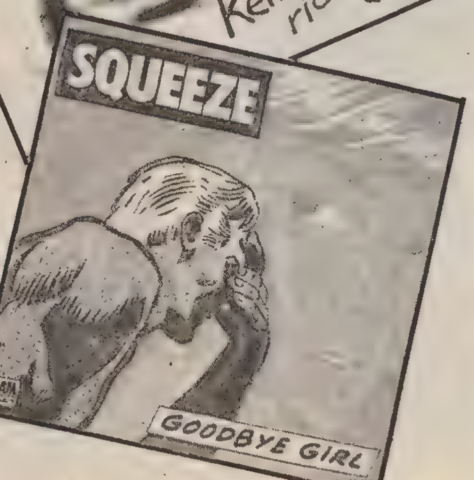
Joan Armatrading is the archetype late-70s bed-sit bard; self-centred poesy couplets pertaining to career-girl opportunities, coffee-table credibility reggae plodding along at let-'em-wait, let-'em-wait pace, a cloying vocal so smug yet sensitive that it's worthy of a Modern World Sweet Baby James ... Joan, you didn't have to be so black, we would have loved you anyway.

Dolly Parton, once upon a time the Bible Belt's Barbara Windsor, is hedging her bets these days. She still comes across like the backwoods blonde with good-humoured hot-pants and healthy man-ah-could-eat-a-horse appetites, yet the only actual evidence of her C&W roots showing through is that slight nasal cracker-twang in her vocalisms.

The rest of the record is smooth Las Vegas raunch coolly calculated for consumption in the massive crossover market-place.

SNIFF 'N' THE TEARS: Paul Roberts, Luigi Salvoni.





NIRVANA: Love Is *(Pepper Records)*
"Love is the universal high! The opiate of the people! The answer to the 'why'!" Sounds like massed choirs of "spaced-out" Jesus "children", "ecstatic" in the "mud". Good morning, little starshine, the earth says it didn't realise that *Hair* was still running.

ALICE COOPER: How You Gonna See Me Now *(Warners)*
And welcome to an ex-billion dollar baby's nightmare where a ratted, matted, middle-aged golfer called Alice collaborates with a tax-exile pseudo-sage called Taupin.

Cooper's embarrassed John Wayne drawl emits all the soul of an Iron Number Nine Number Nine as he mouths straighten-out-ma-head platitudes that are a direct throwback to The Tumbleweed Connection (oooh, I *knew* I shouldn't have had that last group therapy session), the same old tired symphonic melodrama hauled out of the moth-balls for one more glib, glitzy grand finale and I bet that Watford's chairman is pissing his transplant.

At least when Cooper was hanging himself, chopping up Action Men and biting chunks out of Kentucky Fried portions he had a bit of *spirit*.

SQUEEZE: Goodbye Girl *(A&M)*
Crass calypso beat cellotaped to a neutered "All Right Now". Suitable for chronically brain damaged headbangers resident in tropical parts. No, not Deptford.

THE DICKIES: Give It Back *(A&M)*
There are five people in The Dickies. It took three people to write this song. It costs the full price for a single yet lasts for under one hundred seconds. This is the best thing about the record. Chopping their hands off and ripping their tongues out before The Dickies entered the studio would have been an act of mercy. Mankind would have been grateful. For The Dickies make The Dead Boys seem like Steely Dan. If they have already quit their day jobs then I will search in my heart for pity. Imagine: "Once I was a Dickie, now it's done — buddy, can you spare a dime?" They will seem absurd. I will light a candle for them.

COCO: Don't You Worry 'Bout Me *(Ariola)*
I'm still worried about The Dickies.

GLORIA MUNDI: Glory Of The World *(RCA)*
A hymn. An anthem. An inevitability. Gloria Mundi point at the timeless folly of the human race. Senseless death, age-old guilt, hopeless despair. They tell us things that our Uncle Berts have known for decades and we ourselves have known for years. And they think they are clever, important, artistic, deserving applause. They're not even useful. They are dull.

T. FORD AND THE BONESHAKERS: Twilight Time *(EMI)*
I found my authentic nostalgia-twee, cloying, dated warts and all-on Blueberry Hill. Who needs it when Danny, Sandy, Rizzo, Kenickie, Putzie and the rest of the Rydell High Gang are available with the purest escapism in tinsel town plus more contemporary socio-sexual comment relevant to young people today than the likes of Gloriously Mundane will be able to muster in their lives.

■ *Continues over page*

SKIDS ON TOUR

November
11 LONDON
Electric Ballroom
14 NUNEATON
77 Club
16 MANCHESTER
Russell Club
17 BIRMINGHAM
Barbarella's
18 LIVERPOOL
Eric's
21 PLYMOUTH
Metro
22 READING
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23 LEEDS
Ford Green Hotel
24 EDINBURGH
Clouds

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on Virgin Records. VS232.
Features:
'THE SAINTS ARE COMING,'
'Of One Skin,' 'Contusion'
and 'Night and Day.'

December 10 LONDON
Lyceum

From previous page

LINDA RONSTADT: Back In The USA *(Asylum)*
Chuck Berry's sardonic vitriol rendered as dangerous as a Freddie Laker marketing technique, and cut with one of those Aphex Aural Exciter machines that are designed to send the unsuspecting listener into rapturous throes of multi-orgasmic delight. But it looks like Mother Nature has provided Her children with sufficient tolerance to withstand the contraption's come-hither. With the notable exception of Californian Governor Jerry Brown, that is.

REZILLOS: Destination Venus *(Sire)*
Careful with that inter-galactic *Star Bores* HM-pop fare angled to appeal to Peter Powell and his wretched ilk via a plethora of references to the radio, radio, Eugene.

SLIM WHITMAN: Puff The Magic Dragon *(UA)*
Lurid confessions from an innocent, small-town dragon and his star-crossed relationship with an unscrupulous reprobate by the name of Little Jackie Peper. Yet who among us can put hand on heart and honestly say that their head has never been turned with gifts of string and sealing wax and other fancy stuff? I know I have! *Jackanory* for toddling rednecks.

JAH WOBBLE: Dreadlock Don't Deal In Wedlock *(Virgin)*
I-Man Bachelor Boy music till natty's dying day, nah true, seen, etcetera.

THE ED DAVIS BAND: Keith Richard's Dead *(Enright)*
Nah, the old tart will still be in the circus when we're laughing, laughing in our graves.

JOHN MAYALL: Sitting In The Rain *(Decca)*
Just sitting in the rain, what a glorious feeling I woke up this morning again. And again and again and again, eh, John boy? Surrogate Blast from the past going down for the third time 'neath his customised Blue Rinse wave.

THE ADVERTS: Television's Over/Back From The Dead *(RCA)*
The one-chord wonders who, it transpires, have so far turned out to be capable of exactly the same number of hits (and that was not dissimilar to the Mann/Weill song "Shapes Of Things To Come"). Well, the rock-biz hath no sadder sight than bitter punks rejected by a large number of kids and critics both, no more pitiful spectacle than yesterday's chart fodder with the sum total of their artistic creativity limited to shrewish bleats of desolate desperation . ...

"Another close-down! Another let-down! Another break-down! We're evicted!"

"Television's Over" brings to mind the good citizen who reacted to the Pistols/Grumpy prime-time controversy by annihilating his own TV while the Neanderthalian headbanger "Back From The Dead" recalls the fable of The Monkey's Paw where the rotting corpse rises from the grave to pound on your door and plead-*"LET-US-IN! LET-US-IN! WE'RE-WITH-THE-VANILLA-FUDGE!"*

JONATHAN RICHMAN AND THE MODERN LOVERS: Buzz Buzz Buzz *(Beserkley)*
Gentle Jonathan wanders through the park, benignly responding to all the little creatures who make wee-beastie type noises at him in their native tongue. And on that fruit-farm he had a retard, eee-iii-eee-iii-oh . . .

Some folk say that Richman is testing his audience, seeing how much they'll take.

CHILD: Still The One *(Ariola)*
Child remind me of a blanched, feather-cut *Mister Byrite* version of The Drifters; leering seductively at the teenies, offering them sweeties, asking if they can take you home, little girl, get you in the back-row of the movies, lure you into a darkened shop doorway *et al.* I can't imagine why. They look like such clean-living, fresh-faced youngsters. The cruel, hurtful people who titter and say they should be called Geriatric are just jealous.

STEEL PULSE: Prediction *(Island)*
You're going to think me awfully *gauche,* but I always liked Steel Pulse. Maybe it was because I and I ODed on interminable reggae round-ups during all those hours spent waiting for something to start at punk-gigs '77 and Steel Pulse seemed to soar above the Middle Ages mentality that proliferates in the miasma of roots-rock-reactionary. Like, I could never imagine Steel Pulse locking their girlfriends in coal-bunkers because they were menstruating and thus banned from cooking up vittles.

Nevertheless, after hearing "Prediction" with its Speedy Gonzales Hispanic acoustic guitars (honest) swirling through the hot Tijuana night while Steel Pulse — no, they don't ask you to remember the Alamo — confess that most of all they love Selassie, a bonny, bonny Selassie, what can a poor one do 'cept to doff one's titfer to Ralph Waldo Emerson's observation that a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds?

Strictly for White Negroes shopping for a Rastaman Vibrator.

(YOU GOTTA WALK)
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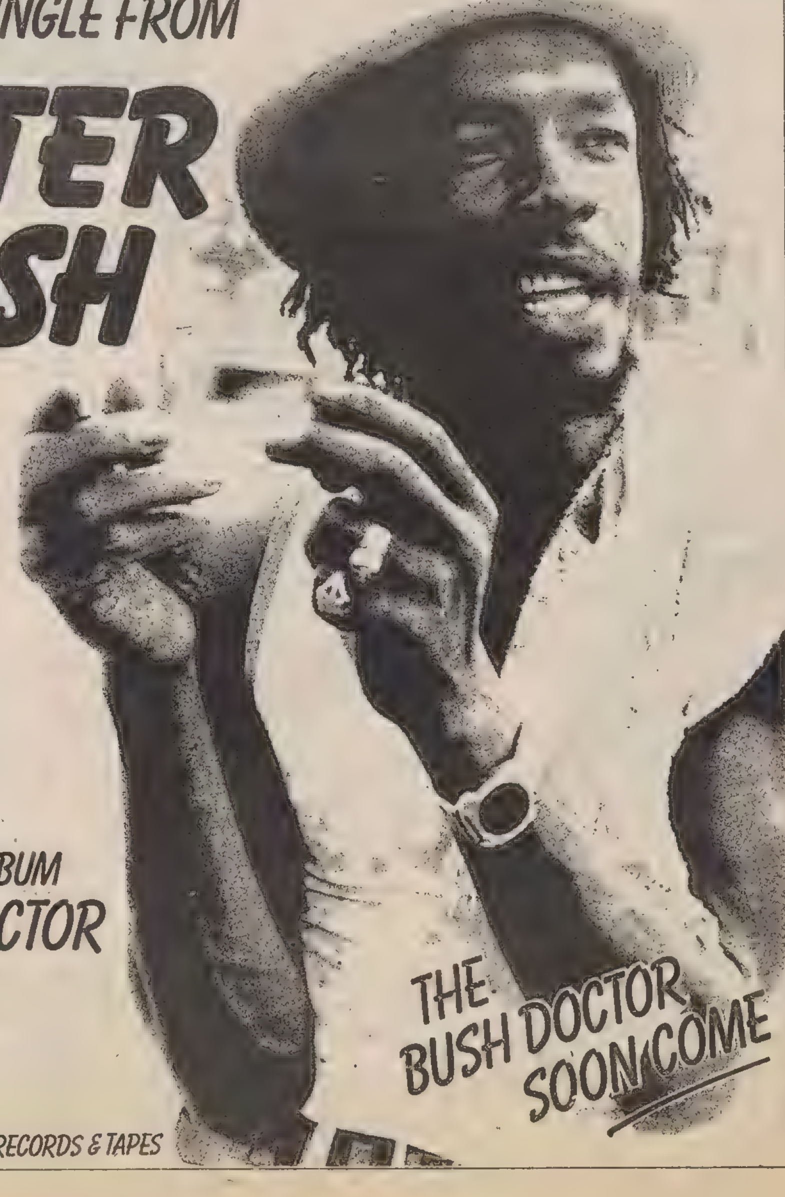
PETER
TOSH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WEDS. NOV.15	IPSWICH Gaumont
THU. NOV.16	POOLE Arts Centre
FRI. NOV.17	LEEDS Town Hall
SAT. NOV.18	GLASGOW Apollo
SUN. NOV.19	EDINBURGH Usher Hall
MON. NOV.21	NEWCASTLE City Hall
WEDS. NOV.22	ABERDEEN Ruffles Club
FRI. NOV.24	MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall
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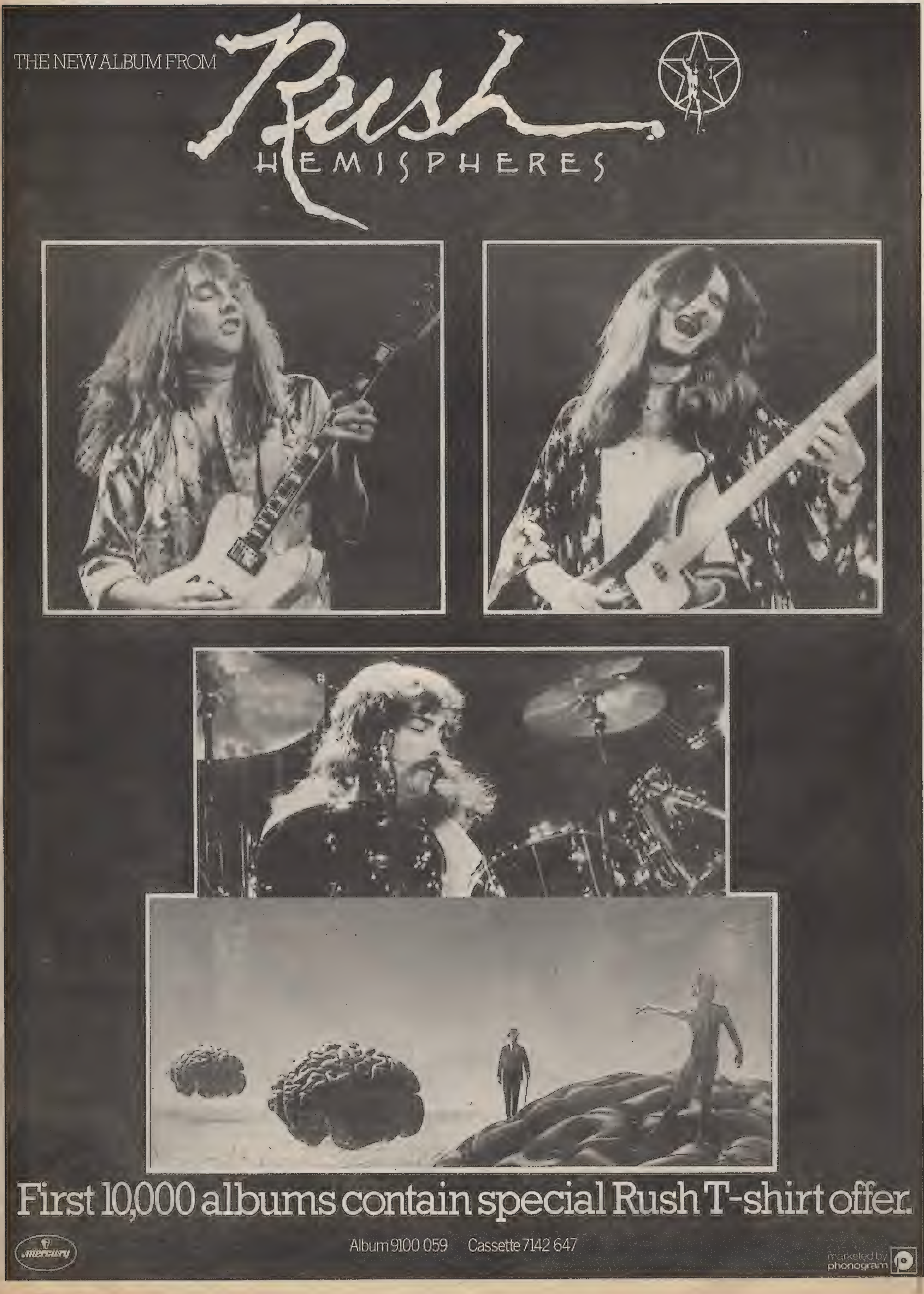

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I, JON Anderson, have paddled in the Fountains Of The Universe

I, BOB EDMANDS, am keeping my wellies on

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

AS A songwriter Jon Anderson of Yes clearly deserves some kind of award for bravery. Eleven years after the Summer Of Love, he's still readily indulging in cosmic hippie fantasies.

Sample lines from the latest Yes album "Tormato":

"In the fountains of the Universe/Sits the boychild Solomon/In the cities of the Southern Sky/Dreams he of glory."

As it happens, Jon Anderson comes from Accrington in Lancashire. Albert Tatlock country. An area not celebrated for its psychedelic vibe.

So, when did Anderson first get the necessary self-confidence to paddle in the fountains of the Universe? Some people, after all, consider his songs to be a bit twee.

"Twee?" says Anderson. "Oh yeah, great. Why not? It must be a wonderful vibe for a critic to write that down and see it in his paper. It must give you a great sense of power.

"I'm really pleased for people who get the chance to do that sort of thing. If they weren't able to do that, they'd have big problems.

"Twee? Well, there are lines in 'In Case Of Delirium', for example, that I found difficult to write down, because I knew I could say things which were much worse."

A little angry, he proceeds to quote a line that he thinks is *definitely* not twee:

"Oh anger contingent of soul bastination do cut my eyes open while holding the dagger."

And he adds: "If you think about that line, there's nothing twee about it."

Well, Jon, I've since thought about that line, and I've decided that I don't even understand it, let alone pass judgement on it. But then, from such obscurities is a mystical image created.

But he must surely see that he's an odd mixture? A man who's travelled from cloth cap country into the Cosmos?

"I suppose I see what you're getting at," he says. "But I'd already left Accrington four years before Yes, and I'd had time to look around and see things in a different way.

"Don't misunderstand me. I've got a great fondness for Accrington. I've written about it in the past, and I hope to do more in the future.

"Let's put it this way: Eeeh bah goom, lad."

That is an Anderson joke, but he says it fairly mirthlessly.

JON ANDERSON is sitting backstage at the Wembley Arena, after Yes have played a Saturday matinee concert. For maybe the second time in their careers, the band are doing two shows in one day, and an interview has been slotted in between them.

As it is, Anderson looks exhausted. Red-faced with the exertion of singing for two hours or so, he's hard-pressed initially to finish sentences.

On the table in front of him are a selection of birthday cards. He was 34 on the day before Yes began their Wembley stint.

When I ask him why Yes don't include "Going For The One" in their new set, he says it's a very energetic song to do on stage.

"We tried to do it for a couple of nights, but to be honest it was too much for us. We already do 'Starship Trooper' and that's very energetic, anyway. Everyone really puts everything they've got into it."

There's no suggestion, of course, that Yes are a lazy band. Their two and a half hour set has been completely revamped since last year. Lots of new songs and old ones rediscovered.

The presentation, inevitably, is immaculate. For one thing, there's their new revolving stage, which is clearly the ideal way of putting on a show in a big arena.

Yes are evidently a band who give a lot back to their audience, but you can't help but wonder whether they've opted for a cosy routine.

An album and a big tour once a year. Nothing too mind-blowing on the album. A carefully paced set of shortish songs.

Time was when Yes went in for big ambitious works like "Close To The Edge" and "Tales From Topographic Oceans", and Jon Anderson says he'd like to try something similar again.

"Every time I do an interview," he says, "I find myself defending 'Topogrphic Oceans'."

That was the point at which many critics felt Yes had over-reached themselves.

But Jon Anderson doesn't see it that way. At all.

"As far as I'm concerned, Yes have been on a steady incline *upwards* ever since we started. I suppose some people don't see it that way, but I do.

"One way of looking at it is that it's a bit like a balloon. You can't keep pumping it up, otherwise it would burst. So you have to deflate it a little.

"But we were definitely on the course that we wanted. It didn't fulfil everybody's dreams, but that's not to say we didn't try."

I say that the older Yes numbers like "Starship Trooper" seem to have more potency for me than their recent material.

Anderson says he can well understand it, but he thinks there are other reasons than the quality of the new stuff.

"The same thing happens to me with artists that I like. For example, I absolutely loved 'Blue' by Joni Mitchell, I was ignited by it. I just had to lie down when I heard it."

(It occurs to me that Yes have never had quite that effect on me, but I say nothing, and Anderson continues).

"So, I ended up listening to nothing else for six months. Then the 'Whispering Lawns' album came out and I couldn't get into it. It took five years, and now I really understand it.

"The same thing happened with Randy Newman. Didn't like him at all five years ago, now I just love the guy. Tremendous.

"The point about our music is that the old stuff and the new stuff come from virtually the same people. Maybe the later things don't hit you in the same way. You've moved on, and got into other things, and so have we."

There is a consensus, though among the rock press that Yes have staged a comeback in the past two years with "Going For The One" and "Tormato", and it does look like the band are playing safe. But Anderson insists that they're evolving steadily.

"We're pretty stable as a band now. Rick's been back in the band for two years. Well, I hadn't better say back in the band. Back *with* the band. He and Alan (White) are a very steadying influence."

So Yes could go on for years?

"It's hard to say. Probably."

If Yes again attempt ambitious works like "Close To The Edge" and "Topographic Oceans", there's presumably the risk that they'll meet with renewed hostility. Does Anderson think they moved too fast for the critics and the fans?

"We moved at the speed we were ready for. You can't phone people up and say if we do so-and-so, will you accept it from us? If we put this bit in and leave this bit out, is that all right with you?

"I hope everything we've done has had that *happening* feeling. I think it has."

So why did "Topographic Oceans" get a slagging?

"Well 'Close To The Edge' was the first time we tried a longer piece of work, and that was fairly badly received for what it was.

"I think that it is a very good piece of music, and we proved that from the reaction we get when we do it on stage. It's become a bit of a classic for us.

"The same thing would have probably happened with 'Topographic', if it had been left alone. Instead everybody jumped on it.

"In fact we were considering doing a version of it this year. Maybe we'll do it next year instead."

If all this gives the impression that Anderson is never prone to self-doubt, then maybe that's simply what he likes to make people think.

When he gives the game away it's only briefly.

He says: "Maybe we rushed into that area a *bit* quickly."

Then, as an apparent clincher: "Let's face it, we couldn't have made such a big mistake . . ."

A VISION of infallibility? These days of course, Yes don't seem to make any mistakes. Their sell-out audiences are suitably rabid. And ever since The Sex Pistols let their generation down, big bands like Yes can afford to be dismissive about the new wave.

"A lot of good came out of the new wave," says Anderson. "But a lot of people were shown up for what they are. Businessmen who want to sell papers and hustle kids. A lot of young kids have been stung terrible. But then we got stung at the beginning. It happens."

Jon Anderson says he got his own start in the music business as a result of "the volcanic eruption that followed The Beatles."

He left an Accrington Secondary Modern school at the age of 15, worked for two years on a farm and then became a long-distance lorry-driver, delivering Accrington bricks.

It was on a delivery run to Liverpool, back in the mists of time, that he first became aware of The Beatles. He was unloading bricks near the city centre when a lot of kids came past looking well pleased with themselves.

As it turned out, the kids had been to one of The Beatles' lunchtime sessions at The Cavern, and Anderson says the incident gave him the impetus he needed with a part-time group he'd formed with his brother.

Their group The Warriors, went on to play the Cavern, but it wasn't until Yes came along five years later that he got anywhere.

Now that Yes are a thoroughly established multi-million dollar band, I wonder what that's done to their creative skills.

Jon Anderson says: "To me, success really isn't that important." (Oh yes? Heard that somewhere before).

"It may be important to people who aren't that successful. In fact, in one way it is important. It does breed a lot of energy, and it is good for the ego.

"Look at it like this: if there's a footballer who's a brilliant left-winger with Hartlepool, then he doesn't want to stay there all his life. He wants to be Kevin Keegan and make a million.

"If you get that chance then of course you take it. We did get that chance . . ."

But isn't there some conflict between Mammon and the other mythical beings of Anderson's fantasies? I recall that his solo album "Olias Of Sunhillow", in many ways a beautiful piece of escapism, brought the listener back down to earth with the record company's address: Rockefeller Plaza, New York. Did Anderson see anything odd about that.

"I agree that the Rockefeller Centre is *not* very inspiring. But it's necessary. That album cost a lost of money, which came from the record company. That money gave me the freedom to make the album.

"So I have to go Rockefeller Plaza. The last time I was there, actually, a guy in the elevator said he recognised me. One of those English footballers, right? Oh well . . .

WILE RICK Wakeman is the best known member of Yes, it seems to me that Jon Anderson is entirely responsible for their unique sound. Cosmic lyrics apart, there's the matter of his voice.

He's an alto with an astonishing range and power. He says if he sang at the microphone of my cassette player he'd probably blow the circuit, and that may well be no idle boast.

Anderson is not very tall. Five foot six would be generous. To get those really high notes he stands on tip toe.

He sings, he says, from the base of his spine, which sounds like the cue for a joke, but isn't. Regular doses of honey and lemon sustain his vocal chords.

■ *Continues page 73*

PENETRA

Pauline gets ready for work

"Every night before I go to sleep / Find a ticket, win a lottery / Scoop the pearls up from the sea / Cash them in and . . ."

A SINGING comes across the stage, and collides with its echo. It has happened before, but there is nothing to compare it to now.

The soundcheck constructions and interruptions still interfere but they're merely making up the theatre for the night. Now, the coloured confidence of the lighting is unnecessary. The singing finds its place regardless, without the accustomed relief of the stage's rainbow.

This is another. One slightly familiar, massively closer. A hypnotic, fragile motif, somewhere over gift wrapping and labels, complaint and retaliation, pointless spite and the steep boredom of movement through a leisure industry.

To feel this feel you have to *un*-listen, for the gesture and angle lack extravagances. It is hard to tell whether there is 'mystery' at work, but there is definitely an unknown quality, the one usually referred to as a mystery.

And then there are three voices:
the First: "this is boring . . ."
the Second: "this is Heavy Metal . . ."
the Third: "this 'rock music' is dead . . ."

PAULINE cuddles into the front passenger seat, eating her favourite sweeties. Her bitter black hair is cellotaped into a spiky arrangement of plaits, and people don't pretend they're not looking at her (maybe she's a *punk rock star!)*

Robert Blamire, Penetration's bassist, is driving the car, one of two moving the band from London to Huddersfield for the opening date of a British tour; the second in Liverpool, the third back in London, the Roundhouse. Neale Floyd, one of the band's two guitarists, sits in the back reading George Melly's *Rum, Bum, and Concertina*. I'm in the back, but I'm just a journalist, intrigued by the myth behind and upfront: life on the road!

The two cars stop at the inevitable (mythical) motorway services station; drummer Gary Smallman and new-ish guitarist Fred Purser vacate the other car with record company PR and Penetration's tour manager.

Everybody *uh uhs* the food — it's hard to tell whether it exists as anything beyond a projection of what you imagine it'll taste like, based on what you *know* it looks like.

We *ha ha* at certain rock bands, press articles; Penetration's debut album "Moving Targets" is faring a degree better than the second album of a certain other Virgin act, favourites though this other act reputedly are with the company. Relatives in the leisure industry.

That Second voice is mentioned, in passing,

HUDDERSFIELD is a fish 'n' chip shop town, a grey town. We arrive in the early evening, and the population looks grey as well, Friday-returning-home. A voice without a number says that developments suggest that for certain people the line between fish 'n' chip and rock 'n' roll isn't very clear.

In Huddersfield this seems appropriate, but doesn't really make much sense. Later . . .

Penetration, waking up, finally meet for the soundcheck in the night's venue, Huddersfield's Polytechnic — one of those late '60s institutions that make a brave attempt to appear bright and current and don't succeed. Penetration are greeted by two plain chaps from the Poly Entertainments Committee: sensible, 'punk' badges on sensible sweaters, clutching dinky cans of pale ale like identity cards, chit chat of *ho ho* and *yeah I know* and so forth — they too make a brave attempt to appear bright and current.

Penetration seem slightly underwhelmed by their soundcheck, but I love it, and tell them so. What? It's an integral part of it all! The soundchecks gradually improve over the weekend, stretching and shading to reach an incomparable point on Sunday afternoon.

The space operating between soundcheck and performance is something to wonder at, trace — the clipping into place, the tidying, timing, toughening. Falling into projection, the flecks of influence and successive levels, the piecing together of these, and sometimes the improvisation — this the most remarkable aspect: a stray noise suddenly seized on and stabbed, scratched, twisted into something other than 'self-indulgence' or 'communication' — it finds its place without the accustomed relief of a song's limited structure.

Penetration are good at this and sometimes, surprised, almost reluctant to admit to it. Pauline perfectly still, diminutive, hands slung in pockets, singing out of rainbow fatigues, her chill, piercing, mischievous voice cooing and snapping, often much lower than in performance, then raw and uninhibited into a curling, crashing lash of noise, still 'rock', not lapsing into endgame.

And left as a blunt echo in the emptiness, no-applause to justify its existence.

Within Penetration there is a potential and desire for experiment, a definite commitment, don't worry at the moment about any 'innocence'.

There's always the wiring and acoustic positioning as well — always the background, beforehand, rushing, rig. Tonight Neale's amp has burst somewhere inside, and obstinately resists repair.

The band's road crew have always been friends; it works. On top of this (always) are the 'Hounslow Mob' — six Penetration devotees from London who early on wiped out the line between 'follower' and 'friend'. They seem to lose jobs and the trivial like to pursue Penetration — they get a name check on the "Moving Targets" sleeve — shifting gear, flogging ephemera, forging autographs, dodging skinheads. They try to sell me a T shirt: I try to resist.

Outside the Poly and into the car, descended upon by local fans, all of who look to be aged between 12 and 15; Pauline is bemused.

Back to the hotel and some fish 'n' chips?

PAULINE isn't feeling too good, her cold is worsening, and she's sick on the Poly gymnasium left wing before going on stage.

The band aren't wholly satisfied with the night's show (and the next one at Liverpool will bear them out) — but it is still v. good, good to be back, a homely chemistry between band and audience, a very pure reaction, romantic, begging, and it isn't distorted or manipulated.

After the encores, there's the dressing room ritual siege spearheaded by the eternal.

local-extrovert-fan — the one whose line between 'sycophant' and 'psycopath' is very suspect. Tonight's is a dumpling skinhead, whose reminiscences and nonsense loop and loop (the things Pauline has to put up with). The previous evening he'd been to see Buzzcocks, and got up on stage in "joost a fookin' Gee string! — gorrit in British 'Ome Stores like, walked in there, they thorr I were fookin' mad! 'D joost finished work 'tabattoir like . . ."

The sycopath asks Pauline three times how it feels being a sex symbol, and four times how he thought "present single were fookin' shit at first".

I ask Pauline how it feels being asked how it feels being a sex symbol — she is a married woman, after all . . .

"I can't take it seriously, really . . ."

By the end of the night even the plain chaps from the Poly are drunk, asking for autographs on filthy pulp, leaving with the chorus of "Hurry Up Harry". Pauline's amused. I look for Huddersfield's street life but can't see it.

We leave in the morning with two parking tickets.

LIVERPOOL is a betting office city, a dull brown city. We arrive in the late afternoon and things look sadly shabby in the autumn sunshine, Saturday and deserted — Liverpool vs. Everton. There's a substitute voice.

Eric's Club is cramping and pleasant, a good rock club. Penetration are scheduled to play twice, the normal night time to be supplemented by an afternoon matinee for under-eighteens, an Eric's tradition, even for the unlikeliest (Magazine?).

Penetration's soundcheck is even more absorbing than the last, but the afternoon performance is off-key, ill-balanced, unconfident. I slouch against a wall, out of range of pogo-spilt lemonade, picture Howard Devoto as Mr Punch, think about role diffusion and cheese rolls.

Somewhere between not being able to get a meal at the hotel and the second show one of the band's cars is stolen, the other broken into and left.

Into another place. Spurred on by the relative failure of the afternoon (Pauline: "We went down well, but to me it didn't mean anything, because I knew we weren't really involved. I want to get personal satisfaction out of it as well as the audience liking it . . .") the evening is faultless, exhilarating, unselfish and unselfconscious, fast, bouyant, joyous — when was the last time I thought I had to use that word?

I don't need to tell you how irresistible and irrepressible Penetration are on record but at their live best the concealed and perfectly cautious undercurrents of the songs are cut. open, charged, fully enjoyed. Confidence rises, Pauline especially thriving off the increasing momentum of the mood, more and more aggressively happy, improvising in and out the vocal lines, stopping and laughing into the

TION

rhythm, texture, the band responding — shiver and smash.

The lovely thing with their music is its internal movement, in particular the emphatically judged, held back, launched drumming — hear the gathering introduction in "Nostalgia". You have to *un*-listen to the power they present — it's nothing to do with bombastic, spewing, gorging Heavy Metal: this is a new, hard modern rock machine, perhaps unique . . .

Penetration don't mistake their position, don't merely transpose old treats and screen them with a superfluous sense of the heroic or violent or perverse, some wet artifice or sentiment; the use of conventional tension and tone (and time) *is* responsive to an untainted attitude — a lineage between means and end, not mileage. They keep their balance, and it smiles.

The darkening and crossing outline of "Too Many Friends", the elevation and dizzy sensuality of "Vision", the judicious guitar in "Movement", all breathless, dangerous, and still undeniably . . . There's no guilt. The two versions are so appropriate — Smith's "Free Money" and Shelley's "Nostalgia" (what kind of co-incidence that the authors have the same initials?) — the dreaming, wish, and tender, curious unknowing of both; Shelley and Smith were aiming for that romantic, fully empty effect — money isn't free, nostalgia isn't promising.

But Penetration play those songs, Pauline sings them as though they had been written for no-one else. Echo is now used on Pauline's voice for that quiet, glittering "Free Money" beginning, and the combination of image, that tantalising voice, and a ringing, lonely reverberation — there's nothing to compare it to now — a penetration which makes the word seem like it meant to whisper, or to sleep . . . then this snapped into the speed of the latter stage of the song, sharp and cold and sad.

In their own songs there's more often than not a plea or avowal; when disillusionment is present there's a feeling that the person has learnt rather than lost from the experience. Is this necessarily 'innocent'? — and is this the Penetration innocence so many have been at odds to convey? They certainly don't seem calculating in their actions . . . *are* they 'innocent'?

Pauline: "I don't know. I think, well . . . we can't notice what other people notice, but I think there is a certain innocence about us.

"I don't know why, but some of them (songs) sound sort of fresh, as though . . . it's something exciting for us, and we're not just going through the motions. We can't really tell like . . ."

At a high point in the Liverpool show Robert had fallen over — all six foot plus — but far from this throwing everyone off, they actually seemed to rejoice in it — all grinning healthily. *(Falling over gets you accepted — Ed).*

"We haven't created an image. Say, for instance, it had been The Clash, and Mick Jones had fallen over, it would have been . . . well, he did fall over at the Music Machine — and had to kick Strummer when he got up. We just made a joke out of it."

Other things aren't so lightly taken . . . "Oh, at the moment there's one thing that's really annoying me — and that's this 'Heavy Metal' thing. *Everybody's* absolutely fed up with it; it seems to be the in term to use to slag off . . ."

The guitarists have their say on this, not suprisingly, Purser more than Floyd, easy, 'cos he plays more lead breaks . . . "People say 'Oh, he's too flash, he uses technique too much' — but I don't, I just play what I think fits.

"Yet people automatically think 'How shall we class him? Metal — because he uses a little bit of distortion and bends his notes.' They should have seen me about two years ago when I first started — then they would have seen a HM guitarist. HM is about self-indulgence, non-progression. When they do 'progress' the guitar or bass progress in speed or pose and the drummer in his solo.

"HM is some people's taste, what they like, but why should it be aimed at us and used as a slander?"

Neale: "Probably just trying to annoy us . . ." And when I asked why they should want to do that, Pauline replied, "To corrupt our innocence."

ARE they pleased with "Moving Targets"?

Pauline: "One thing we're not happy with is the luminous vinyl."

Did you have any say in that?

"Well, they did ask us, but when it was put to us, they said it wouldn't affect the sound quality. We *didn't* want 'THIS RECORD GLOWS IN THE DARK'. And when we *heard* how bad it was we went mad . . ."

Who's working against whose interests? Virgin gave Penetration a choice of (four) producers (yes, by jove, some companies give you no choice at all) and that aspect of "Moving Targets" did turn out well — if you can actually hear the Howlett/Glossop production under the fizz and grind luminous vinyl surface noise.

Pauline asserts that any act who claim to have 'complete artistic control' are telling fibs, and this is true. Penetration have never made a fuss, or name, out of it but it turns out that . . .

"We didn't have a contract until the Marquee gig, three and a half months ago. We had the one-off single, "Don't Dictate" with Virgin and we thought they'd sign us up after that, and they didn't. Then they released "Firing Squad" and we were still waiting . . ."

Robert: "They waited until like almost a week before the option ran out before they told us. The Marquee gig was when they told us they wanted the album."

The Meek Shall Inherit . . . Gobbing fans, coloured vinyl, having their gear ripped off, etc, etc. IAN PENMAN admires the soundchecks

Pauline: "When we think about it, at the time (after "Don't Dictate") I don't think we were ready to be signed up — there's been a lot of changes in the band. Gary Chaplin left, and Neale came in, about February. . ."

"In the beginning we tended to be ignored by the rock press, and it used to get a bit annoying, like there were lots of other bands who we knew we were better than and who were getting more coverage. But in the long road it's worked out well, because a lot of bands who got coverage very early on in their career have burned themselves out straight afterwards."

SUNDAY, and back into London for the Roundhouse show. Camden is a whole-food restaurant town, a colourless town. Everybody has to hang about in the empty, draughty Roundhouse. Pauline plays drums; the soundcheck shrugs, balances. They play that incomparable version of "Free Money" but I seem to be the only person listening. Two reggae bands are on the bill, and plump, beatific Rastas in pumpkin hats and immaculate clothes potter about like characters from a Noddy story, pre-set to permanent go-slow.

Pauline goes off to Camden Lock market to buy clothes, new clothes. The audience begin to arrive; there have been suggestions that a crypto-NF skinhead pack — the 'British Movement' are intent on gaining entrance and experimenting with the creative possibilities of concussion.

The fish 'n' chips begin to fall in place. (Surely the rainbow doesn't end in the past?)

The audience is pure 1976; there is a lot of spitting — but only, funnily enough, at Penetration — why is it that no one ever seems to spit at reggae acts? *(Man cool — Ed).*

The audience react well although certain portions do seem to be intimidated by the presence of skinheads.

When I'm not watching some of the awful people at the front of the stage — waiting for Pauline and then spitting — I observe the crop-haired sector, methodically planning out how and who to disturb. Modern times.

PAULINE says she didn't understand the audience. There's absolutely no malice in her voice.

After the encores and the dressing room ritual tonight, it's on to an oppresively pleasant restaurant in Knightsbridge, Virgin have ordered a set meal for 42 persons, ostensibly in Penetration's honour. Pauline still seems distracted by the grubby, pessimistic feedback from the audience.

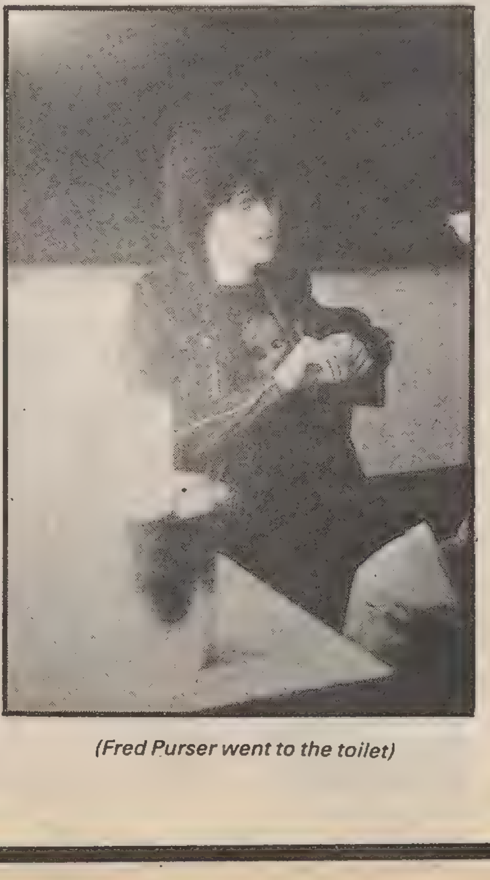
At one end of one of the long tables reserved for the Virgin party, Messrs Steve Jones, Paul Cook, and cronies congregate. Jones runs through his public image variations — throwing food, throwing the table over, crawling under the table, broadcasting the wishes of his libido in a loud, childish manner. He also demands fish 'n' chips.

If only you could see your alternative street heroes! I remember Pauline's comment about people who've burnt themselves out. Glancing around at the general excess and veneer, I turn to Pauline and ask her what she thinks of the ocassion, held in her honour.

She says that she doesn't really know, she can't taste the food very well because of her cold.

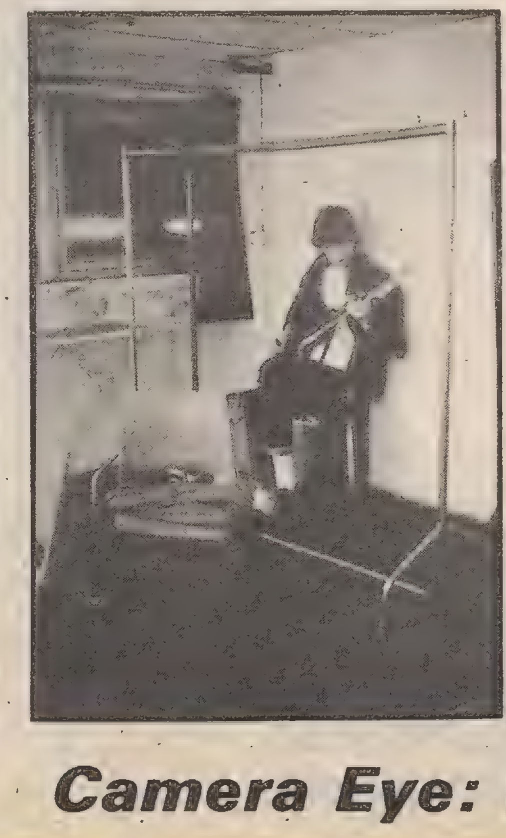
Now everybody — *aaahhh!*

Neil Floyd understudies Danny Bash St Kid



(Fred Purser went to the toilet)

Robert Blamire gets framed



Gary Smallman grabs a UFO

Camera Eye: PENNIE SMITH

Gentleman's relish—in fancy dress

The Beast

Directed by Walerian Bororwczyk
(New Realm)

From the opening shots of a stallion's erection, the snorting nostrils and stamping hooves as it mounts the mare, we too are plunged into an equally singleminded celebration of the erotic. Every surface will be savoured, every sound registered, and I would not be surprised if Borowczyk hadn't the concession on our laundry.

It's a cinema of surface, not unlike the Dutch painter of realistic raindrops, who also appealed to the tongue. The director's instinct for juxtaposed texture, wicker and gauze, rose and labia, tongue and snail, puts *Penthouse* back with the bangers and mash. From time to time, he awakens a resonance which is beyond calculation, but in the main Bororwczyk is one of your knowing poets.

As with episodes in *Immoral Tales*, or *Blanche* — his masterpiece — *The Beast* is based on popular legend. Cocteau's *La Belle Et La Bete* was nothing like this, and if at times it evokes memories of Bergman's *Smiles Of A Summer Night* with its air of charade and summerhouse, and Bunuel in its anti-clericalism, a closer parallel for this fable could probably be found in some gentleman's library of leatherbound erotics.

Antiquarian credentials have been waved about in a few of his films, and here a beautifully-edited sequence sets the heroine riffling in guilty fits and starts through a volume of carnal etchings. The cuts come on the caught breath, and it works, but later experiments with subjective camera — the see-sawing view of the glade during rape — are crude and unworthy.

The story revolves around the attempts of an ancient family to marry their son — the squire's last squirt — to an heiress, and to gain the cardinal's blessing for this unholy alliance. A bizarre lot, the daughter of the house divides her time between the footman and a particularly satisfying bedpost, while the old count is invaded by snails as he sleeps.

A display cabinet contains the corset of the ancestral countess, complete with the claw-marks of the beast who raped her.

Everything hinges on the Church's blessing, and the father — normal save for a spot of mayhem — rushes through an a hilarious baptism of his idiot son in the bathroom, while the local priest dangles his choirboys and pops comfits into their mouths prior to kisses. The heiress, getting no change out of her prospective, masturbates and fantasizes in her bedroom.

The actual consummation between Beauty and Beast is accompanied by Scarlatti, starts out in the style of Watteau and fetches up with Fay Wray and King Kong. It has been cut to ribbons by the censors who clearly feared a national rush to theatrical costumiers, but what's left looks preposterous. Gentleman's relish.

Brian Case

SILVER SCREEN
N59492

Top: Beauty in 'The Beast'. Below: Burt Reynolds in 'Hooper'.

Hooper

Directed by Hal Needham
Starring Burt Reynolds
(Warner Bros)

As one who would not walk up a wet step, I have always found the lives of professional risk merchants enthralling in the extreme. Just as well since the screen teems with tales of such chaps — racing car drivers, rodeo riders, free-fall parachutists — though it seldom pays more than lip-service to those who actually embody all that saleable close-shaving, dicing and brinkmanship.

Maybe stuntmen, like extras, court anonymity; maybe the cinema is protecting its mystery; maybe, as with *Hooper*, the lives of stuntmen are so encrusted with cliche and mindless extroversion that they are best left unsung.

Hawks found poetry and complexity in many a madcap fraternity — *Red Line 7000*, *Only Angels Have Wings* — and Frankenheimer mined a vein of metaphysics in *The Gipsy Moths*. Hal Needham settles for the amiable one-dimensional approach, touching glancingly on the problem of settled relationships, and not at all upon the inner compulsions of the hero.

Hooper (Burt Reynolds) is the world's greatest stuntman. He lives with the daughter of the previous world's greatest stuntman, but, threatened by the rise of a young challenger, pledges himself to a stunt of such suicidal proportions that he looks like being the next world's greatest stuntman.

He clocks in on the set, drives a motorbike under a lorry, swallows his painkillers and goes home: cut and print.

Unfortunately, we never get much closer. Off-duty, the stuntman winds down with the odd barroom brawl, booze-up and trip to the hospital — "my X-rays looked like a map of LA" — with a few traffic tickets thrown in for those who like their hellraisers clearly labelled.

Friendship, generational paranoias and romance get an airing before it's trusses on and eyes down for a fall from a helicopter. The movie-within-a-movie — clearly not *The Lacemaker* — seems to consist entirely of stunts, which are referred to as "my statement" by the pretentious director.

The final stunt, a rocket-assisted ride over a chasm, carries more excess weight than a jockey with a rucksack. Will Hooper's spine hold up? Will his girl ditch him? Will he dish the contender and then retire? Will any of us give a big rat's ass one way or the other?

Burt Reynolds gives a warm, watchable performance, good gags, funny impersonations. The marvellous Sally Field is limited to the long-suffering and tremulous.

Funnily enough, my programme failed to credit any of the stuntmen involved. There's a story for Borges.

Brian Case

Providence

Directed by Alain Resnais
Starring Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, Ellen Burstyn
(Artificial Eye)

Spend one night in suburbia's box-office and you'll see what I saw. A supposedly 'haunting' mock-up of the subconscious whorl of a dying writer (Gielgud). His mansion crumbling, his senses crumbling; that's me crumpling empty drink-carton, third row from the back.

Yea, though the audience watched through the asshole of death, their response suggested that Bryan Rix had just lost his trousers. Yep, suppository injections, alcoholism, the corpse on a morgue slab like fresh haddock, this supper-club-existential audience took it all in and damn near brought it all up again through mirth.

Talk about Gielgud's lush losing his grip on reality. I felt like I was the sneak with spots who'd been left out of the Black Comedy warp. Was it *parody?* It was like a parody someone might do on a parody Woody Allen could do on Bergman.

A cast gifted enough to skyrocket credibilty and at the same time lure suburbia's latent intelligentsia to the box-office. Scripted by the Marxist-thinking-man's Eddie Braben — David Mercer — it tramples on death, tyranny, and suffering with the vulgar. abandon of someone treading grapes. Language is bloated, n-i-c-e people swearing copiously, suchlike, and nobody has to think too hard about (the ultimate) desolation row. Intellectual slumming of the worst kind.

Death can be handled with humour (Hal Ashby's *Harold And Maude*), and surrealism can be good icing on soap opera (*Fassbinder*). Bogarde and Gielgud are just the right people for either of these approaches. In this incestuous shambles, Bogarde merely seems as appropriate as A. J. P Taylor hosting *Seaside Special*. Gielgud spittles, grimaces, and generally meets squalor with squalor, squalor and liquor, coming out of it like Harold Steptoe playing Genet for end-of-the-pier guffaws and giggles.

Waves lap against cardboard cliffs, and Sixth-Form running-jokes about death, adultery, erections and fascism masquerade as Our Subconscious Mind.

It isn't even gross enough to be convincingly tasteless.

Ian Penman

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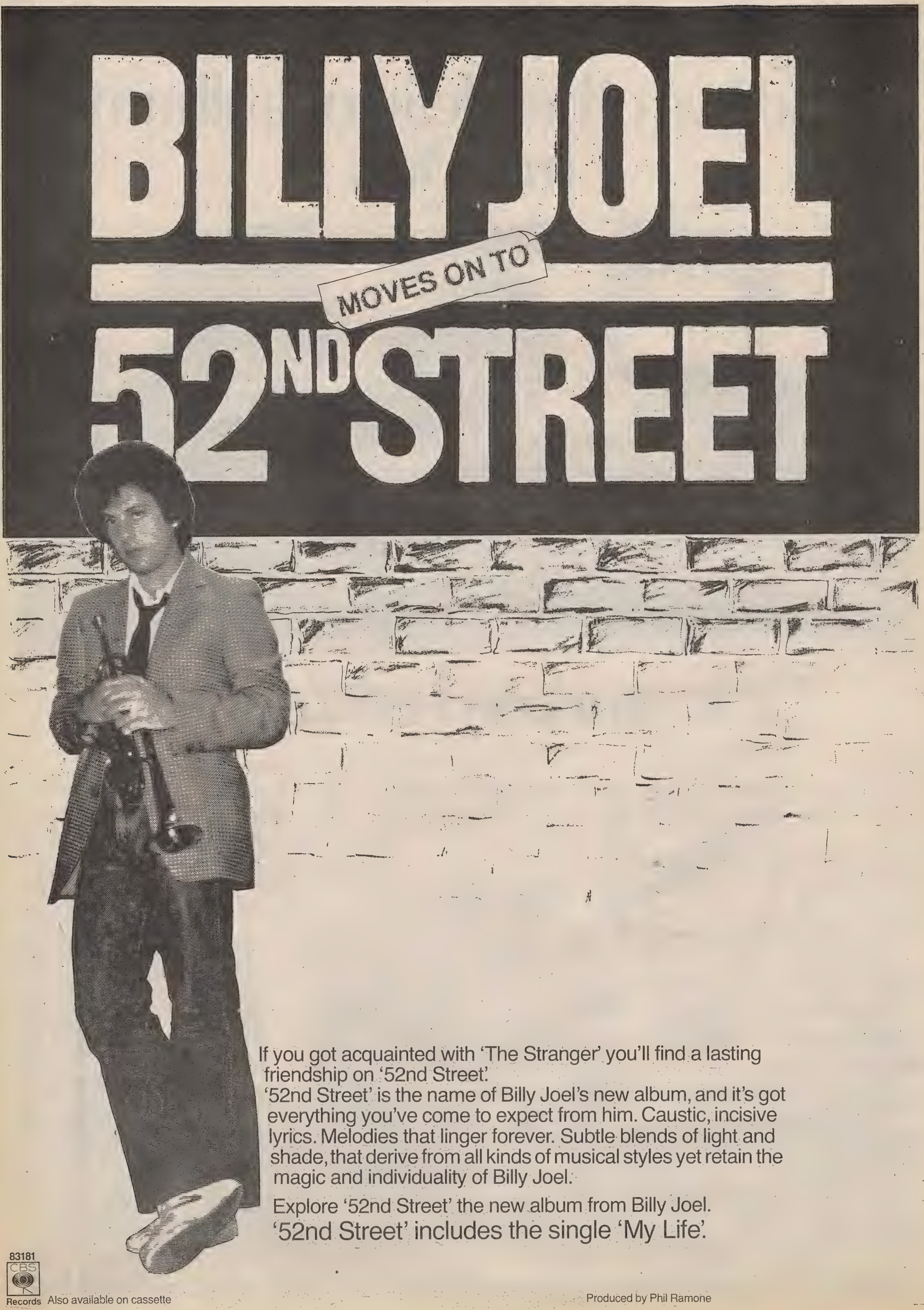

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Babel?? Babble!! Babel??? Babble!!!

Ms. Smith and two NME writers, one of whom wrote this review.

Denis O'Regan

BABEL
By Patti Smith
(Virago £2.95)

What has rock and roll got to do with poetry? What is a poetess doing with rock and roll? What am I doing reading and reviewing *Babel* when I could be doing the same thing with the new Gunter Grass novel?

What has rock and roll got to do with poetry? Well, there have been what some call rock and roll poets: Chuck Berry was probably the first and Lowell George the second; otherwise, the metaphors and constructions of Berry's language have been no more than updated, multiplied and padded out by successive generations, fatuous myths added to taste.

There are those whose work exists as a compromise between rock-first and poetry-foremost — Dylan for instance, an overrated but clever thief, who stole from the lesser known works of William Blake (of *Island In The Moon)* and the French symbolist poets to become a stainless spokesman, juggling well between spontaneity and high art.

Both the Morrisons — Van and Jim — maintained a more idiosyncratic syntax than Dylan, but generally lacked the pat political rallying stanza to galvanize and bring all together under banners.

Why listen to Nico, Nyro or Mitchell when you can read Sylvia Plath or Anne Sexton? Ditto Neil Young and Robert Lowell (who never needed dope). We mustn't forget the Theatre of Cruelty school and existential poets such as Vincent, Reed and Pop ...

Pete Shelley isn't political enough to be a good Romantic poet, The Clash aren't romantic enough to be good political poets, and Howard Devoto might yet be neither but better than both.

Richard Hell might yet die to be Thomas Chatterton, Bruce Springsteen wishes he was the roles de Niro and Keitel are good at (see Paul Schrader's *Blue Collar* movie). Otherwise, the "street" is generally a place folks go for their shopping, although dogs do tend to soil it quite frequently.

Which leaves Don Van Vliet, Tim Buckley, Kevin Coyne, Robert Hunter, Randy Newman, Jim Pembroke, John Cooper-Clarke, Arthur Lee (for all I know), and maybe two or three more at most.

And Patti Smith? What is a poetess doing with rock and roll? Exactly the same things she does with poetry, except, really, she should stick with rock and roll, where it sometimes works.

Really, sorry, there's little to say about either *Babel* or Patti Smith as poetess. *You* might jerk off rant siren metaphor floor w/plastic (sic) green blades of ballast, umbilical trousers and all but, seeing as how she takes her cue from Dylan, all we have left here is blatant and not very adept double derivation.

Whip up Burroughs, Dylan's *Tarantula*, Celine, Bosch and every junkie's ulcer, sure, but most of us were writing better stuff than this in the lower Sixth, with or without expensive drugs, friends or book deals.

The 'point' may be, as with her guitar playing, that it is pure (yin) creation. Unfortunately, as with her guitar playing, her bad creative noises are *bad*, laughable, not even Dada-laughable; she may not hold with Good and Evil, but she certainly upholds Tragedy and Mockery, judging by how seriously she takes herself, and criticism.

She seems never to have developed beyond an adolescent role-confusion which has difficulty in telling when the all-important self has, in effect, just pushed its brains into a custard pie.

Like someone who has started to hiccough and cannot stop, a scrambled, stale stream of selfish images jumps and jerks right through *Babel*, on and on and on and on through the slough of doom, on through the slough of decadence (without ever having gone through civilisation), on through the slough of death, dreams, and diarrhoea (really).

There is no diagnosis of all this however, no diagnosis of her or anyone else, predicament or potential. Her love for the sick white underbelly of life gradually seems less and less an obsession (lucid insights optional), more that she just can't get past some fateful teenage bearing which shoots straight round to sex (and alternatives) each and every time pen touches paper or key hits ribbon.

It's nice that she's still got all this energy. Such energy is good in rock and roll, but not in poetry, unless broken in, harnessed and mastered (which doesn't necessarily entail academic education.)

I hate this book, actually. All it'll ever give people is confusion and ignorance. Images are plucked from every level of perception and every point in history and then just spewed out into *bad* bad poetry; no, this isn't surrealism ...

This is self-conceit, and it should have been burnt out or burnt years ago. This is semi-literature, and I hate it even more when I realise that it's probably the only book of 'poetry' a lot of impressionable young people will buy this or any other year.

So what am I doing reading and reviewing *Babel* when I could be doing the same thing with the new Gunter Grass novel (or poetry anthology)?

Ian Penman

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ALBUMS

Le Clash en Paris *Joe Stevens*

White Punks On Rope

THE CLASH
Give 'Em Enough Rope *(CBS)*

First things first, the rock critic proclaimed, as with no further ado he proclaimed the very first track of this, the long-expected second Clash album, to be a veritable monster, a more than worthy third cousin to punk's other two bonafide sense-swerving blockbusters, The Ramones' "Blitzkreig Bop" and The Sex Pistols' cataclysmic "Anarchy".

Entitled "Safe European Home", this opener knocks everything The Clash have achieved on record thus far into a cocked hat. For now, instead of the amyl nitrate pulse of "White Riot" or, say, the excellent but still messily conceived "Complete Control", the band have finally found their wings.

The ensemble sound surges forth in raging fettle, gorgeous power chord structures welded to Topper Headon's devilishly incisive drumming and Paul Simonon's kamikaze bassline. Even more pertinent, though, is the care that lies ingeniously disguised behind the adrenalin sweep of sound. The layers of guitar are subtly dovetailed to devastating effect which, in itself, only becomes truly perceptible towards the end of the song when a brusque respite from the rhythm section spotlights Mick Jones' holding a lockjaw reggae rhythm.

The savage momentum caught in its fullest ascendant on "Safe European Home" is held in check through to "English Civil War", a spry rock-dramatic updating and relocation of the old American Civil War song with Jones' fretboards packing a parallel punch to Strummer's histrionics.

"Tommy Gun" is the closest so far to vintage Clash with its thunderous pacing and one-dimensional construction. Not one of the album's more memorable moments, its main use is to enable interested parties to judge the full extent of producer Sandy Pearlman's achievements here.

The Pearlman's and Clash pairing is a most decisively providential coalition, and an appreciation of the results will force those who cynically viewed the producer's allocation as a ploy to dilute the band's power to swallow their words at once. This has always been a controversial subject. The Clash's advocates had of course backed the band to the hilt for using soundman Mickey Foote for as long as they did. Myself, I found the rough-as-a-bear's-arse sound they attained on the first album (which succeeded in spite of its production shortcomings due to the unfettered ferocity of its music and vision) and in particular on the last two singles — the cloddish "Clash City Rockers" and the inexcusably tardy "White Man At Hammersmith Palais" — often bordered on the unpalatable and damned frustrating. The songs themselves obviously deserved more.

But now the state of play has been radically rectified, so that even an uncharacteristic composition like "Julie's Been Working For The Drug Squad", which at an earlier stage would have been nigh impossible to record, now comes over with rogueish panache (and with no small thanks to an uncredited pianist). Even the slightest item on the record, musically speaking, "Last Gang In Town", gains an authoritative slant.

Pearlman holds the precarious balance between inspired amateurism and a tough, still barely nascent professionalism. The second side's spuriously conceived "Guns On The Roof" is saved by tenacious instrumental interplay whilst Strummer adds some vocal theatrics. And then "Drug Stabbing Time" follows, a splice of ear-strafing Clasherama with a simple hardrock hook spiced with minor chord blocking tactics and haywire saxophone (again uncredited).

Meanwhile, there's Mick Jones' "Stay Free" to consider. Jones can't sing to save his life, but the song itself — addressed to an old mate and fellow gang member who ended up doing 3 years in nick whilst Jones went on to eventual stardom — is touching after a fashion, bearing as it does the ring of 'true experience' which Tom Robinson's bogus burlesque "Martin" simply did not convey.

Two tracks remain on "Rope" and their content coincides with my fathoming other aspects of the album. So far I've treated the record as a mere rock and roll offering, numbering its mostly excellent musical features and enthusing about producer Pearlman's presence.

However, you punters out there are not going to be provided with a lyric sheet and, as usual, even with Pearlman on the desk, Joe Strummer's lyrics are not easily decipherable. Although innumerable rock classics have suffered from similar lack of definition, a perusal of both the album's package and the reviewers-only lyric xerox offer some disturbing insights.

The lyrics first. Those to "English Civil War", for example, read like pure future-shock exaggeration. To wit: *"It was still at the stage of clubs an' fists / When that well known face got beaten to bits / Your face was blue in the light of the screen / As we watched the speech of an animal scream / The new party army came marching right over our heads."*

The new party-in-power is obviously the National Front and though I'm loathe to underestimate their power this sort of hysterical response simply does no-one any good at all. The lyrics here though are nothing compared with the quasi-offensiveness of "Guns On the Roof", a song sparked off by the thoroughly sordid incident (the Simonon and Headon airgun attacks on racing pigeons) which Strummer turns into a bizarre and sinister diatribe against . . . well, what? That's the problem, see, and it occurs again and again throughout. In "Julie" the lyrics are certainly witty, but no moral stance is taken, while even on "Tommy Gun", again replete with some sharp lyrical studies of the mercenary mentality, one is never entirely sure just which side Strummer and company are supposed to be taking.

Things take an even nastier lyrical turn with "Cheapskates", a fine solid rocker, but Strummer is out for blood and he's aiming his vitriol squarely at the critics of his band: *"Just because we're in a group you all think we're stinking rich/'N we all got model girls shedding every stitch/'N you think the cocaine's flowing like a river up our noses/'N every sea will part for us like the Red one did for Moses".*

OK, OK, Joe, but seeing that your guitar player did get busted for cocaine not so long ago — not to mention all these lawyers and accountants suddenly dragged in to quell the wrath of Rhodes — if I were in your shoes, I'd drop the bully boy stance in favour of a more sly and sardonic approach, one similar perhaps to the way in which the Stones rebuffed their denigrators with the lyrics of "Respectable".

Returning however to the absence of moral comment noted in a number of the lyrics here, the uneasy feeling that The Clash are simply using incidents like the Julie LSD bust, the Front, the mercenary trade, etc. as fodder for songs without really caring or even offering a cogent perspective of their own is alarmingly reinforced by the packaging of the album itself.

The cover is an air-brushed shot of a teeming army of Chinese (Red Guard?) cavalry, one of whom is staring imperviously at the rotting carcass of an archetypal wild west cowboy, two vultures feasting on his festering corpse. The only logical conclusion to be drawn, this backed up by the Red Flags held aloft and the Clash logo scrawled in Oriental lettering, is the triumph of East over West.

Meanwhile, inside the record, a poster features on one side "The Clash Atlas" with photos of those responsible for either oppression or revolution appended to the particular countries concerned (the Red Brigade — for whom Strummer wore a t-shirt — representing Italy, the Baader Meinhof West Germany, and so on). America is represented by Son of Sam, a singularly daft and spurious connection.

What it all adds up to, I fear, is Strummer's totally facile concept of shock-politics and, even though I'd like to think he was sincere in his misguided and bloated manner, there'll be many more than myself who'll cynically mutter to the effect of The Clash appearing trendily militant. I only wish they'd toned down drastically.

God knows, Strummer and co. have made right prats of themselves often enough when asked to give out their views on politics. After all, at the heart of this stands a record that at its best fully justifies all the faith and fervour fans, reviewers, whoever have placed in The Clash.

"But go easy/Step lightly/Stay free". Those are words that now need to be heeded.

Nick Kent

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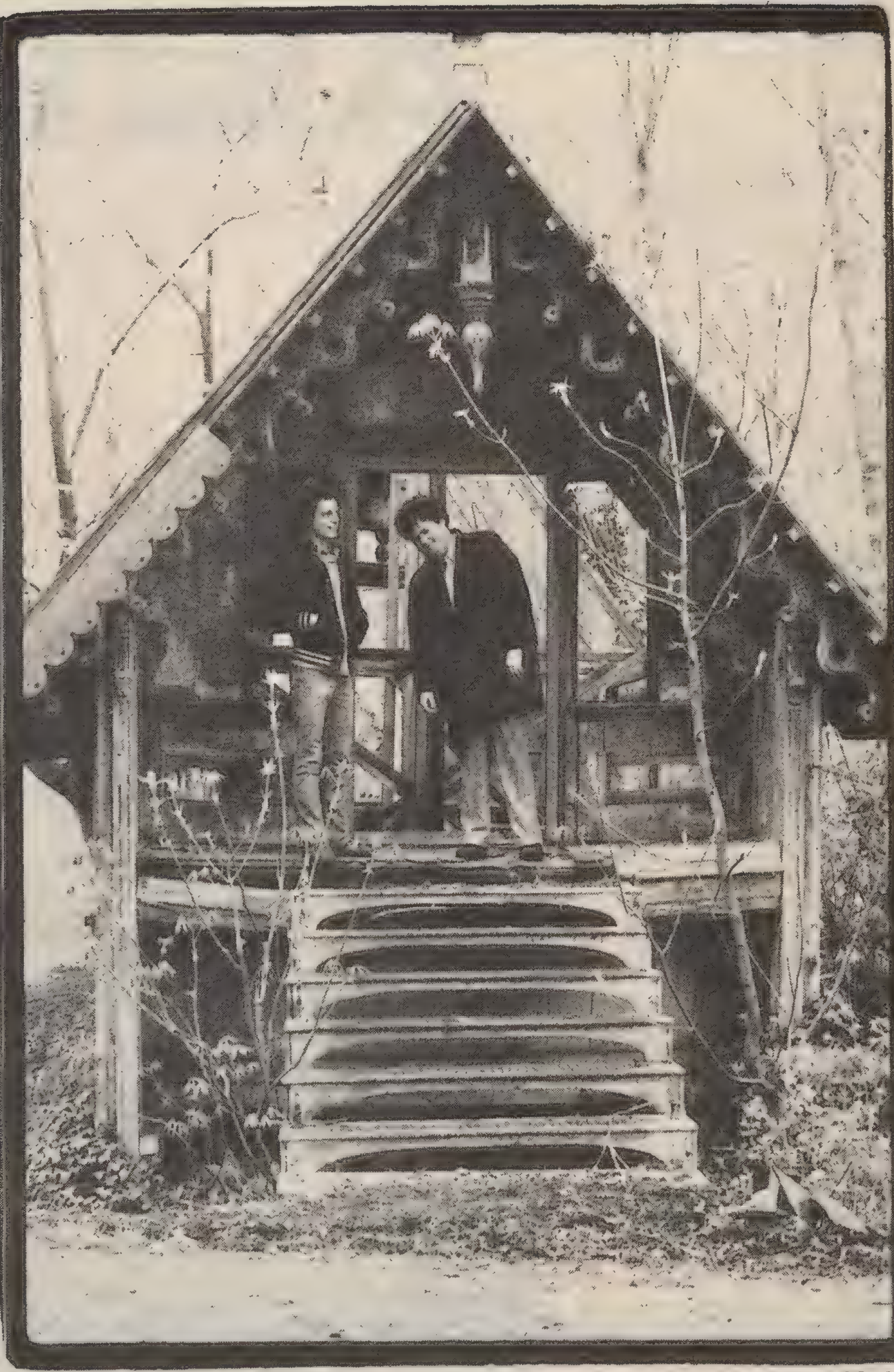

Ubumen Krauss and Thomas — dub ina pagoda? Pennie Smith

Pop the Ubu

PERE UBU
Dub Housing *(Chrysalis)*

In as much as Pere Ubu are not involved in the making of explicit, reassuring statements —not a convenient site, how do you like the framework? — then the comparisons and parallels being etched, stretched or something similar is more likely to blind a listener to the music's vigour and its vigorously open nature than make it apparent. And apparently that's why I'm here,not there.

The one immediate thing about "Dub Housing" is that it conveys, suggests, evokes as much by stating less, and by letting less be heard. But you're only in a position to know this if you're in touch with previous work — and then again, I don't know what you expect to be articulated in these things.

"Dub Housing" doesn't articulate. That's left to your listening, and what you're listening to is mostly an approximation of the moment's activity between apprehension and articulation. You stop yourself hearing.

Considered with the first album, "The Modern Dance", "Dub Housing" is more baffling, instrumental, banal and intimate, but less coherent.

But definitely the same band. They haven't broken wildly away. They haven't retreated. But, but . . . a suffocating record. And shocking. And jolly?

Considered in a reasonably recent rock stream, it is more aggressively "symphonic" than Henry Cow (deep), but more sympathetically alienated or alienating than The Sex Pistols (shallow). Conventional avant-garde music can sometimes be too wrapped up in educated guesswork. Pere Ubu play within terms of a possible resolution, but not into one. People are annoyed by Ubu's accessibility. Or ashamed?

Typically, they start "Dub Housing" with something as likely to alienate as attract, and that's neither profound nor populist. You can even whistle it! "Navvy" is ostensibly similar to "Non-Alignment Pact", which opened "The Modern Dance", but the parallels soon become meat not for comparative nostalgia but a crisis of adjustment. We've lost a lot of language, but the co-ordination between man, music and time is more muscular than the skeletal lines of previous work — spot the paradox. Pop the ubu.

"On The Surface" — where else would a navvy be? — appears to calm down, a walking pulse to "Navvy's" involuntary and existential spasm (Brechtian terms are chucked up like live fish fed to a penguin), with an ambiguous development thereof. The keyboard line is gonna be ripped off a lot. Actually, Subway Sect have done so already — and they probably haven't even heard it.

It's tempting to point to a possible "theme" here (also fairly tempting to jump out the window) with "On The Surface" followed by the title track, and then a cute little minefield called "Caligari's Mirror": surface, housing, mirror. The fact that the music is slowly disintegrating — and does altogether in side one's closing "Thriller!" — and that, as you all know, *The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari* is an early German Expressionist movie about a madman's dream, in which familiar shapes are broken up into unfamiliar patterns of light and shadow . . .

But, but I'm almost certain Ubu don't plan these things at all like that.

"Dub Housing" is the most beautifully realised "song" on the album, a distorted mantric call and response pointing back to the completely split structure of "Caligari's Mirror". Various vocal lines move in and out of focus, but to quote the lyrics in favour of any interpretation would be inappropriate, a diminished impression of what could at times be either acute mental struggle or a bus journey. And nothing's ever that separate. And I want to know why *you* can't listen to "Thriller!".

"I, Will Wait" opens side two in the same way that side two of "The Modern Dance" began with "Life Stinks". It's a short, spiked derailment, just to get you agitated, to ask them what they think they're doing. Look at the comma in the title.

You can make out practically nothing in the song straightaway bar one phrase: *"I believe in practicality/Practicalities are possibilities/I, will wait."* Impracticalities are impossibilities?

"Drinking Wine Spodyody" plays the same catching game with coherence, but they could have trouble here. The line *"I see her nearly every day/She's just a girl but she's OK"* is open to Ms — interpretation.

"Drinking Wine Spodyody"

isn't that old standard, only the title. A throwaway piece of common currency, it has Thomas' voice making oompah noises in the skittery, pompous rhythm and an asinine atonality which begs question. Ubu have always been interested in stupidity.

"(Pa) Ubu Dance Party" is where some people might begin to have doubts (and it's *here* I'm expected to say that that could be the "point").

The lyrics are casually, hopelessly all-embracing. It's unsettling to know that they can trick us with such ease: we're often deceived by the shape of something to the point of letting obvious discrepancies pass by. As with "Thriller!", they're asking you what you're listening to.

"Blow Daddy-o" is next, and again it's tempting to theorise: spodyody, party, daddy. Especially since the three occupy the same position as side one's triumvirate of coincidence. Moreover, "Blow Daddy-o" seems to be a "dub" of "(Pa) Ubu Dance Party", underlined by the correlation in the titles. Here we start to talk about phonetics, Thomas' use of his voice as an instrument in the same way that the original Pere Ubu used his body as an instrument, just as in the Pere Ubu plays objects of apparent insignificance can assume whatever form or importance you want them to. A line of bricks is a palace wall.

Don't expect it to be "a dub". The synthesiser in "Blow Daddy-o" is almost certainly a distortion of the blustering, banal motif of "Dance Party". Time is squashed and the implications are yours.

Throughout "Dub Housing", in fact, the usual properties of musical duration are altered and juggled with a disorientating ease. It may not even be intentional, but both sides rush by and are suddenly *stopped!!*— by "Thriller!" on side one, and "Blow Daddy-O" on two.

"Codex" ends the album, perhaps the ultimate trick or treat. Arranged like an Eastern raga — a form which positions musical notation and composition in direct relationship to man's interior and exterior life through links with the time of day and points along the central nervous system — which leads you to the back cover of "Dub Housing", a sunset, which is directly substantiated in the lyrics of "Codex". You could also move to "Humour Me", which closed "The Modern Dance", and both songs seem to have death and self-destruction somewhere at their core. A feel of self-destruction and fatality hovers throughout "Dub Housing".

"Codex" also serves as a finite end to the definite beginning of "Navvy". If you really want to be rigorous (ridiculous?) then you could suggest that "Dub Housing" ends with an "x" and starts again with a "y".

There you are. I've left a lot of the possibilities for you. Pere Ubu have "progressed", and you'll hate it, it's so naggingly familiar.

How long before you run out of rehearsed excuses?

Ian Penman

KILBURN AND THE HIGHROADS
Wotabunch *(Warner Brothers)*

Before you buy this record, consider the history.

In 1974, Kilburn And The High Roads recorded an album for Raft Records, a subsidiary of Warners. Raft folded before the album was released, and Warners decided to shelve the record.

A year later, Kilburn and his cohorts moved to Pye, re-recorded a lot of the Raft tracks for their new "Handsome" album, and then disbanded shortly after said album was released.

Now, lo and behold, Warner and his brothers have up and issued the original Raft set. Why this sudden change of heart, you ask? Well, the evidence suggests a blatant attempt to cash in on the latterday success of the Kilburns' ex-vocalist, one Ian Dury.

His name is featured on the sleeve, as is a *recent* cut-out photo. The sleeve contains *no* information on the Kilburns' nothing about who they were, or when the tracks were recorded. Even the photos on the sleeve are not of those people who were in the group when the record was originally cut.

The music itself is not bad, though nine of the songs also appear on "Handsome". The versions here are a little plain and rough, while "Handsome" veers towards indulgence and over-production. Of the three previously unreleased tracks, "You're More Than Fair" and "Huffety Puff" are typical Dury lechery; R&B, reggae, OK but not great. "Billy Bentley" is awful.

Dury's vocals are pretty hammy throughout, sometimes funny, mostly just overdone. And he's not that good a songwriter that you need to take notice of early stuff like this. "New Boots And Panties" has better songs; plus The Blockheads, who're a better band; plus it's cheaper, so it's a better deal.

Which leaves "Wotabunch" as a shoddy, misleading rip-off job for people with more money than brains.

Graham Lock

GEORGE THROROGOOD AND THE DESTROYERS
Move It On Over *(Sonet)*

The bottleneck that ate Delaware returns to your hearts and turntables: no steps forward, no steps back. "Move It On Over" is this or any other year's second George Thorogood And The Destroyers album, and for those of us who found the first album's powerful, good-humoured R&B assault just what the doctor ordered, then "Move It On Over" is the perfect bookend for your boogie shelf.

(Anyone who found the first Thorogood album dull, repetitious or otherwise less than enthralling will find "Move It On Over" just as etcetera as its predecessor, but I prefer to ignore that possibility).

The new Thorogood album is, to belabour a point, Part Two of the first album. The production and cover artwork have improved (as has the bass playing of Billy Blough, who on the previous waxing made Dee Dee Ramone sound like Jaco Pastorius), the sleeve notes have got worse and the material has shifted in emphasis from John Lee Hooker to Chuck Berry, with Elmore James still strongly represented. Of the two excursions into the country field, Hank Williams' title track works splendidly, being absorbed bodily into Thorogood's diesel-powered bottleneck bag, while "Cocaine Blues" (firmly based on the Johnny Cash version) sounds a mite shaky in the saddle.

Bo Diddley's 'Who Do You Love?" gets a mean, chilly, passionate reading that for power and eeriness levels any other extant version of the piece other than Big Bad Bo's original, Elmore James' "Sky Is Crying" won't tear but coax your heart out, Chuck Berry's "It Wasn't Me" is bouncy and cheeky and finely sardonic, Muddy's "That Same Thing" is right out in the alley and peering round the corners, Brownie McGhee's "So Much Trouble" is . . .

Listen! George Thorogood knows his business, and that's the kind of R&B that's as timelessly exhilarating in '78 as it was in '58 and will be in '98. It's 12 bars of one to 12 bars of the other, and George Thorogood And The Destroyers can carry on making albums like this till doomsday and I'll be grooving it on over.

Charles Shaar Murray

THE RED CRAYOLA WITH THE FAMILIAR UGLY
The Parable of Arable Land *(Radar/International Artists)*

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR ELEVATORS
The Psychedelic Sounds Of *(Radar / International Artists)*

FAR BE it from me to spoil Mr. Mayo Thompson's Sunday afternoon but he spoilt mine. I think upon reflection that I'd rather read the Young Rosicrucians guide to the Luton telephone directory or perhaps have tea with Crosby, Stills and Nash than listen to this record again. The free-form intermissions and worthy waffling about limited definitions strike me as so much foreplay for a justification of the appallingly trivial.

The history and the legend of International Artists' cache of harmless lunatics is not my brief. For copious information and blood-sweated arcana on the Houston mythology of Lelan Rogers and I.A. attend to the researches of Comstock Lode or badger Radar for a cheat sheet. Meanwhile I liked in small doses the bits that almost sounded like Love, but not the majority of bits that might have reminded me of "Horse Latitudes" (whoops, there goes the sub-conscious again). The nine people in the world who already "dig" Red Crayola have this record. At least the rest of us won't have to risk twenty quid on finding out we don't.

Simple soul that I am the debut Thirteenth Floor Elevators got to the gut in telling fashion. Its re-release coincides with the untimely death by murder of Elevators' guitarist Stacey Sutherland. Apparently, Sutherland, Roky Erickson, Tommy Hall and an Unknown Rhythm Section ought to have offed themselves for the delectation of non-milk fed Vietcong idealists. Had they done so we would never have heard the results of their inspired acid debris on this platter.

The 1966 sounds of the Elevators were certainly psychedelic; who got their first, them or the Grateful Dead? And who cares. Instead lie back with the dial on ten and freak out to the metallic rattling of "Fire Engine", learn the words to "You're Gonna Miss Me", ride the "Roller Coaster" and enter the "Kingdom of Heaven".

The Elevators were a Texan rock and roll mincing machine, brain-frying tonight in San Antonio or yer own front parlour. And the more you listen to the damned insanities of the psych era, the more you realise that all this peace and love shit was a cloak for the occult rhythms of the ancients. Opening up the frontal cortex reveals nasty hidden recesses as well as feeling for one's fellow man. The elevator goes up and down and gets stuck. Some people turn into vegetables; others retain their integrity.

The Thirteenth Floor Elevators fell out in various states of dishevellment. Erickson was committed, busted, made an example of. Today he's nuttier than the mad hatter's fruitcake. Makes vicariously exciting news and the odd (as in odd) single. Don't know whether to laugh or cry.

But 12 years back it still seems revolutionary, the new sensual perimeters are being charted. It didn't last then, except as vinyl testaments like this, a masterpiece of sorts. Maybe it will happen again, in which case bands like Roky's will be recognised as the avatars of an idiosyncracy which we mostly mock now from the hygenic bunkers of takeway fashions. If it's Wednesday it must be new wave.

No matter, this old stuff is still exciting, amusing, scary, naive or profound. It's all in the mind but don't forget the vitamin C.

Max Bell

"Thorogood, the Delaware Flash, one man and his crazed guitar."
Sounds

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Another points win for high forehead and receding hairline

STEVE REICH
Music For 18 Musicians
(ECM)

A major new work by Steve Reich, a 42-year-old composer and performer from New York. "Music For 18 Musicians" was conceived in May 1974 and premiered in April 1976. That the music should be recorded for the German jazz label ECM is significant. As always, Reich is attacking barriers in music and ECM's co-operation succinctly emphasises this. Reich's music is an attempt to balance the the analytical and the emotional. As such it is a link between avant-garde concert music and avent-garde jazz. If there needs to be a link. (ECM have always thought so, and this record is their best contribution to this line of thought).

Schoenberg's influence inevitably dribbles through. (A composer whose name is cropping up a lot lately, but then he always should have been as important as Chuck Berry). The crossword or jigsaw puzzle approach to music was initiated by Schoenberg (it was his Method) and his elaborate thoughts on structure and development shaped much modern music. Reich's methods and equations, his puzzles for this piece, are outlined extensively in the liner notes; it is pointless to regurgitate them.

This is a very complicated piece of music, although you can't 'hear' its complexities, more sense them. The necessary commitment and concentration required by the performing musicians flourishes into an emotional charge, so that all the rigidity of construction and composition are surpassed. It is a disciplined piece of music, but free. The plan is used, not relied on. Reich and his musicians successfully capture that elusive spontaneity that can easily evade such works.

The number and distribution of instruments is new for Reich: violin, cello, two clarinets doubling bass clarinet, four women's voices, four pianos, three marimbas, two xylophones and metallophone. All instruments are acoustic. The overall sound of the album is thus predominantly percussive, pianistic, pulsating and peaceful.

As with all Reich's work it appears superficially monotonous and repetitive yet, again as always, clear, unconfused and precise.

Repetition and rhythm are perhaps leading principles of organisation, but the fluctuating duration and volume of sounds, as well as the constant conflicts and changes, overcome any crisis of 'melody' or 'activity'. There is a good deal of motion in the music. Not only this, but a handling of time that sends shivers; the music hangs, exists, attains the type of transcendence achieved by Eno and Fripp's "No Pussyfooting". This is what Schoenberg depicted as "the unity of musical space", a space which demands "an absolute and unitary perception" and in which "there is no absolute down, no right, no left, forward or backward."

Close dialogue is unwaveringly maintained between the musicians. Instruments mingle, integrate and react slowly and steadily. It is a very fine line of distinction but the ultimate criticism for a work of such scope, construction and in a way fragility is — can you feel positive about it? I can, immensely.

Y'see, it's not as imposing as its packaging would indicate, but just a 'simple' and fascinating hour of music. At a time when 'rock' threatens to get to grips with sound, nature, culture, reasoning, relevance, function and emotion, here is a record that concerns itself with similar assimilations and directions. And anyway, this is 'rock' — it's been reviewed in a 'rock' paper.

Paul Morley

Steve Reich — and roll?

JAPAN
Obscure Alternatives
(Ariola)

This is Japan's second album. Their first made the charts in Japan. Lucky for them they're not called Monaco.

Visually, Japan ape the New York Dolls. Musically, they're not half as butch.

Singer David Sylvain sneers with a certain panache, but the band fail in their strivings towards sleazy menace. On the opening cut, "Automatic Gun", the bass player is simply out of tune. The songs adopt poses that were fashionable five or six years ago. "Rhodesia" has a risque violent image about *"burning niggers"*, while "Deviation" uses the work *"fuck"*.

Sylvain clearly knows a lot of long words. Sample sentence: *"Illegitimate contributions and neurotic headaches are conceived"*. It doesn't mean much, but the words have a lot of syllables.

No doubt in America, people will think Japan are part of the new wave. After all, the band have American new wave hairdos. None of this actually adds up to a reason for buying their album. My newsagent currently offers Iggy Pop's "Lust For Life" in a bargain rack for two quid. These guys can't hope to compete.

Still, Japanese kids have lots of yens. Equally, German kids have lots of marks, and the only surprise is that there's no band with an eye to the main chance calling themselves Germany.

Bob Edmands

BOOKER T. JONES
Try And Love Again
(A & M).

Booker T And The MGs used to make soul music like apples make cider. One time Stax house band (*the* Stax house band), besides providing the back drops for many of Wilson Pickett's, Otis Redding's and Sam & Daves' most inspired offerings, they also took time out to create at least three all-time dance floor classics all of their own; 'Green Onions', 'Hip Hug-Her' and 'Soul Limbo'. Now the MGs don't live here no more and Mr. Jones is reduced to making records like this.

No more Memphis funk, no more honking-fruity organ, no more wow finishes, in fact nothing much of any of the things that used to make your feet itch for a pair of thin leather-soled shoes and a friction-free wooden floor.

"Lets Go Dancin" illustrates the decline perfectly. If Booker T had made a record called this ten years ago, everybody with two feet and red blood in their veins would've been out on the floor, working out the best way they knew how. But this, well, I wouldn't think that even trendy American middle-management could shake their bones in this direction.

John Hamblett

HEART
Dog And Butterfly
(Portrait)

These witless Canuck wimps can't even rip pff the dying embers of the Jefferson Starship with any degree of panache. Utterly worthless as the Wilson sisters and their eye-shadowed macho cohorts are, it is still possible to take offence at their gutless retreads of the tedious school of Elton John mug-melody that constitutes the basis of their loathsome sound.

Heart divide the sides into "Dog" and "Butterfly", making use of second hand Japanese proverbs. Throw the I Ching, gaze at a mantra. False intellectuals, moody and hygenic, Joni Mitchell by osmosis, rock and roll for people who hate rock and roll but have a record token to fritter.

Who else would want to endure the trivialities of "Nada One" or "Mistral Wind", replete with Avatars and Fun Machines, Zohn, Nancy's Hijinx guitar? Boring in extremis, Heart wallow in their sanitised mud, throwing out pearls like *"There I was with the old man stranded again."* What does it all mean, how do Heart get to sleep at night, why do they persist in writing these footling inanities?

Looking on the bright side, it's quicker than sticking two fingers down the back of the throat. "Dog And Butterfly," undoubtedly cosmic like the recesses of the spindryer. Yin and yang on disposable vinyl. Time this band (!) had a coronary.

Max Bell

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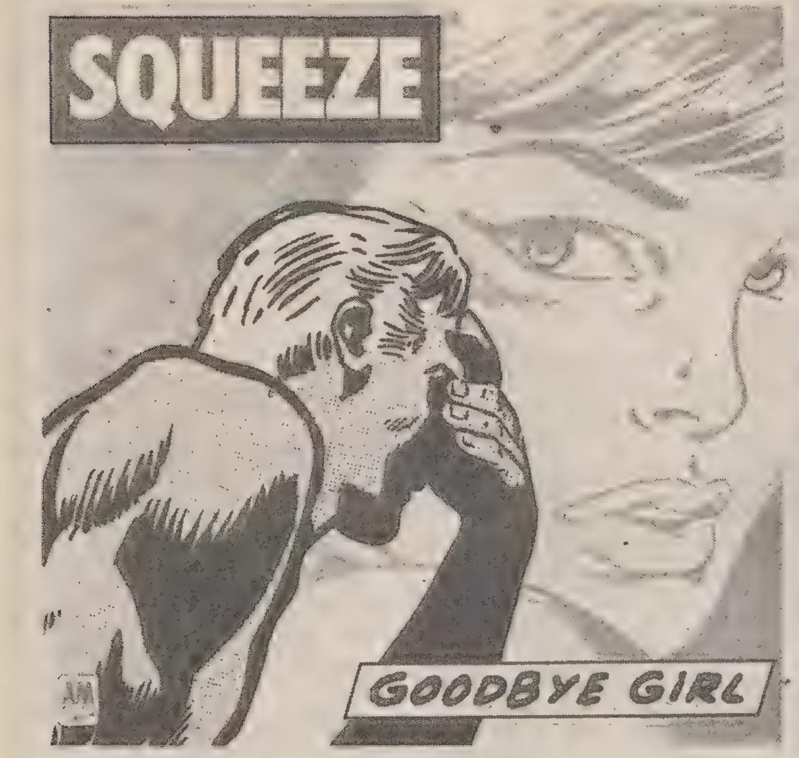

Last week SQUEEZE released the world's first 3-D "sculptured" single, "Goodbye Girl" b/w "Saints Alive", which has received an almost unprecedented response and seems set to climb fast up the national charts.

After playing as the special guests of Dr. Feelgood last month, they start their own headline tour of the U.K. today with a date at Manchester University.

Full details of their November tour are as follows: Manchester University (8), Doncaster Outlook (13), Birmingham Barbarellas (14), Norwich Boogie House (15), Preston Polytechnic (17), Plymouth Woods (20), Penzance Winter Gardens (21), Exeter Routes (22), Bournemouth Village (23), Bath Pavilion (25), Leeds Blanigans (28), York Revolution (29).

After these dates, Squeeze enter the studios to put the finishing touches to their new album which is set for release in the new year.

Police Release Outlandos

THE POLICE, whose single "Can't Stand Losing You" is still showing a healthy position this week in the National Charts, release their debut album next Friday, November 17th.

Titled "Outlandos D'Amour", the album by the three-piece unit of Sting (bass and vocals), Stewart Copeland (drums) and Andy Summers (guitar) features 11 band compositions.

Full track listing: *Side One* – Next To You, So Lonely, Roxanne, Hole In My Life, Peanuts; *Side Two* – Can't Stand Losing You, Truth Hits Everyone, Born In The '50's, Be My Girl Sally, Masoko Tanga.

Police are currently in America for a short tour which includes dates at CBGB's in New York and on their return will be playing selected British dates.

Bass player and vocalist Sting has also secured the part of 'Ace', the mod-supreme, in the Who's "Quadrophenia" film which is being shot on location in Brighton at the moment.

Styx Blue Vinyl Collar Men

Styx
Blue Collar Man (Lon
C/W Superstars

STYX now seem certain to breakthrough in Britain with the same style and enormity as they have in America. Their new album "Pieces of Eight" brims with the confidence and talent which has already earned them the respect of literally millions of U.S. fans.

"Blue Collar Man", the new Styx single, epitomises the band's frightening energy and is at the moment their biggest American success to date. The record is available here in both 12" and 7" versions with a special coloured sleeve.

Styx are making it to the top the hard way – they've been together in some shape or form for over ten years.

There's a tradition in the music business that says only those who have made the long hard climb are able to maintain it once they hit top.

"Pieces of Eight" and "Blue Collar Man" make it clear. Styx is on top to stay.

The Dickies do with the Jam

U.S. outrage band the DICKIES release their third single on A&M Records, this week. "Give It Back" b/w "You Drive Me Ape" is available as a limited edition pressing in white vinyl with a special bag.

The band will also be touring the U.K. this month as special guests of the Jam, full details as follows: Sheffield Polytechnic (10), Leeds University (12), Manchester Apollo (13), Birmingham Odeon (14), Coventry Theatre (15), Cambridge Corn Exchange (17), Great Yarmouth A.B.C. (18), Cardiff University (20), Brighton Dome (21), Canterbury Odeon (22 & 23), Portsmouth Guildhall (24), London to be confirmed (25), Bristol Colston Hall (26).

A further date at the Empire Pool, Wembley on 29th November is yet to be confirmed.

Joe Jackson Dates

JOE JACKSON, premier "spiv-rocker" has his debut single "Is She Really Going Out With Him" released by A&M Records. A U.K. tour is currently being set up.

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MON. 27 NOV.	BIRMINGHAM Barbarellas
TUES. 28 NOV.	LONDON Electric Ballroom
WED. 29 NOV.	PLYMOUTH Metro
THURS. 30 NOV.	PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic
FRI. 1 DEC.	BRIGHTON Sussex University
SAT. 2 DEC.	NORWICH East Anglia University
TUES. 5 DEC.	LONDON College of Printing
WED. 6 DEC.	BRUNEL University
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A Resident on a rare London walkabout?

Residential Credentials

THE RESIDENTS
Not Available *(Ralph)*

More so than anything else they've done, when "Not Available's" weirdness wears off, its 'merry tunes' become an indelible stain on one's day-to-day existence. After only three or four plays, I found myself serenading passers-by with snatches of what first appeared to be impenetrable obscurantism, such is its addictive power.

"Not Available", remember, is The Residents' *second* album, supposedly recorded in 1974 (before "Third Reich'n'Roll" and "Fingerprince") and which, according to the mysterious N. Senada's Theory Of Obscurity, cannot be released until its protagonists have forgotten it exists.

But here it is, its release apparently a contractual fulfillment following The Residents' disappearance with the tapes of the forthcoming "Eskimo" album. Which situation, in itself, raises some interesting aesthetic and ethical questions — were Ralph Records morally justified in issuing the record in contravention of the artists' wishes? Does its premature release alter the aesthetic status of the work? Etc. — which must remain, unfortunately, outside the scope of this review.

Alternatively, the whole affair could just be an elaborate piece of performance art intended to highlight the incongruence of artists' and agents' principles. Who knows? Whatever, the circumstances surrounding the album's release lend it import on levels other than the merely musical.

And what of the music itself? Well, as far as I can make out, "Not Available", like "Third Reich'n'Roll", is a concept album, this time in the form of a surreal opera based around the character of Edweena, a touching portrait of whom forms the album's front cover.

The five parts of the opera ("Edweena", "The Making Of A Soul", "Ship's A'Going Down", "Never Known Questions", and "Epilogue") combine to produce a shifting collage effect of recurringly interwoven themes, amongst which languishes some of the most haunting music The Residents have ever produced, all performed in typically Residential manner — the style of those who can't 'play' but aren't going to let a little thing like that prevent them from saying what they have to say, thank God. A prime case of *ideas* taking precedence over ability.

Their private musical and lyrical vocabularies are in full swing throughout: that eerie organ tone here, those pompous tympani there, that shuffling drum-machine swing, mentions of The Spot, porcupine, etc: all of which should provide even the most dedicated of A. J. Webermans with enough analysis to last a lifetime or two if they could unscramble those deformed and twisted vocals.

Me, I'm still pretty baffled by it, but then I never expected otherwise. Still, I'd be happy to throw about concepts like self, soul, ego, autodidacy *(What? — Javanese Ed.)* and the mutability of human nature. So you expected quick and easy answers? From guys who prefer armoured supermarket trolleys to automobiles?

Andy Gill

And another?

Imports

I guess that when it comes to cult figures, **Louis "Moondog" Hardin's** got 'em all beat. Now 62, Moondog, who's blind and writes all his music in braille, first staked a claim to a place in Valhalla during the '40s.

A mystical figure, bearded and with flowing robes, he became the Lol Coxhill of New York, playing primitive percussion instruments in the streets, and cutting albums that featured his work on the oo, utsu, samisen and uni (eat your heart out, Yamash'ta) played to a background of traffic and dock sounds.

A legend of the bop era — jazz DJ's such as Symphony Sid played his discs along with those of Diz and Bird — he later faded from the scene, only to re-emerge during the "underground" era of the late '60s, cutting an orchestral album for CBS produced by Chicago Svengali James William Guercio.

Frankly, I'd forgotten about him until recently when "H'art Songs", touted as "street music and other music by L. Hardin", turned up on Kopf, a German label. Again it's the great switcheroo and Dog has elected to become a vocalist singing a series of self-penned ditties that are so simple and naive *("I'm just a hop-head and so I'll be till I'm dead — I started hopping when I first hopped into bed")* that one's first reaction is to phone up the garbage collector.

But somehow, underneath it all, there's a certain charm — the kind possessed by Syd Barrett and, at times, Daevid Allen — that makes one hang on and wait. So I guess I'll hang on to the album — after all, real, long-lasting legends are hard to come by nowadays.

Tom Waits has much in common with Moondog — except that he has elected to become a bop era hero about 30 years too late. "Blue Valentine" (Asylum), Waits' latest dip into the Kerouac grab-bag, is sparked off by a cut of horror-shock headlines proportions. I mean, can you imagine an all-time lush string setting with Waits' dragging that neolithic voice through Sondheim's "Somewhere" from *West Side Story?* No, you can't. And even after listening, I still don't believe it either.

Elsewhere things pan out more familiar as Waits recreates his portraits of losers: a pregnant hooker; kids who were born so far on the wrong side of the tracks that they can't even see the line; and the drunk who drinks for that all-time classic reason, merely to forget.

To the rear, zoot-suiters such as Frank Vicari (tenor), Charles Kynard (organ), Jim Hughart (bass) and others provide a free flow of riffs and blues licks that surround Waits' imagery as tightly as a jean pocket encloses a folded jack-knife. As far as I'm concerned, all's still well with the world.

Finally, news of "Sleeper Wherever I Fall" (Epic), the latest album from **Bobby Bare**. On his last album Bare teamed up with Dr Hook and others but turned in a total county album. But this time around — thanks perhaps to the guidance of Bill Graham, who's now Bare's manager — our black stetsoned hero has stepped well over the rock borderline, even tossing in a quite palatable rendition of The Stones' "The Last Time". The news is that half of Nashville's currently suffering from heart failure.

Fred Dellar

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Priest displaying characteristic onstage imagination Ross Halfin

JUDAS PRIEST
Killing Machine *(CBS)*

"YOU are not in touch with the modern world, sucker," hissed the obnoxious little voice in my ear. "Today's kids don't give a flying one about punk or anything that's happened since punk. They're not interested in reggae, disco, balding Continentals with notions about art and" — twisting the knife quite unnecessarily, I thought — "they definitely don't care about R&B."

"So tell me, O Wise One," I pleaded with what I hoped was the proper note of humility, "what do Today's Kids consider to be the knees of the bees, please?"

"'Eavy metal, mate," quoth the voice. "'Eavy metal. Cop a load of this if you don't believe me. It's what's happening." So saying, the voice left me alone with my thoughts and a copy of the new Judas Priest album.

Well, I played the damn thing through, checked back to see that I hadn't just dreamt it, checked back once again to see if it wasn't imagining me . . . bleak isn't the word, isn't the word but bleak was the way it was seeming.

Y'see, "Killing Machine" is an album composed of grandiloquently empty riffs, played at tempi which are in the main on the dull side of stodgy by guitars which either sustain chords endlessly (producing a sound not unlike perpetual vomiting) or else dweedle-yaaaaaa-fribble-honk at high velocity, while a gentleman of some sort intones lyrics of some sort in a voice that would suggest that he was undergoing a double hernia if there was any evidence to suggest that he had any niagaras in the first place. Robert Plant clearly has a lot to answer for.

The title give a fair clue to what Messrs Priest (their names are Halford, Tipton, Downing, Hill and Binks — and they look it) have on their minds: "Delivering The Goods", "Rock Forever", "Hell Bent For Leather", "Burnin' Up", "Killing Machine", "Running Wild" and "Evil Fantasies", to name but seven. The titles sound considerably more exciting than the music, which would score absolute zero on the Excitometer were it not for the fact that they receive one bonus point for not featuring any keyboards.

They clearly wish to present themselves as very tough boys indeed — they're so macho that those of the group who shave probably use blowtorches — and one presumes that rough-trade fantasies of this nature are what is necessary to counteract the titanic feelings of inadequacy that lurk just below the conscious minds of the band and their regiments of fans. However, the most unpleasant song in an unpleasant repertoire is "Take On The World", which invites the audience to *"put yourselves in our hands"* and *together we can take on all the world."*

To do what, one might ask? I can see it now . . . Sheffield City Hall brimful with spotty youths resplendent in denim and dandruff waving peace signs (what do peace signs have to do with heavy metal, anyway?) engendering the most boring and meaningless apocalypse of all.

Charles Shaar Murray

SANTANA
Inner Secrets *(CBS)*

Holy Krishna! His benificence returns to the fold of lesser mortals for the annual Santana lesson, that quest whose purpose is boundless, ineffable. Wondrous Santana, your practice makes perfect, you are the musical equivalent of a civil servant, everything in triplicate.

So vishnu Devadip? Nothing much I'll warrant. Still dredging the bottom of funk's infinite barrel, this time abetted by coffee table producers Lambert and Potter, the ruination of everyone from Bobby Bland to The Righteous Brothers. Your avacadodipship is sporting an all new rhythm section and unleashing another safety valve vocalist.

These days you eschew the possibilities opened up on "Caravanserai", the implementation of jazz into Latin structures abandoned for a further round of mawkish West Coast histrionics. Brown rice in the overground disco one time, cheesecloth and ashes.

Going through the motions again, so pleasant. Note for note the imperious Mexican and his onetime Cate Brothers singer Greg Walker tiptoe over Jim Capaldi's "Dealer", just like Winwood. Carlos' guitar gently weeps but leaves no tell tale stain on the gleaming daks. "Inner Secrets", a contemplative ecstasy. The sound of one hand clapping in the Wembley Arena.

Such a way with words you have, I cannot comprehend your all pervading meaning. Perhaps "The Facts Of Love" of "Wham!" can inform us with their pastoral elegance, but no, even their beatific simplicity seems familiar to my eager ear. Obviously, I am not fit to share my poor turntable with you and yours. Until next year then Carlos, and the year after, and the year after that. •

Max Bell

ROY BROWN
Cheapest Price In Town
(Faith Records)

Although at 53 going on 25, Roy Brown is relatively young for an R&B star who first recorded just after the war, there's no getting around the fact that he's one of a dying breed. Indeed, most of his immediate predecessors and many of his musical contemporaries *are* dead — and few of the survivors are feeling at all well.

With that sobering truth as a reference point, this album leaps off the turntable like the product of a young, energetic stud with a head full of fresh ideas and a voice that's only just reaching its full, majestic range. When contrasted with records by the genuinely young, fresh talents around, however, it falls back into more realistic focus as a surprisingly strong but nonetheless uncommercial venture by a man whose only problem is the changing world about him.

He's singing as well, if not better than he did nearly 30 years ago, but his passionate gospel/blues style of singing — a style that, as the sleeve note puts it, "often balances on the fragile verge between cry and laughter" — is not in fashion right now. He is writing new songs, not rehashing his old hits, and good songs they are too. But, once again, they're not very timely, being mainly the sort of sexual jibes and jives that were once applauded as The Poetry of The Blues but are now attacked on the shaky grounds of Male Chauvinism (no sense of humour, these militants).

Thirdly, he is producing and mostly arranging his own sessions, and achieving a bright 'n' punchy sound that grabs the ear far harder than many a grander production. But — y'see, each time there's a but — the overall feeling is neither hardcore blues nor modern funk. Roy Brown 1978 mixes a rather incongruous gumbo of diverse ingredients that, I fear, is not going to tickle the palate of any one particular audience.

Still, it is a thoroughly enjoyable album; a spirited recording from a man who's full of life and full of talent. All he needs is direction.

Available from: John Stedman, 112 Sunny Gardens Road, London NW4.

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9th	Nashville Room, London
11th	Warwick University, Coventry
16th	HMS Neptune, Helensburgh, Dunbartonshire
17th	Aberdeen University
19th	St. Andrews University, Fife
20th	Strathclyde University, Glasgow
22nd	Bradford University
23rd	**Lyceum, London**
24th	**Marquee, London**
25th	**University, Reading**
December	
1st	Sheffield Polytechnic
15th	University College Hospital, London

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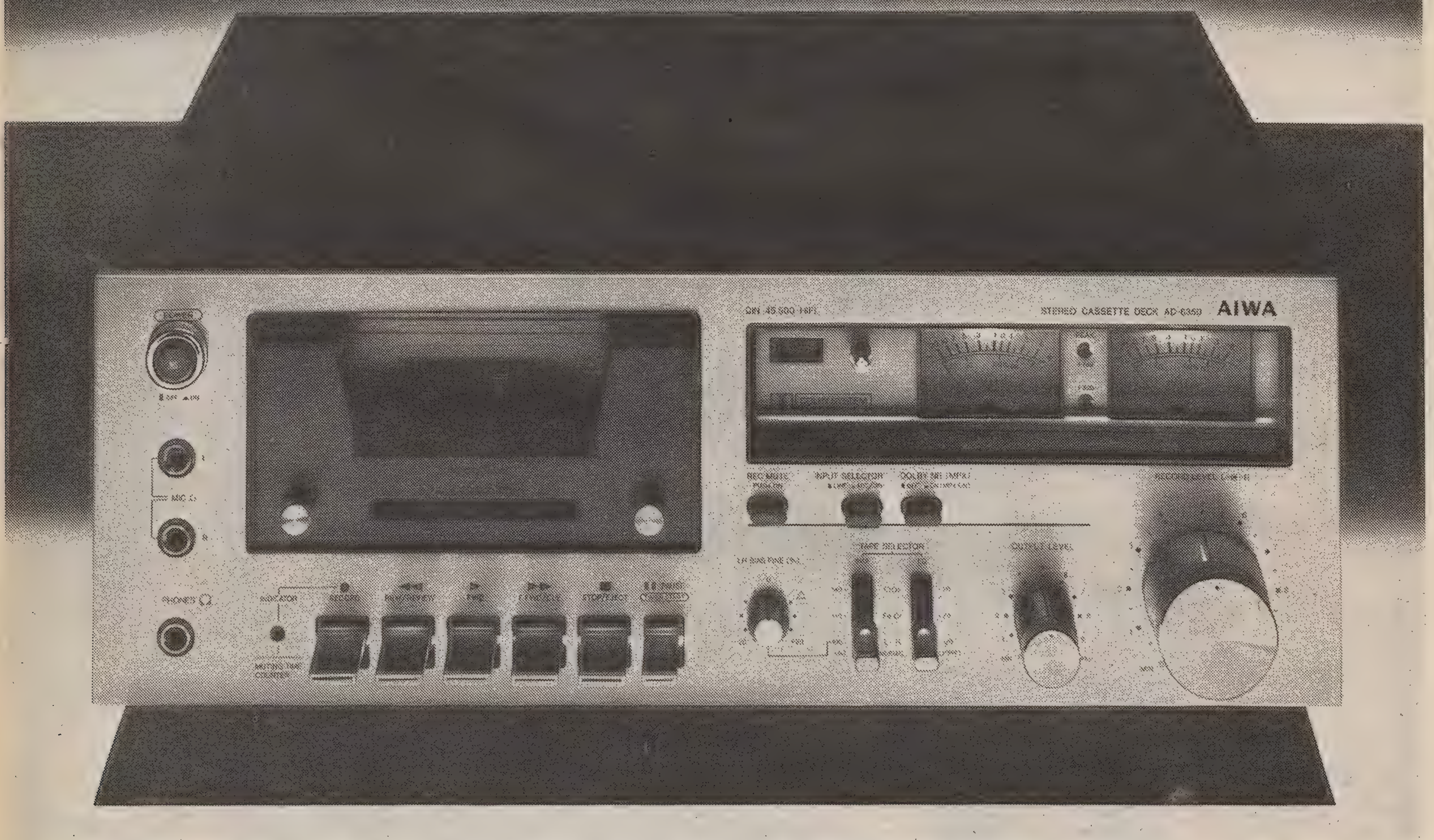

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DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

Choosin' hi-fi the separates way . . .

BERNARD FUTTER on the merits of building your own mix 'n' match hi-fi system

Three to cast your eye over. Right: CELESTION UL8, UL10 and UL6 speakers with the grills removed. Left: the AIWA AP2200 turntable (top) and YAMAHA CR620(E) stereo receiver.

THE NIGHTS are drawing in, the grant still has to be spent and the first whiff of cold has knocked granny over leaving you with a few hundred quid. In short the hi-fi season is upon us.

Before we go into this month's subject — planning a separates system — perhaps a few words about what this develish hi-fi stuff actually *is* wouldn't go amiss.

Hi-fi is quite simply an abbreviation for high-fidelity.

Many people confuse the words stereo and hi-fi but the two things *needn't* mean the same thing. Hi-fi equipment should be capable of reproducing an original recording with as much fidelity or accuracy as possible, whether in two-channel stereo — or mono.

But clearly it's not possible for a hi-fi system to replicate with absolute faithfulness the complete audio spectrum. Considering it may be asked to reproduce deep organ notes right up to Minnie Ripperton it's surprising it gets so close.

What manufacturers and in turn freaks are trying to do is to narrow the gap to negligible proportions. There's no doubt that a well matched system with clean source material sounds absolutely startling.

The blind live V recorded sound experiments that have fooled so many people are testimony to that.

Now, with definitions out of the way, why *should* you look for a separates system — choosing individual units — rather than a music centre.

Let's face it, the prospect of buying a self-contained music centre seems pretty tempting. Everything's in one box (or nearly), and who needs the worry of matching and wondering what goes with what?

Would you notice the difference, either, I hear you ask?

Invariably the answer is a resounding yes.

Music centres have made considerable progress over the last couple of years but only the very best are capable of tru hi-fi reproduction. Even then you could obtain the same or a better level of performance with separates for a helluva lot less money.

Another crucial factor is the lack of flexibility that a music centre gives you. Usually all the elements, be it the record deck or speakers, are built to the same standard.

You may have a particular interest in say, home taping, in which case you could probably do with a higher quality cassette section than the one you're lumbered with. If you ultimately want to upgrade, the whole lot's got to go.

In essence mix'n'matching the separates way enables you to choose the best components from different manufacturers. Leaders in cassette technology may make the world's lousiest speakers.

And these days the usual domestic objection about boxes and leads all around the room has been met by the smart new rack systems which are all the vogue.

Right, hopefully we've whetted your appetite, so how do you go about getting the stuff in? In succeeding issues we will be telling you how to go about choosing individual components in depth so what follows should be seen as a general guide.

It may seem a bit obvious but the first consideration is how much you can afford.

A basic hi-fi system worthy of the name starts at about £200 and can run to astronomical figures. It's possible, if you're a nutcase, to spend three times our basic system price on a pickup arm alone!

Although the obvious advice is to spend as much as you can reasonably afford, forking out a lot of money does not by any means guarantee success.

The law of diminishing returns means that an extra £100 can be significant in a cheaper system but almost irrelevant in an expensive one.

The next decision that needs to be taken is what facilities you require. A nuts and bolts system consists of a turntable, an amplifier and a pair of speakers. But there is an increasing trend, due of course to the popularity of the cassette medium, towards tape based systems.

For those who consider convenience of utmost importance this is obviously a good idea but higher quality results are still achievable from records.

Also there's the question of adding a radio capability.

If funds are limited you can add a matching stereo tuner at a later date, but it does make sense at the outset to purchase a receiver which combines an amplifier and a tuner section together.

Because certain components are common to both the cost will be less. This is certainly truer of the lower cost systems.

The enthusiast will require sufficient flexibility to choose from the tuner market according to his specific requirements.

For the basic system already outlined you should allow approximately fifty-two per cent for speakers, 27 per cent for an amplifier and 21 per cent for a record deck and cartridge.

There are many theories on the most logical method of actually building a system, but we favour starting with the speakers. This is the area that has the largest influence on the sound character of the whole system.

When, following a lengthy auditioning process, you have selected the model that sounds best to you, it's simple to determine how much power you will need from your amplifier section.

Similarly the pickup cartridge can be chosen to complement the speakers.

A common worry to most people concerns compatibility e.g. will that Pioneer cassette deck go with my Technics amplifier? This is no longer the problem it was and practically all equipment, whatever its origin, can be safely matched.

The only exception is to ensure that amplifiers are not too powerful for the speakers and that the pickup cartridge is not too sophisticated for your turntable combination.

These are generally commonsense considerations anyway.

As already stated we will be discussing, in depth, the purchasing of individual components over the next few weeks. In the meantime let's hope this has imbued you with sufficient courage to make inroads into the hi-fi jungle.

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And even this isn't all there is to JVC's Stereo Cassette Decks, but if you want to go deeper, go to your JVC dealer. He'll go as deep as you like into the true sound of JVC hi-fi.

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

Aylesbury Civic Centre: **Heartbeat/The Liggers/The Sores**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Hi-Tension**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Birmingham Mackadown Hotel: **Johnnie Ray**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Ocean Boulevard**
Brimingham Odeon **AC/DC**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham The Bell: **The Clerks**
Bradford Princeville Club: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
Bradford Royal Standard: **Gloria Mundi/The Jerks**
Bradford St George's Hall: **Judas Priest**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **The Bishops**
Brighton Richmond Hotel: **Nicky & The Dots/Cornflakes**
Bristol Granary: **Wild Horses**
Bristol Students Union: **Working Class Heroes**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Canterbury Kent University: **Possum**
Coleshill Old Salts Rugby Club: **Foggy**
Corby Denston College: **Scene Stealer**
Corby Rugby Club: **Quartz**
Coventry City Centre Club: **Muscles**
Coventry Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Coventry Warwick University: **Wreckless Eric/Rachel Sweet/Lene Lovich/Jona Lewie/Mickey Jupp**
Coventry Wyken Pippin: **Reno**
Cranfield Technical College: **The Edge**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Millie Jackson**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Cliff Richard**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **The Hawklords**
Glasgow Burns Howff: **Underhand Jones**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Matumbi**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Gene Pitney/Co-Co**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Buzzcocks**
Hanley The Galey: **Idiot Rouge**
Hanley The Place: **Medium Wave Band (for three days)**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Max Boyce**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **The Yetties**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Tribesman**
High Wycombe Town Hall: **Duck Baker**
Hitchin Shuttleworth College: **N.W.10**
Hull University: **Dire Straits**
Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: **The Breakouts**
Leeds Polytechnic: **John Cooper-Clarke/Ed Banger/Giro/Jeff Hill Band**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The Ambitions**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Demis Roussos**
Leicester University: **Third World**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **Gaffa**
London Bellingham Saxon Tavern: **Jerry The Ferret**
London Camden Brecknock: **Scarecrow**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Cado Belle**
London Camden Music Machine: **Nobody's Business/Sucker**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The It Band?**
London City Polytechnic: **After The Fire**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Immigrant**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Siouxsie & The Banshees/Nico/Spizz Oil**
London Hammersmith The Rutland: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Stickers**
London Highgate Jackson's Lane Community Centre: **£42 Cheque**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Jab Jab**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Fabulous Poodles/Screens**
London Marquee Club: **The Interlektuals**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Spring Offensive**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Fusion**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Sarah Vaughan (until Saturday)**
London Royal Albert Hall: **The Chieftains**
London School of Economics: **John Martyn**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **The Flying Saucers**
London Southwark College of Printing: **Misty**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Barry Richardson Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Dean Friedman**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **The Mekons / Gang Of Four/Bodician**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Young Bucks**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Whitesnake**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Gary Boyle Band**
Manchester Mayflower Club: **Ian Gillan Band**
Manchester The Squat: **Those Naughty Lumps**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Jerry Lee Lewis**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Jasper**
Newton Abbot Dyron's: **The Fans**
Norwich People's Club: **The Pirates**

THE REZILLOS begin their longest-ever tour this weekend, taking in nearly 40 dates around the country. Opening gigs for the Scottish band are at Leicester (Saturday), London Marquee (Sunday and Monday), Canterbury (Tuesday) and Reading (Wednesday).

THE SHIRTS, with Annie Golden out front as usual, return for another trek around the U.K. You can catch them in action at Liverpool (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Batley (Sunday), Birmingham (Monday), Bristol (Tuesday) and Newcastle (Wednesday).

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Test Tube Babies**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **CGas 5**
Oxford Benson R.A.F. Station: **Soul Direction**
Oxford New Theatre: **Lindisfarne**
Peterborough Unity Hall: **Deep Throats / The Now**
Plymouth Metro: **Penetration**
Plymouth Woods Centre: **The Lurkers**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Billie Jo Spears/Vernon Oxford/Lloyd Green / Ronnie Prophet**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Bethnal**
Poole Arts Centre: **Smokey Robinson**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Graham Shaw**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Whirlwind**
Sheffield University: **XTC**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Staa Marx**
Southport Scarisbrick Hotel: **Crash Course**
Swansea Circles Club: **Stadium Dogs**
Taunton Odeon: **Lonnie Donegan**
Wakefield The Raven: **Snoots**
Winsford Civic Hall: **The Real Thing**
Yeovilton Heron Club: **Samson**
York Barge Club: **Void**
York Revolution Club: **The Only Ones**

Friday

Aberdeen University: **The Bishops**
Basildon Towngate Theatre: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Bath University: **The Adverts**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **Scratch**
Bringley College: **Bullets**
Birmingham Aston University: **Supercharge**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **One Way Subway**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Italians**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Bad Earth**
Birmingham Odeon: **Demis Roussos**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Spitfire**
Birmingham The Bournbrook: **Mosiah/ Cravats**
Birmingham Town Hall: **XTC**
Blackpool Norbreck Hotel: **Jenny Darren Band**
Bournemouth Town Hall: **Freshly Layed Band/Gringo**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Mary O'Hara**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **The Real Thing**
Bridlington Royal Spa Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Brighton Fortune Of War: **Airport**
Buxton Pavilion Garden: **Jet Harris/ Vintage**
Cannock Troubadour: **Shots**
Canterbury Odeon: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Coventry Hand & Heart: **Life Support**
Coventry Theatre: **The Chieftains**
Derby Assembly Hall: **The Hawklords**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Brent Ford & The Nylons**
Durham University: **Landscape/The Late Show**
Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **Simple Minds**
Fareham John Peel: **The Molesters**
Grantham Coals Club: **Pressure Shocks**
Gravesend Prince Of Wales: **Rednite**
Guilford Royal Hotel: **The Piranhas**
Hanley Gaumont Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Max Boyce**
Haverhill Town Hall: **Hazard**
High Wycombe Art College: **N.W.10**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Whirlwind**
Hull New Theatre: **Dead Fingers Talk/The Void**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Whitesnake**
Kirkaldy Dutch Mill: **Underhand Jones**
Lancaster New Planet City: **Mike Harding**
Lancaster University: **Judas Priest**
Leamington Spa Mid-Warwickshire College: **The Defendants**
Leeds Becketts Park: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Dave Lewis Band**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Snoots**
Leeds Polytechnic: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar:**The Straits**
Lincoln A. J.'s Club: **Panties**
Lincoln Technical College: **White Horses**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Shirts**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **U.K. Subs/The Tickets/Security Risk**
London Camden Brecknock: **Tennis Shoes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Zaine Griff**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Central Polytechnic: **The Young Bucks**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Shooter**
London Enfield Rolling Mills: **Chas & Dave**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Straight 8**
London Marquee Club: **Blast Furnace And. . .**
London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **After The Fire**
London North Polytechnic: **Revelation**
London Plumstead Green Man: **Thief**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk And Blues Night**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Isaac Hayes Revue/Edwin Starr**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **Harem Scarem**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Platinum Hook**
London Southwark Southbank Polytechnic: **Dog Watch**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Monos**
London Upstairs At Ronnie Scott's: **Star Syndicate**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Tribesman/The Valves/The Invaders**
Loughborough University: **Wreckless Eric/Rachel Sweet/Lene Lovich/Jona Lewie/Mickey Jupp**
Maidstone College: **Budgie**
Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre: **Gene Pitney/Co-Co**
Manchester Mayflower Club: **Skrewdriver**
Manchester U.M.I.S.T: **China Street**
Manchester Valentine's: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Melksham Assembly Halls: **T-Ford & The Boneshakers**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Jasper**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Cliff Richard**
Newton Abbot Seale-Hayne College: **Sore Throat**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Newcastle Northern Counties College: **Sabrejets**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Hi-Tension**
Newport Village Club: **The Pirates**
Norwich Boogie House: **Stadium Dogs**
Nottingham, Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Slip Hazard & The Blizzards**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Gloria Mundi**
Ormskirk Edgehill College: **Muscles**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Samson**
Plymouth Metro: **Sham 69**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Gordon Giltrap Band**
Preston Polytechnic: **Fun**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **Johnnie Ray**
Redruth London Hotel: **The Fans**
Scarborough Penthouse: **The Lurkers**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Radio Earth**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Jam**
Sheffield Sorby Hall: **Bob Williamson**
Slough Community Centre: **Third World**
St. Andrew's University: **Crazy Cavan 'n' the Rhythm Rockers**
St. Helen's Glassridge Club: **The Accelerators**
Stevenage College: **Fischer-Z**
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **CGAS5**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **ENS**
Tamworth Arts Centre: **The Utensils**
Taunton Odeon: **Lonnie Donegan**
Tipton Brewer & Baker: **Nick Fenwick**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Penetration**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **The Cruisers**
Wolverhampton Rose & Crown: **Saffron**
York De Grey Rooms: **The Mekons**
York Revolution Club: **Klingons**
York University: **Dire Straits**

Saturday

Abertillery Six Bells: **Gaffa**
Andover Country Bumpkin: **Flintlock**
Aylesbury Friars: **XTC**
Barrow Civic Hall: **The Yetties**
Bath Brillig Arts Centre: **Shortwave Band**
Batley Crumpets: **White Horses**
Bedford College of Education: **Dave Lewis Band**
Belfast The Pound: **The Physicals**
Birmingham Aston University: **Iganda**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **The Tourists**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reno**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Dead Ringer & The Clowns**
Birmingham Hopwood Waterside Club: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Birmingham (King's Heath) Hare & Hounds: **Gary & Vera Aspey**
Birmingham Odeon: **Demis Roussos**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Birmingham University: **The Pirates/Blast Furnace**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **The Extras**
Bolton Institute of Technology: **Whitefire**
Bradford University: **Jags**
Brighton Dome: **Dean Friedman**
Bristol Brunel Technical College: **The Boyfriends**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Bristol Exhibition Centre (Beer Festival): **Stoney/Hand Up**
Cannock Troubadour: **Dawn Breaker**
Chatham Old Ash Tree: **Soul Direction**
Chesterfield Birmington Tavern: **Vesuvius**
Chichester Bishop Otter College: **Bullets**
Colchester Essex University: **Siouxsie & The Banshees/Spizz Oil**
Coventry Theatre: **Billie Jo Spears/Vernon Oxford/Lloyd Green/Ronnie Prophet**
Coventry Warwick University: **Fabulous Poodles/John Cooper-Clarke**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Budgie**
Croydon Red Deer: **The Voyeurs/Steve Boyce Band**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Judas Priest**
Derby Bishop Lonsdale College: **Scene Stealer**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Blazer Blazer**
Dunstable California Ballroom: **Third World**
Exeter University: **John Martyn**
Exmouth (Woodbury) Maltsters Arms: **Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **The Bishops**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **Jailer**
Harrogate Qui Belle: **Snoops**
Hornchurch The Bull: **Jerry The Ferret**
Ilford King's Club: **Johnnie Ray**
Ilford Odeon: **Gordon Giltrap Band**
Lancaster University: **Lindisfarne**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Red Eye**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Juggernaut**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The Vye**
Leicester University: **The Rezillos**
London AJ's Club: **The Lurkers**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Liverpool Eric's: **Ed Banger/Bulldog Clips/Giro/Jeff Hill Band**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Manyana**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Vipers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Tribesman**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Dickies/The Skids/Members**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Zaine Griff**
London Chelsea College: **Sassafras/Warren Harry**
London Chelsea The Wheatsheaf: **Overseas**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Chas & Dave**
London Hackney All Nations Club: **Immigrant**
London Hammersmith Swan: **Scratch**
London Harlesden Roxy Theatre: **Warren Smith/Crazy Cavan/Gina and The Rocking Rebels/Flying Saucers/Freddie 'Fingers' Lee/Wee Willie Harris**
London Hounslow Borough College: **Simon Townshend Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Soft Boys**
London Kensington Old Swan: **Rednite**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief with Dick Heckstall-Smith**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Star Syndicate**
London W.C.1 Conway Hall: **The Resisters/Mindless Pleasures**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **CGas5**
Manchester Mayflower Club: **Gloria Mundi/The Jerks**
Manchester Playhouse Theatre: **The Real Thing**
Manchester Russell Club: **Brown Sugar**
Manchester University: **The Shirts**
Manchester Valentine's: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Manchester The Venue: **The Flys**
Mansfield Rainworth Club: **Strange Days**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **The Crystals**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Cliff Richard**
Newcastle Bridge Hotel: **The Squad**
Newcastle The Canteen: **Mike Absalom**
Northampton Nene College: **Fischer-Z**
Norwich Boogie House: **Panties**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Supercharge**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Outward Band**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Sucker**
Nottingham University: **Wreckless Eric/Rachel Sweet/Lene Lovich/Jona Lewie/Mickey Jupp**

MANZANERA MANZANERA
new single
remote control

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Oxford Corn Dolly: **Spring Offensive**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **The Adverts**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Whitesnake**
Retford Porterhouse: **Muscles**
Rochdale Gracie Fields Theatre: **Redbrass**
Rochdale Champness Hall: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Salford Grosvenor Hotel: **Any Trouble**
Sheffield University: **Dire Straits**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Lonnie Donegan**
Southport New Theatre: **Gene Pitney/Co-Co**
St. Andrew's University: **Five Hand Reel**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Special Clinic**
Sutton-in-Ashfield Labour Club: **Vintage**
Taunton Odeon: **Sham 69**
Telford Town Hall: **"Salute To Satchmo" with Humphrey Lyttleton/Alex Welsh/George Chisholm**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **Ocean Boulevard**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Jenny Darren Band**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
York Revolution Club: **The Accelerators**

Sunday

Bakewell Monsal Head: **Vesuvius**
Batley Crumpets: **The Shirts**
Belfast Queen's University: **Gillan**
Birmingham Hippodrome: **Lindisfarne**
Birmingham Odeon: **Leo Sayer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Old Maltings: **Tracks (lunchtime)/Society Rhythm Orchestra (evening)**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Wreckless Eric/Rachel Sweet/Lene Lovich/Jona Lewie/Mickey Jupp**
Bolton Farnworth Veterans Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **"Salute To Satchmo" with Humphrey Lyttleton/Alex Welsh/George Chisholm**
Bradford Princeville Club: **The Sneakers**
Bradford Royal Standard Hotel: **Gloria Mundi/The Jerks**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Piranhas**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Sham 69/Cimarons**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Judas Priest**
Cannock Troubadour: **Incredible Kidda Band**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Richard Digance**
Colchester Woods Leisure Centre: **Bouncer**
Coventry Theatre: **Gene Pitney/Co-Co**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Chieftains**
Croydon Greyhound: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
Derby International Club: **Strange Days**
Dumfries Stage Coach: **The Pirates**
Largs Royal Hotel: **Charley Browne**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **White Horses**
Leeds University: **The Jam/The Dickies/Patrik Fitzgerald**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Luigi & Da Boys**
Leicester North Evanton Club: **Vintage**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Brecknock: **Zaine Griff**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Swift**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Finchley Torrington: **The Inmates**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Panties**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Albert King Blues Band**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Fame**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Jolt**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Jab-Jab**
London Marquee Club: **The Rezillos/The Undertones**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Johnny Shines**
London Paddington Western Counties: **Rednite**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Zaine Griff**
London Victoria The Venue: **Marshall Hain**
London Walthamstow The Chestnuts: **Tim Laycock**
London Waterloo Young Vic Theatre: **Five Hand Reel**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Wild Bill Davidson/Alan Elsdon Band**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Buzzcocks**
Manchester Mayflower Club: **Alex Harvey Band**
Manchester Royal Exchange Theatre: **Dean Friedman**
Manchester Stalybridge Commercial Hotel: **Any Trouble**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Billie Jo Spears/Vernon Oxford/Lloyd Green/Ronnie Prophet**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **Jasper Carrott**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Spoonfull**

***LINDISFARNE** are on the road from this week through until Christmas, topping one of the longest major tours of the year. They set out at Oxford (Thursday), Bridlington (Friday), Lancaster (Saturday), Birmingham (Sunday), Oldham (Monday), Nottingham (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday).*

***PURE HELL** are the New York outfit who reckon they're the world's only black punk band — and we've no reason to dispute that claim. They're coming over for their debut tour of Britain, kicking off in Birmingham on Wednesday.*

Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Press**
Oxford New Theatre: **Demis Roussos**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Derek Brimstone/Pikestaffe**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Staa Marx**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Budgie**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Monday

Belfast Whitla Hall: **Paul Brady**
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **White Horses**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **The Shirts**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Wide Boys**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Orphan**
Birmingham Odeon: **Judas Priest**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Town Hall: **Dire Straits**
Bristol Colston Hall: **AC/DC**
Bristol Romeo & Juliet: **Third World**
Cambridge University: **Bethnal**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Wreckless Eric / Rachel Sweet / Lene Lovich / Jona Lewie / Mickey Jupp**
Cardiff University: **Whitesnake**
Chester Smartyz: **The Extras**
Corby Festival Hall: **Johnnie Ray**
Doncaster Outlook Club: **Squeeze**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **The Bishops**
Exeter Routes: **The Skids**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Gordon Giltrap Band**
Glasgow Burns Howff: **Underhand Jones**
Gravesend Woodville Hall: **Flintlock**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Mike Harding**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **The Hawklords**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **Billie Jo Spears/Vernon Oxford/Lloyd Green / Ronnie Prophet**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **One Way Subway**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Snoots**
Leeds Viva Wina Bar: **Liar**
London Camden Brecknock: **Helicopters**
London Camden Music Machine: **Jab Jab**
London Camden Music Machine: **Jab Jab**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Young Bucks**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Exzibitor**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Zaine Griff**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Stadium Dogs**
London Lewisham Black Bull: **The Voyeurs**
London Marquee Club: **The Rezillos/The Undertones**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Grand Hotel**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Gary Boyle Band**
London Paddington Western Counties: **Rednite**
London Palladium: **Royal Variety Show**
London Putney Half Moon: **Cousin Joe/Jo-Ann Kelly**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Oscar Peterson (for a week)**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Fame**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **The Magnets/London Zoo**
London W14 The Kensington: **Jerry The Ferret**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Tiger Ashby**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Jam/The Dickies/Patrick Fitzgerald**
Manchester Opera House: **Lonnie Donegan**
Milton Keynes Crawford Rock Club: **Scene Stealer**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Millie Jackson**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Oxford New Theatre: **The Chieftains**
Plymouth Woods Centre: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Preston Pear Tree: **The Accelerators**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Jailer**
Stockton Fiesta Club: **The Real Thing**
Stoke Jollees: **Demis Roussos**
Swansea Circles Club: **Fischer-Z**
Warrington Carlton Club: **The Fall**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Gene Pitney/Co-Co**
York Barge Club: **Blind Lenon Clegg**

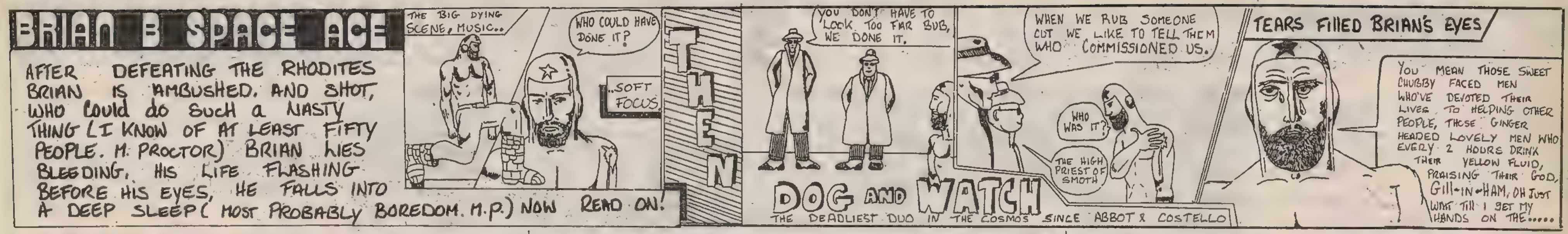
Tuesday

Birmingham Barbarella's: **Squeeze**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Fashion**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Hippodrome: **The Chieftains**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Jam/The Dickies/Patrik Fitzgerald**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Birmingham Town Hall: **Bethnal**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Vye**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Siouxsie & the Banshees/Spizz Oil**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Bully Wee**
Brighton Top Rank: **Third World**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Whitesnake**
Bristol Locarno: **The Shirts**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Jenny Darren Band**
Canterbury Odeon: **The Rezillos/The Undertones**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Sham 69**
Carlisle Assembly Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Corby Festival Hall: **Johnnie Ray**
Coventry New Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Derby Assembly Hall: **AC/DC**
Exeter Routes: **Key West**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Gordon Giltrap Band**
Hitchin Red Hart: **Scratch**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Max Boyce**
Jordanstown Polytechnic: **The Physicals**
Kilmarnock Golden Sheaf Hotel: **Hot Vultures**
Leeds Fan Club: **Gloria Mundi/The Jerks**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Middle Distance**
Leicester University: **Dire Straits**
Liverpool Sportsman: **Fun**
London Camden Brecknock: **First Aid**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Charlie Ainley/China Street (for three days)**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Young Bucks/Portraits**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Straight 8**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Dave Cousins**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Zaire Griff**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Landscape**
London N.11 Orange Tree: **Mr. Gladstone's Bag**
London Palladium: **Mary O'Hara (for five days)**
London Putney Half Moon: **Cousin Joe / Cliff Aungier**
London Sheen Derby Arms: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Tennis Shoes**
London Wandsworth Rose & Crown: **The Voyeurs**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **The Flys/N.W.10**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Passions/The Nipple Erectors/Clapperclaw**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Grand Hotel**
Manchester Appollo Theatre: **Judas Priest**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **The Frantic Elevators/Manchester Mekons/Fast Cars**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Swift**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Lindisfarne**
Nuneaton 77 Club: **The Skids**
Oxford New Theatre: **Millie Jackson**
Penzance The Garden: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Gene Pitney/Co-Co**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Staa Marx**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Peter Sarstedt/Catherine Howe**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Molodoy**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Boyfriends**
Swansea Top Rank: **The Real Thing**
Swindon Arts Centre: **Midnite Follies Orchestra**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Wishaw Heathery Bar: **Underhand Jones**

Wednesday

Aberdeen Ruffles: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Bedford The Clarence: **Quasar**
Birmingham Aston University: **Gaffa**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Pure Hell**
Birmingham Barrell Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Streetlite**
Birmingham Hippodrome: **Mike Harding**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham The Sherwood: **Cartoons**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Stadium Dogs**
Bournemouth Village Bowl: **Wreckless Eric / Rachel Sweet / Lene Lovich / Jona Lewie / Mickey Jupp**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Judas Priest**
Bradford College of Education: **The Boyfriends**
Bradford University: **Bethnal**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Executives**
Brighton Conference Centre: **Dolly Parton**
Brighton Dome: **Millie Jackson**
Brighton Top Rank: **XTC**
Cannock Troubadour: **Tapestry**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Third World**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coventry Theatre: **The Jam / The Dickies / Patrik Fitzgerald**
Doncaster Rotters: **The Real Thing**
Egham Royal Holloway College: **Jags**
Exeter Routes: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Glasgow Appollo Centre: **The Hawklords**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Gordon Giltrap Band**
Irvine Eglington Arms: **Hot Vultures**
Leeds Brannigan's Bar: **Bad News**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Knife Edge**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Accelerators**
London Acton White Hart: **U.K. Subs / The Dole**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Young Bucks**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **O.K.**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Hi-Fi**
London Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Dog Watch**
London Chelsea College: **Neon Hearts**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Neon**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **AC/DC**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Trans-Am**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Bullets**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Tiger Ashby**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **David Blosse Band**
London West Hampsted Railway Hotel: **Lightning Raiders / Luxound Deluxe**
London W.C.1 Collegiate Theatre: **Landscape / Earthbound**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Siouxsie & The Banshees / Spizz Oil**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Manchester Phoenix Club: **Whitefire**
Manchester Russell Club: **Slaughter & The Dogs**
Manchester University: **Dire Straits**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Swift**
Newcastle University: **The Shirts**
Norwich Boogie House: **Squeeze**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Max Boyce**
Oxford New Theatre: **Whitesnake**
Paisley Three Horseshoes: **Charley Browne**
Pontypridd Wales Polytechnic: **Whirlwind**
Poole Arts Centre: **Hi-Tension**
Poole Rockley Sands: **The Yetties**
Portrush Arcadia: **Racing Cars**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Leo Sayer**
Preston Guildhall: **Gillan**
Reading Top Rank: **The Rezillos / The Undertones**
Sheffield City Hall: **Cliff Richard**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Merger**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **The Chieftains**
Solihull Golden Lion: **Special Clinic**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swansea Top Rank: **Sham 69**
Swansea University: **Andy Desmond / The Actors**
Wakefield Bretton Hall College: **John Cooper-Clarke**
Wigan Bluto's Disco: **Elusive**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Special Clinic**
Worthing Balmoral Bar: **The Bats**
York Barge Club: **Motel**
York Pop Club: **Penetration**

MANZANERA MANZANERA
b/w
k-scope
From his forthcoming LP k-scope


BRIAN B SPACE ACE
AFTER DEFEATING THE RHODITES BRIAN IS AMBUSHED. AND SHOT, WHO could do SucH a NASTY THING (I KNOW OF AT LEAST FIFTY PEOPLE. M. PROCTOR) BRIAN LIES BLEEDING, HIS LIFE FLASHING BEFORE HIS EYES, HE FALLS INTO A DEEP SLEEP (MOST PROBABLY BOREDOM. M.P.) NOW READ ON!
THE BIG DYING SCENE, MUSIC..
WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT?
..SOFT FOCUS
THEN
YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOOK TOO FAR BUB, WE DONE IT.
WHEN WE RUB SOMEONE OUT WE LIKE TO TELL THEM WHO COMMISSIONED US.
WHO WAS IT?
THE HIGH PRIEST OF SMOTH
DOG AND WATCH
THE DEADLIEST DUO IN THE COSMOS SINCE ABBOT & COSTELLO
TEARS FIlled BRIAN'S EYES
YOU MEAN THOSE SWEET CHUBBY FACED MEN WHO'VE DEVOTED THEIR LIVES TO HELPING OTHER PEOPLE, THOSE GINGER HEADED LOVELY MEN WHO EVERY 2 HOURS DRINK THEIR YELLOW FLUID, PRAISING THEIR GOD, Gill-IN-HAM, OH JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THE.....

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 **01-437 6603**

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs. 9th Nov. (Adm 85p)
THE INTELLECKTUALS
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Fri. 10th Nov. (Adm £1.00)
BLAST FURNACE
Plus guests & Ian Fleming

Sat. 11th Nov. (Adm £1.00)
REACTION
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Sun. 12th & Mon. 13th Nov. (Adm £2.00)
A MARQUEE SPECTACULAR
THE REZILLOS
The Undertones & Jerry Floyd

Tues. 14th Nov. (Adm £1.50)
Return by PUBLIC DEMAND
CHELSEA
Plus friends & Joe Lung

Wed. 15th Nov. (Adm £1.00)
SNIPS
Plus friends & Joe Lung

Thurs. 16th Nov.
SEE PANEL BELOW

Fri. 17th Nov. (Adm £1.00)
ZAINE GRIFF
Plus guests & Ian Fleming

Thurs. 16th Nov. — See the "Glory of the World"
ONLY LONDON APPEARANCE
GLORIA MUNDI
Jerry Floyd + Support Adm £1.00

HAMBURGERS & OTHER HOT & COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

THE NASH VILLE ROOM

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

Friday November 10th £1
PRESSURE SHOCKS
+ The Lineshooters

Saturday November 11th £1
CADO BELLE + The Casual Band

Sunday November 12th 85p
JAB JAB + Trans-am

Monday November 13th 75p
STADIUM DOGS
PRAG VEC
SOUNDER

Tuesday November 14th 75p
LANDSCAPE + Famous Players

Thursday November 16th £1
SOFT BOYS + Plain Characters

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

Rainbow

OUTLAW CONCERTS
PRESENT

DILLINGER
Saturday 25th November 7·30p.m.

TAPPER ZUKIE
Saturday 16th December 7·30p.m.

Tickets £3·00, £2·50, £2·00, £1·50
From Box Office, London Theatre Booking,
Premier Box Office

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gentry

DOUBLE SIX
BASILDON
17th NOVEMBER

CAMDEN GIRLS
SCHOOL
21st NOVEMBER

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

DEVO

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE STREET W6

SAT/SUN — 2/3 DEC at 7.30 pm

Tickets £3.00 £2.50 £2.00 £1.50 (incl VAT) in advance
Theatre Box Office 01-748 4081. London Theatre Bookings, Shaftesbury Avenue 01-439 3371. Premier Box Office 01-240 2245. Usual agents or on night

TELEPHONE *01-387-0428/9*

MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE. N.W.1

Wednesday November 8th £1.00
DAVE LEWIS BAND
Featuring Charlie McCracken & Rob Townshend
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm

Thursday November 9th £1.50
NOBODY'S BUSINESS
+ Sucker

Friday November 10th £2.00
SNIPS
+ Video Kings
+ Random Hold

Saturday November 11th £2.00
MATUMBI
+ A to Z

Monday November 13th £1.00
JAB-JAB
+ Galaxy

Tuesday November 14th £1.00
HI-FI
+ The Invaders
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm

Thursday November 16th £1.50
From the U.S.A.
PURE HELL
+ Johnny Curious & The Strangers

Wednesday November 15th £1.00
TRADITION
+ Hi Flying Clive

LICENSED BARS — LIVE MUSIC — DANCING
8PM — 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

WEA by arrangement with Cowbell presents IF YOU WANT BLOOD YOU'VE GOT IT

AC/DC

+ GUESTS **BLAZER BLAZER**

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
NOVEMBER 15th/16th 7.30 PM
TICKETS £3.00 £2.50 £2.00
Available from advance theatre b.o. 748 4081
London Theatre Bookings, Shaftesbury Ave. 439 3371
Premier Box Office, 240 2245 and usual agents

Brighton Polytechnic

(Lewes Road)

Friday Nov. 10th

BETHNAL

Plus Bernie Torme Band

Doors Open 7.30

Tickets Students £1 Advance
Guests £1.20 Advance
£1.30 On Door

GET IT LIVE!

SUNDAYS AT THE LYCEUM

Harvey Goldsmith by arrangement with Stiff present

THE BE STIFF TOUR 1978
WRECKLESS ERIC MICKEY JUPP JONA LEWIE RACHEL SWEET LENE LOVICH
& GUESTS TO BE ANNOUNCED
Sunday 19th November £2.25 in advance £2.50 on door

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents
JAPAN
+ support
Sunday 26th November £2.00 in advance £2.25 on door

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments in association with Outlaw presents
REZILLOS + Special guests **Undertones**
+ Mekons
Sunday 3rd December £2.00 in advance £2.25 on door

Tickets available from the Lyceum Box Office, The Strand, WC2 01-836 3715 and the Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, W1 01-629 3453 (20p booking fee)

Doors open 7.15pm

DINGWALLS

01-267 4967 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

THUR 9
CADO BELLE
SUN 12
LEW LEWIS REFORMER
7pm-11.30pm
MON 13
RONNIE HAWKINS & THE HAWKS
TUES 14/WED 15/THUR 16
CHARLIE AINLEY
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS CHINA STREET

BOOZE IS ½ PRICE BEFORE 11pm

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY S.U.

Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middlesex. Tel: 39125

Friday November 10th

PENETRATION
+ Support
Tickets £1 in advance, £1.20 on the night

Wednesday November 15th

THE REZILLOS
+ THE UNDERTONES + JOY DIVISION
Tickets £1.20 in advance, £1.40 on the night

NEXT FRIDAY November 17th **JOHN MARTYN**

Tickets available from social secretary and City Electronics

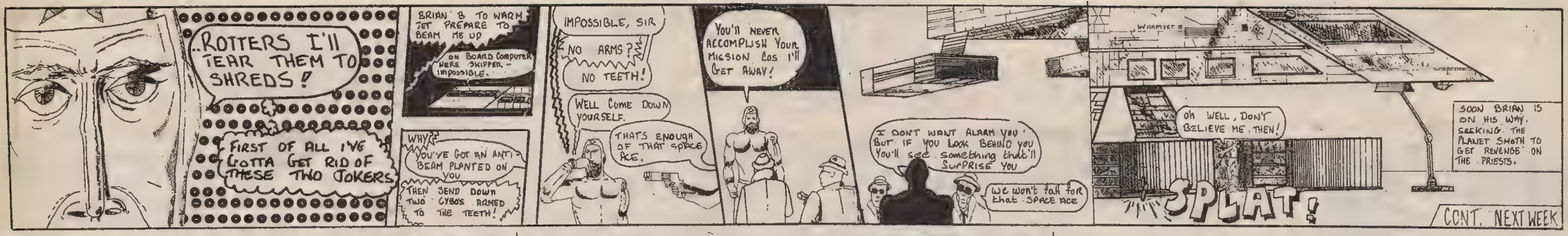
Nearest Tube: Uxbridge, Buses 204, 207, 223, 224

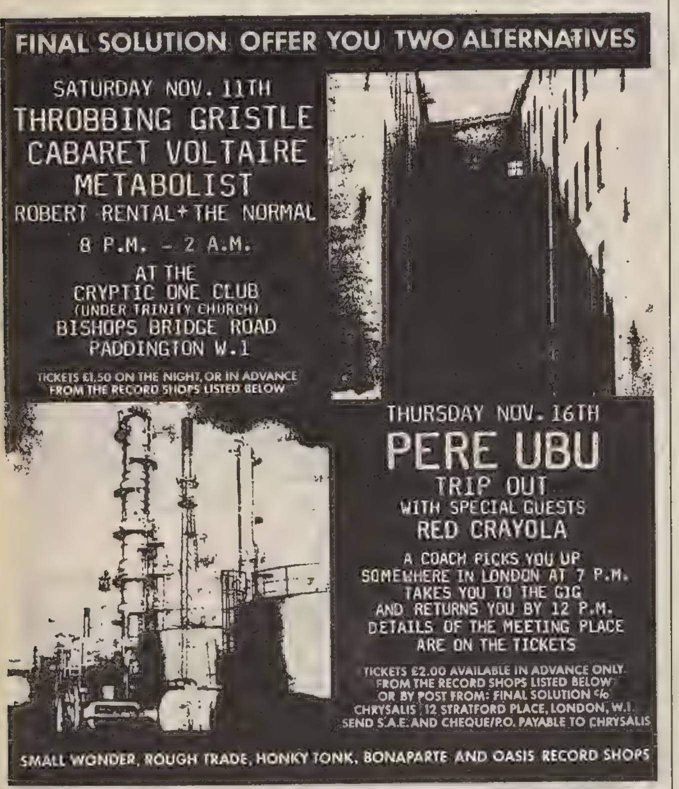
EARTHBOUND

Pre-Christmas dates

15th November
The Collegiate Theatre
Gower Street, WC1.
17th November
St. George's Hospital Medical School
Cranmer Terrace, SW7.
18th November
The Hollies — Tidal Basin Tavern
Canning Town, E16.
25th November
The Stapleton Hall Tavern
Crouch Hill, N4.

2nd December
Duke of Lancaster
New Barnet
6th December
Upstairs at Ronnies
Frith Street, WC1.
8th December
Royal Holloway College
Egham, Surrey.
Band enquiries **01-203 4632.**
EARTHBOUNCERS' CLUB — Phone **Stella, 01-444 7768.**


..ROTTERS I'll TEAR THEM TO SHREDS!
FIRST OF ALL I'VE GOTTA GET RID OF THESE TWO JOKERS
BRIAN B TO WARM JET PREPARE TO BEAM ME UP
ON BOARD COMPUTER HERE SKIPPER – IMPOSSIBLE.
WHY
YOU'VE GOT AN ANTI-BEAM PLANTED ON YOU
THEN SEND DOWN TWO CYBO'S ARMED TO THE TEETH!
IMPOSSIBLE, SIR
NO ARMS?
NO TEETH!
WELL COME DOWN YOURSELF.
THATS ENOUGH OF THAT SPACE ACE.
You'll NEVER ACCOMPLISH YOUR MISSION COS I'll GET AWAY!
I DONT WANT ALARM YOU BUT IF YOU LOOK BEHIND YOU You'll see something that'll SURPRISE YOU
We won't fall for that SPACE ACE
WARMJET B
Oh WELL, DON'T BELIEVE ME, THEN!
SPLAT!
SOON BRIAN IS ON HIS WAY, SEEKING THE PLANET SMOTH TO GET REVENGE ON THE PRIESTS.
CONT. NEXT WEEK



FINAL SOLUTION OFFER YOU TWO ALTERNATIVES

SATURDAY NOV. 11TH
THROBBING GRISTLE
CABARET VOLTAIRE
METABOLIST
ROBERT RENTAL + THE NORMAL
8 P.M. – 2 A.M.
AT THE
CRYPTIC ONE CLUB
(UNDER TRINITY CHURCH)
BISHOPS BRIDGE ROAD
PADDINGTON W.1

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WINDSOR CASTLE
HARROW RD. W.9.
Friday Nov. 10th

ELECTRIC BALLROOM
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Saturday Nov. 11th.

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Thurs. Nov. 9th
SOUTHAMPTON, Joiners Arms
Fr. Nov. 10th
MILTON KEYNES, The Crawford
Sun. Nov. 12th
REDHILL, Lakers Hotel
Tues. Nov. 14th
PORSTMOUTH, Poly (R.A.R.)

Major Underpants-Browne, Military Police, addressing the congregation at All Souls Church, Pratts Bottom, said: "In his country's darkest hour, Aardvark was not found lacking. In fact, we couldn't find him anywhere and we're still looking for the little sod."

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23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday, Nov. 9th 30p
THE ITBAND?

Friday, Nov. 10th 50p
NOBODY'S BUSINESS
Featuring Bobby Harrison, Tony Stevens, Joe Jammer and Jerry Franks

Saturday, Nov. 11th 40p
ZAINE GRIFF

Sunday, Nov. 12th 40p
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD

Monday, Nov. 13th 30p
YOUNG BUCKS

Tuesday, Nov. 14th 40p
THE TICKETS
+ U.K. SUBS + Security Risk

Wednesday, Nov. 15th 30p
HI-FI

We've got "A WEEK AT THE BRIDGE" Live Album, have you?

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SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

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in the S.U. Dance Hall at 8.30 p.m.

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Rotary St.,
S.E.1.

Friday November 10th

DOGWATCH

Nearest tube: Elephant & Castle

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MANCHESTER

Thursday November 9th
IAN GILLAN BAND
+ Support

Friday November 10th
SKREWDRIVER
+ Guests Bitch

Saturday November 11th
GLORIA MUNDI
+ from Holland
One Way Subway

Sunday November 12th
SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND
(with Alex Harvey)

Friday November 17th
PURE HELL
(From America, the worlds first all black punk band)

Saturday November 18th
JAPAN
+ Support

Sunday November 19th
MERGER
+ Support

Wednesday November 22nd
THE CONTENDERS
(with Jim Capaldi)

Thursday November 23rd
STADIUM DOGS
+ Support

Friday November 24th
SNIPS
+ Support

Saturday November 25th
DAVID JOHANSEN BAND
(Ex N.Y. Dolls)
+ Support

Sunday November 26th
SLADE
+ Special Guests
Skrewdriver

Thursday November 30th
SQUEEZE
+ Support

Friday December 1st
DAVE LEWIS BAND
Featuring Charlie McCracken (Ex Taste) & Rob Townshend (Ex Family)

Tickets available from Virgin Records, tel 061 236 4801. Piccadilly Records, tel 061 236 2555. Paperchase, tel. 061-834 7992. One Stop, tel 061 236 8314 & Discland, tel 061 624 4904. Or from club.
Further enquiries ring 061 624 1174.

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Wednesday, November 15th

U.K. SUBS + THE DOLL

+ DJ Jerry Floyd
Doors open 7.45pm.

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JOHN MARTYN

at The Old Theatre, London School of Economics, Houghton Street, London WC2

On Thursday November 9th

Tickets £1.50 from LSE Union shop
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Tubes Holborn and Temple

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MISTY PLUS SUPPORT

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Action Space, Chenies St, 16th Dec 8.30

A.J.'s CLUB
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Thursday Nov. 9th, 9pm — 2am
SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
Friday Nov. 10th 9pm — 2am
PANTIES
(Two Girl Vocalists)
Saturday Nov. 11th, 8pm — 2 am
THE LURKERS

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Nov Tues 14 Nashville Rooms, West Kensington 9 pm 75p
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Fri 24 Goldsmiths College
Sat 25 Royal Holloway College
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20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts. Tel. 704981

Friday, November 10th
ERIC BELL BAND

Saturday, November 11th
MUSCLES

SCANDAL

Shouldn't be allowed
at the

MAGNET & DEWDROP, West Ferry Road, E14
Saturday November 11th

NAGS HEAD, ROCHESTER
Friday & Saturday November 17th & 18th

THE TIDAL BASIN TAVERN, E.16
Friday November 24th

BARBARELLA'S

41 CUMBERLAND STREET, BIRMINGHAM
01-021 643 9413

Thursday November 9th	HI-TENSION
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Monday November 13th	from U.S.A. THE SHIRTS
Tuesday November 14th	SQUEEZE
Wednesday November 15th	From U.S.A. PURE HELL *The World's First All Black Punk Band*
Friday November 17th	THE SKIDS *+ Special Guests* NEXT
Saturday November 18th	From U.S.A. DAVID JOHANSEN *(Ex New York Dolls)*
Sunday November 19th	WILD HORSES *Featuring Brian Robertson Ex Thin Lizzy & Jimmy Bain from Rainbow*
Monday November 21st	CAFE JACQUES
Wednesday November 23rd	THE CONTENDERS
Thursday November 24th	JAPAN
Friday November 25th	STADIUM DOGS
Sunday November 27th	PERE UBU
Monday November 28th	FAIRPORT CONVENTION

BRIAN B'S LIVE PAGE

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR ALL LONDON CONCERTS

Nov. 9: CHIEFTAINS
Nov. 9: SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES
Nov. 10: ISAAC HAYES
Nov. 12: RICHARD AND LINDA THOMPSON
Nov. 15: AC/DC
Nov. 17: JUDAS PRIEST
Nov. 17: SHOWADDYWADDY
Nov. 17: X.T.C.
Nov. 18: BARBARA DICKSON
Nov. 18/19: MILLIE JACKSON
Nov. 19: ESTHER PHILLIPS
Nov. 19: ALAN PRICE
Nov. 19: JERRY LEE LEWIS
Nov. 19: WRECKLESS ERIC/MICKEY JUPP
Nov. 19: GENE PITNEY
Nov. 20: DOLLY PARTON
Nov. 20/25: CLEO LAINE
Nov. 22: THIRD WORLD
Nov. 23: THE CARS
Nov. 23: WHITE SNAKE
Nov. 24: JAMES BROWN
Nov. 25: BETHNAL
Nov. 26: GORDON GILTRAP
Nov. 26: JAPAN
Nov. 27: X-RAY SPEX
Nov. 28/29: OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN
Nov. 28/Dec. 3: BONEY M
Dec. 2: MIKE HARDING
Dec. 2: DAVID ESSEX
Dec. 2/3: DEVO
Dec. 3: REZILLOS
Dec. 4: HI-TENSION
Dec. 4/8: LIZA MINELLI
Dec. 8: MUDDY WATERS
Dec. 9: CHILD
Dec. 10: ULTRAVOX!
Dec. 10/11: ELKIE BROOKS
Dec. 11/13: PARLIAMENT
Dec. 15/16: AL STEWART
Dec. 16: TAPPER ZUKIE
Dec. 18/24: ELVIS COSTELLO
Jan. 12/14: RORY GALLAGHER
Apr. 17/20: JAMES LAST

For further info send s.a.e.

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 SHAFTESBURY AVE.,
LONDON W.1
General enquiries:
01-439 3371

Breaking Point, Chelsea Drugstore
Kings Road
Thursday November 9 at 8pm

ROGUE HERRING

admission 60p

FOXES AT THE **GREYHOUND** PARK LANE, CROYDON

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SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

+ 2 Supports + D.J. Graham Fox
Sunday November 19th: CLOSED (PRIVATE FUNCTION)

FUNKY FOX at the CENTRE
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Friday November 10th (8.30 p.m. — late)

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Licensed Bar & Food. Tickets available on the door

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DAVID COVERDALE·DAVE DOWLE·
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New album "TROUBLE" (INS 3022)
Includes current single "Lie Down (A Modern Love Song)" INT 567
ON TOUR WITH GUESTS
Magnum
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TICKETS: £3.00, £2.50, £2.00 & £1.50
From HAMMERSMITH ODEON BOX OFFICE (Tel: 7484081) and usual AGENTS

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160 VICTORIA ST., S.W.1
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FOOD, DRINK, LIVE BANDS TILL 3.00am

MARSHALL HAIN
November 12 7.00 £3.00

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November 16
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November 19
7.00 £3.00

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November 21
7.00 & 11.30 £3.00

WILKO JOHNSON
December 10
7.00 £3.00

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December 15-21*
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FAME

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THE LIMIT CLUB

70/82 West Street,
Sheffield 1

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WHIRLWIND

Friday November 10th
RADIO EARTH

Saturday November 11th
DISCO
Featuring Paul Unwin appearing as a D.J.

Monday November 13th
Free Festival Night
PRESS
CAN-D
JAILER

Tuesday November 14th
Free Festival Night
THE NEXT BAND
+ Two To Be Announced

Wednesday November 15th
Reggae Night with
MERGER

Enquiries: Sheffield 730940

PEGASUS

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LONDON N.16.
01-226 5930

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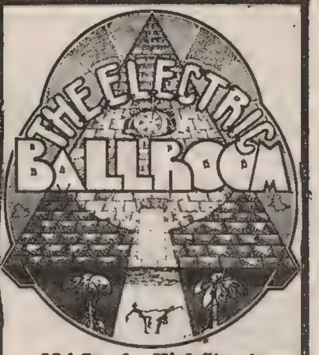
BARRY RICHARDSON BAND
Friday Nov. 10th 50p
MONOS
Saturday Nov. 11th 50p
BIG CHIEF
Featuring Dick Heckstall Smith
Sunday Nov. 12th 50p
ZAINE GRIFF
Monday Nov. 13th Free
FAME
Tuesday Nov. 14th Free
TENNIS SHOES
Wednesday Nov. 15th Free
DAVID BLOSSE BAND



184 Camden High Street.
Saturday Nov 11th

THE DICKIES

+ Skids
+ The Members
Admission £1.50
8.30 pm — 2 am

SUSSEX UNIVERSITY S.U.
S.A.C. Presents

TUESDAY NOVEMBER 14th
Ex Thin Lizzy . . .

BRIAN ROBERTSON'S WILD HORSES

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+ Lightning Raiders

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FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL **AYLESBURY**
Saturday November 11th at 7.30 pm
Clap Clap Clap

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+ N.W.10 + PUSH
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Tickets 170p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Hairport Amersham 69, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, F.L. Moore Bletchley Dunstable & Luton, Hi-Vu Buckingham, or 170p at door on night. Life membership 25p.
(Jumping Meccanik Super-Tough Battery Beatown Rhythm Brides in Greenhouse Red (Buzz City Talking). Go 3 at F.A. (Always one ahead of the other venues).

MCP presents

Judas Priest

LEA HART

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
FRIDAY NOVEMBER 17th 7.30PM
TICKETS £3.00 £2.50 £2.00
Available from advance theatre b.o. 748 4081
London Theatre Bookings, Shaftesbury Ave. 439 3371
Premier Box Office. 240 2245 and usual agents

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Saturday 11th **JAB JAB** + Support £1	Tuesday 14th **ZAINE GRIFF** + Neo 75p
	Wednesday 15th **TRANS-AM** + Support Free

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XTC

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184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. N.W.1
FRIDAY 17th NOVEMBER at 8·30
TICKETS £2·00 (INC VAT) IN ADVANCE ELECTRIC BALLROOM BOX OFFICE TEL. 485 9006
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE. 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245
EDWARDS & EDWARDS, TEL. 734 9761 OR ON NIGHT

EEL PIE ROCK CLUB
at the Grove Tavern,
Washington Road, Kingston, Surrey
Friday, November 10th

THE BUSINESS

+ MIKE WILSON
Admission £1.00. Members 85p
Doors open 7.30 pm
Enquiries: Ray Bland on Chertsey (09328) 63357

LIVE

Blast Furnace and...
+ John Potter's CLAY
AT THE MARQUEE
FRIDAY NOVEMBER 10th
A Blue Wave Bomb In Wardour Street

MICHAEL KRAMER presents
SPLIT RIVITT
Thurs. Nov. 9
MARQUEE
Sat. Nov. 18
TRIAD LEISURE CENTRE
Bishops Stortford
Tues. Nov. 21
MUSIC MACHINE
Mon. Nov. 27
DINGWALLS
Fri. Dec. 1
WESTMINSTER COLLEGE, OXFORD
Thurs. Dec. 7
NORBRECK CASTLE BLACKPOOL
Fri. Dec. 8
BOOGIE HOUSE NORWICH
Sat. Dec. 9
THE REVOLUTION YORK
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Saturday November 11th £1
SOFT BOYS
Sunday November 12th 75p
THE JOLT
Monday November 13th 60p
ZAINE GRIFF
Tuesday November 14th 75p
JOE JACKSON
Wednesday November 15th 75p
BULLETS
Thursday November 16th 60p
STRAIGHT 8

P.C.L.S.U. ENTS PRESENT
Friday November 10th at 8 pm
YOUNG BUCKS
+ GINO & THE SHARKS + AIRMAIL
Tickets 70p in advance, £1 on the door.
115 CAVENDISH STREET, LONDON W1
Enquirios 01-636 6271.

Ronnie L Proudly Presents
THIRD WORLD
+ Support
Thursday November 16th at the 100 CLUB, 100 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, WEST ONE
Advance tickets on sale at the 100 Club (10 am to 5 pm) £3.50
Also on sale at the door on the night

Black Productions present
at the
ACKLAM HALL
(under the Flyover)
PORTOBELLO ROAD
Friday November 10th
THE TRIBESMEN
+ THE VALVES
+ THE INVADERS
Open 8 pm — late
Admission £1.50

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Incredible Commuting Songwriter

MIKE HERON: writing deal

Could you find out what Mike Heron's doing now? When is his next album coming out? — **ALAN HOWKINS, Luton.**

● Though no "next album" is likely in the foreseeable future, the original Incredible Hulk is still doing very nicely, thank you, spending his days pottering up and down between London, where he spends most of his time nowadays, and Scotland, where he owns a cottage and records a multitude of demo discs.

A prolific songwriter, Heron would seem to be concentrating on this side of his career at this point in time. He has a profitable songwriting deal with Chappell's, the music publishers, and his songs have recently been recorded by Manfred Mann, Bonnie Tyler and Frankie Miller, all of which keeps his bank manager fairly happy.

Recently he cut a one-off single for Bruce Findlay's Zoom label ("Sold On Your Love" / "Portland Rose" — ZUM 5) just to prove that he's alive and kicking, but the news is that he's unlikely to do any gigs this side of Hogmanay.

I have a copy of Generation X's "Wild Youth" single that has an entirely different B-side to the labelled "Wild Dub". It has a chorus that goes something like "No, No, No" (or perhaps it's "Love, Love, Love"). Anyway, could you provide the correct title, tell me how many were pressed and — here's the big one — hazard a guess at how much it's worth? — **STEPHEN GARDINER, Loughborough, Leicester.**

● You were right the first time — the song is "No, No, No." A few thousand copies of the disc were pressed with an incorrect B side before anyone latched on to the error, these pressings bearing the matrix number 2189 B/1 UT. Valuewise, I wouldn't like to commit myself — but the disc is certainly worth hanging on to though I doubt if it'll ever become a plastic Krugerrand.

I caught up with the film *Vanishing Point* fairly recently and I wondered if a soundtrack album is, or was, available. Enlighten me please. — **R. ALLEN, Eltham, London SE9.**

● Yeah — there was a "Vanishing Point" album, which came out on Amos in the States and on London SHU 8420 here (1971). A 14-track affair, it included Mountain's "Mississippi Queen", Big Mama Thornton's "Sing Out For Jesus", Delaney And Bonnie's "You Got To Believe", Jerry Reed's "Welcome To Nevada", Doug Dillard's "Runaway Country", Segarini and Bishop's "Over Me" and "Dear Jesus God", and other items by Kim And Dave, Eve, J. B. Pickes, Jimmy Walker, Jimmy Bowen and one-time BS&T vocalist Bobby Doyle.

I am desirous of obtaining a decent LP of all the old Chuck Berry greats — "Maybellene", "Schooldays", "Memphis" etc. Does such a platter exist? In a Keith Richard interview sometime back it was mentioned that he listened to Chuck Berry Chess out-takes. Are such recordings available to the likes of you and I? — **NICK SEWELL, Freshwater Bay, I.o.W.**

● I guess the best Berry one-shot is "Motorvatin'" (Chess 9286 690), a 22-track compilation, which Phonogram pushed our way during '77. Just about all the duck-walk classics are there from "Maybellene" and "Schooldays", Chuck's first U.S. hits, through to "My Ding A Ling" and "Reeling' And Rockin'," his last British chart-climbers. As for the out-takes — well, there's always someone who has such things — but obtaining them for one's own collection is another matter.

Sometime last year *NME* featured an article that mentioned the possible release of an Eddie Cochran interview album concocted by Redwood Music and Chiswick Records. I know the recording was made in Canada during late '57, but can you supply any more details and tell me what has happened to it? — **PETER MORGAN, Kingswood, Bristol.**

● Via the Kentish Town hotline we spoke to chief Chiswickian Ted Carroll who revealed: "We were going to put together a Cochran album but found we didn't have enough material to fill a whole LP. It was then suggested that we put together an album that featured Cochran interviews on one side and Gene Vincent tapes on the other — but even this hasn't materialised."

Meanwhile, the intrepid Ted has pieced together yet another interview job with an even bigger act but is unable to provide any further info at this stage of the game. Could it be Sonny and Cher? Could it be Gregg and Cher? Could it be Gene and Cher? Could it be . . . *(To be continued).*

I work in the book trade in a warehouse and the other day I was rummaging through some paperbacks when I came across a book called *The Kids*. I glanced at the author's name and saw the name Tony Parsons. I opened the book to see if there was any info on the author and then came across the monicker Tony Victor Parsons. So is T. V. Parsons the Parsons of good ol' *NME* fame or just some geezer with the same unfortunate monicker? Incidentally, the book itself is about four East End kids called Blondie, Dog End Dean, Rod and Chiv, who live in a world of highrise flats, pills, booze, careless violence, drugs, petty crime and casual sex. It came out through New English Library in 1976, though I didn't hear anything about it at the time. — **STUART GORDON "I'm Not A Moron" ROBERTSON, Lee, London SE12.**

● Thanks for the synopsis; that'll save me an hour or two in the reading room at the local Pensioners Club. The author *was the* **Tony Parsons — and after admitting to his former felony he's since bored us all stiff by boasting how he and Julie B. have lumbered some other unsuspecting publisher with yet another tome. This one's titled** ***The Boy Looked At Johnny*** **and, according to the handout, relates to "The rise and fall of Punk and its place in rock music"; B and P "taking us through drug-soaked, food-famished Woodstock, murder at Altamont, the disillusion of a generation with the sniffing, jabbing rock-dinosaurs in their Bel Air Mansions — to the Roxy, London WC1, Johnny Rotten and The Sex Pistols, and the hated, truth-telling symbols of free youth." Only 96 pages long, this latest chapter in the continuing story (published by Pluto Press) of Parsons-Burchill Inc. costs £1.25 and should soon be obtainable through your local unsuspecting book stockist.**

Though I am an old fan of The Beach Boys, I have not seen or read anything about the first "Shut Down" album anywhere — although I recently saw in an American rock encyclopaedia that there was supposed to be one. Could you help me solve this mystery? Was the album ever released? — **BENGT STENSTROM, Halmstad, Sweden.**

● My guess is that you're referring to the entry in the late Lillian Roxon's ***Rock Encyclopaedia,*** **which lists a Beach Boys "Shut Down" album, released in March, 1963. But in actual fact, "Shut Down", though it appeared to be a Beach Boys release, was a compilation job featuring only two tracks by the surfin' songsters — namely the title number and "409" — the rest of LP comprising such cuts as "Black Denim Trousers And Motor Cycle Boots", "Chicken", "Wide Track" and various car and cycle songs by other artists, plus "Brontosaurus Stomp", which was the B-side to The Piltdown Men's "McDonald's Cave" hit.**

As John Tobler remarks in his book ***The Beach Boys*** **(Phoebus Press) — "Some people purchased the 'Shut Down' album under the impression that it** ***was*** **by The Beach Boys. Disappointment on finding out the truth was great and the group lost a great many fans. It was to be the first of many items which could cause bad feeling between The Beach Boys and Capitol Records."**

One small step for Capitol Records and a giant leap towards the sandbox for Brian Wilson, I guess.

UPSTAIRS FOR THINKING DOWNSTAIRS FOR DANCING

3
BE-STIFF
TOUR
bitions

BE·STIFF TOUR '78

BE·STIFF TOUR '78
NOVEMBER DATES

9	WARWICK	UNIVERSITY
10	LOUGHBOROUGH	UNIVERSITY
11	NOTTINGHAM	UNIVERSITY
12	BLACKBURN	KING GEORGE'S HALL
13	CARDIFF	SOPHIA GARDENS
15	BOURNEMOUTH	VILLAGE BOWL
16	OXFORD	POLYTECHNIC
17	CANTERBURY	ODEON
18	GUILDFORD	SURREY UNIVERSITY
19	LONDON	LYCEUM BALLROOM

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BOTTOM LINE CLUB-DEC 20-24

'STATELESS' LENE LOVICH
RED VINYL-SEEZ 7

'ON THE OTHER HAND THERE'S A FIST'
JONA LEWIE YELLOW VINYL-SEEZ 8

'THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF...'
WRECKLESS ERIC GREEN VINYL-SEEZ 9

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF
WRECKLESS ERIC

'JUPPANESE' MICKEY JUPP
BLUE VINYL-SEEZ 10

MICKEY JUPP
JUPPANESE

'FOOL AROUND' RACHEL SWEET
WHITE VINYL-SEEZ 12

Rachel Sweet
Fool Around

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OF EACH ALBUM IN BLACK VINYL.

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STIFF RECORDS

ON THE TOWN

Main pic: THE JAM. Inset: BUZZCOCKS' Steve Diggle. Pix: PENNIE SMITH.

The Unreal World Of The Plastic Bubble

Buzzcocks Subway Sect

Hammersmith Odeon

After just two years, Buzzcocks have shot to the top, charging into the type of groove they were reacting against when they formed.

A comfortable super group. Colourful and admirable. What the hell has gone wrong? And why?

It's the fine lines between communication, integrity, risks and conventions; it's naivity, confusion and the speed with which everything has happened. It's the rigidity of a system they treat with disdain but apparently cannot defeat.

Abruptly, they are smothered.

I would rather have Buzzcocks as a super group (on certain levels) than anyone else, but I too thought specific things were going to change — that large audiences could be reached without all edges being smoothed down, with intimacy and emotion intact, with all round respectability maintained.

It never ever occured to me that Buzzcocks would end up in the same old plastic bubble. They seem to have failed on such a fundamental level; frightening considering how much they have been a catalyst in the last couple of years.

The Banshees and X Ray Spex play the Hammersmith Odeon vacuum soon.

As I strolled along towards the Hammersmith Odeon I was constantly harangued by touts buying and selling precious tickets. I entered the theatre and was immediately seduced by attractive and expensive fan paraphernalia. I climbed to my comfy maroon seat two miles from the deep stage and cried in disbelief.

This was not nostalgic elitism, but sheer astonishment.

The detail that eventually made the show so depressing was that Buzzcocks set was inevitably brilliant (such depth and variety of material) but (shudder) *slick! complacent! safe!* Buzzcocks have become a good, sensible rock machine. The theories and patterns of growth remain superior, but when performed so dispassionately becomes coldly clever.

Where have all the brilliant Buzzcocks balances gone? Now it's merely a case of isolating the excellence; John Maher is the best rock drummer in the country, the aggressive consistency of the guitar textures remains delightful. But nothing mysterious, nothing ambiguous, just playing out parts. And the audience joined in.

The set was astutely paced. Straight into "Real World" and "I Don't Mind", immediately lifting the audience a couple of notches up.

Then, with chilling detachment, they ran through their series of ambitious, idiosyncratic mini-mazes, starting moderately transcendently with the classic "Nostalgia", then ascending slowly through "16", "Fiction Romance", "Autonomy", "Pulse Beat", "Noise Annoys", using "Walking Distance" to finalise the feeling of fluidity hinted at in the structure of these tunes and to bring the group to the top of an imaginary hill.

It is glorious stuff, and the audience are in their hands.

"Nothing Left" starts the roll home. This, and the two that follow, "16 Again" and the next single, "Promises", are flat sylised Buzzcocks sweets, complete with Diggle 'oh ohs', Pete's verbal pleas and Maher's fluent double shuffling.

Their current hit was swiftly got out of the way, Buzzcocks now automatically accelerating down the hill.

"Love You More" and "What Do I Get" were performed as smoothly as classics usually are. It was the first time I've ever listened to "What Do I Get" and not felt exhilarated.

The jumpy "E.S.P." brought the show to its proper close. As the lights finish running through their pretty patterns, Shelley walks off. Then Garvey walks off. Then Maher. Daring Diggle plays a repeated guitar line at the front of the stage then he too quits. "Ta Thanxalot."

Supplying the demands of the audience the two double encores ate four horny Devoto attacks. "Breakdown", "Orgasm Addict", "Boredom" and "Oh Shit". Such condensed fury looked and sounded silly coming from such a vast and expensively decorated stage.

The jibes will probably come that me moving down from cosy Manchester to nasty London has introduced slit-eyed cynicism. That's wrong. And the build 'em up, knock 'em down thing is stupid too.

If anything I've become more idealistic since I moved down, which is why this show hurt so much.

To play such a kitchen is necessary, obviously, but the way they went about it was disgraceful. Spoonfeeding the audience is not what should be expected from Buzzcocks. They should now be in a position to take more chances than ever before. They've nothing to lose.

Hell, I'm bewildered and upset; it was wonderful entertainment, but essentially wrong. It was not Buzzcocks, but a hollow, clockwork replica.

But Pete, I still love you.

Subway Sect's support spot was odd. Sprawled across the stage they played a compact, bubbly instrumental. Front person Vic Godard then loped on stage, guitar hanging menacingly, and the group, now a five-piece, launched powerfully into their magnificent new single, "Ambition" — a record that finally secures Godard his position in the gallery of important ones (Perry, Lydon, Shelley, Devoto. Godard).

The set was sardonic, cyclonic and effervescent. Illuminative, regulated hard rock. There was no chance of any communication in such a place, but Sect left their mark.

Paul Morley

The Jam

Bradford

The Jam have resuscitated themselves just in time to proffer and re-proffer their glorious songs of love and hate. Pastiche songs, uniquely original songs, cult songs for the masses. The acrobatics are for free: they put more angst into their act than I did trying to crack the security of St. George's Hall.

From the top: this was yet another *tour de force* (it's been a good week) in pioneering rock music. "Sounds From The Street" (*heard* from the street) immediately brought it home that The Jam possess a sound so full and accomplished that bootlegged live albums will be doing the rounds soon unless Polydor act now.

The band systematically worked their way through the highspots of the three albums. And tastefully so. Numbers like "I Need You" and "Here Comes The Weekend" already sound like standards.

Weller, the acceptable face of egomania, gave his Rickenbacker a rough ride, while pretty boy Bruce's integrally essential back-up and shared lead vocals proved that he's more than just a rhythmic tumbler.

"Tonight At Noon", for instance, featuring Foxton on lead vocal, was indicative of The Jam's corporate intelligence and their intuitively complete comprehension of their ongoing self-styling.

Paul Weller (as everyone must surely know) is no mule's fool and no mug with a mike, either. The guy is even into self-respect. Bathed in Bradfordian hockle (amongst the worst there is), he retorted: "If you wanna spit in my face — *you* know who you are, third punk, fifth row — do it backstage after the show."

The new excellence of The Jam might have had something to do with the superb acoustics/mix or the big production search-and-destroy lighting effect, selected rays of which hit and reflected off Foxton's axe with the same kind of hypnotic power as a Filipino avocado yoghurt.

But the genuine rock poetry of "Down In The Tube Station" and the staccato tempos and supremely melodic outros of "Away From The Numbers" and "Weekend" are only random examples of the ludicrously huge reservoir of talent in these guys' heads.

Their social politics apart, it's self-evident The Jam live far surpass The Jam on wax.

Man-with-a-mission boss Mod Weller is often a good writer, always a strong believer. His vocals and lyrics aren't constantly soul-stirring, but they are *when it matters,*

Weller's recorded bitterness translates more credibly to live performance. His is original bitterness, not punk eyewash, and the force with which he delivers has to be seen to be believed.

His acute, poetic cynicism and his eloquent, visionary critiques are his forte: you can forget a lot of love songs. (One assumes that his mixed bag of genius and mediocrity indicates that he has off days, and doesn't know it).

Whatever, " 'A' Bomb In Wardour Street",—"a song about destruction and decay" — heralded this concert's devastating denouement. Clapalongajam, more search and destroy lighting and the age-old-but-age-good fireworks number wrapped it up, preluding an interval as long as they come.

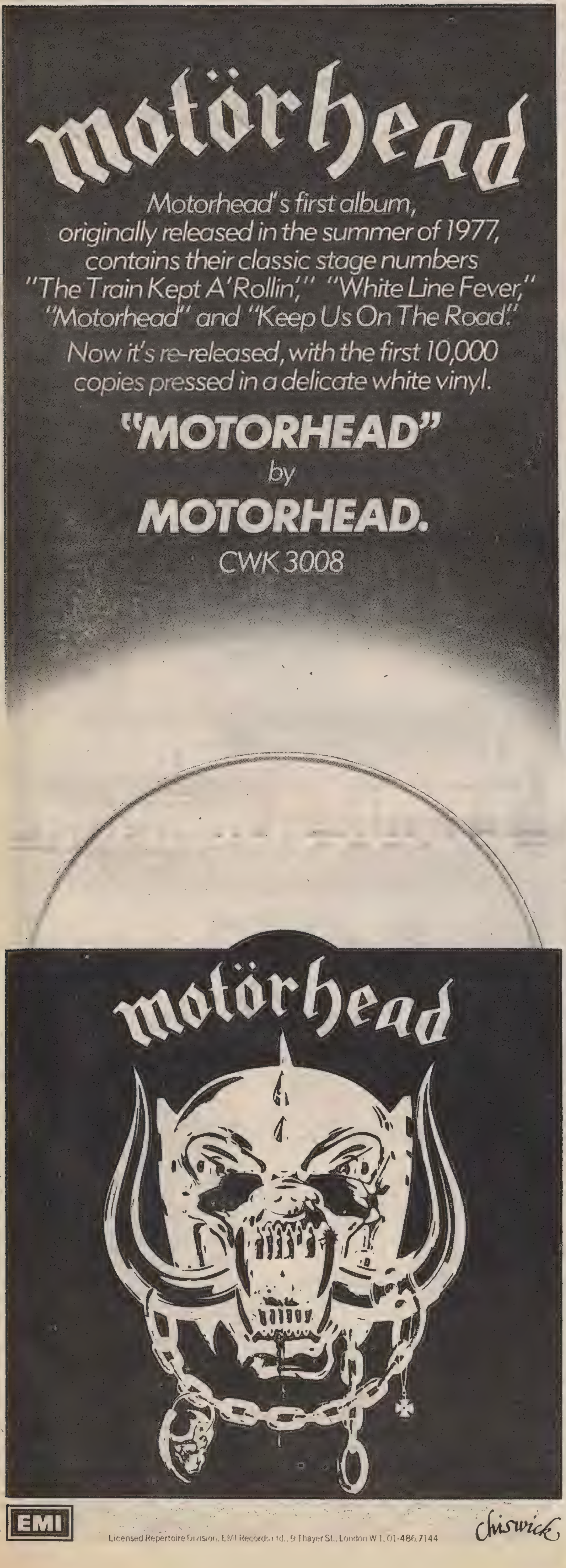
But they eventually assed themselves to return for 'David Watts', Weller threw another priceless plectrum into the scrummage, and went away in style, and determined. Like he had other fish to fry.

The whole shebang was a total vindication of the band's purposeful, panoramic strategy.

What The Jam had before was the blueprint: now they've perfected the technique, cased the formula, and revolutionised the trio concept into the bargain.

This time around, The Jam have arrived forever: they've made all the mistakes they're going to. See them at their best. Before the Los Angeles Syndrome begins to dangle the carrot.

Emma Ruth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What a Sham?

Sham 69

Edinburgh

SO tell us, Jimmy Pursey, why does your tour commemorate Guy Fawkes?

"We think he's a fuckin' saint 'cos he tried to blow up Parliament!" mouths off JP. (Cue Pavlovian bleats of approval from Sham sheep.)

Well, I hate to spoil your fun, Jimmy, but in actual fact Guy Fawkes was a fanatical Catholic professional soldier who planned an appalling mass murder.

The idea was that in the ensuing leaderless and truceless bloodletting between Protestant and Catholic common man, a previously organised military coup could impose an equally fanatical and repressive Jesuit regime on the nation.

If that's your idea of a saint, it's not mine.

That's about the level of Sham 69's myopia — swearing makes common myth valid. Small wonder their lowest-common-denominator rabble rousing appeals to some of the mental dregs of the country — skinheads and their Scottish equivalent, sectarian football supporters.

Somehow it seems entirely superfluous to apply any kind of rational analysis or critique to Sham 69. It takes no great insight to expose them as headbangers for the under fives, nor would this basic premise have any effect on the Sham barmy, even if they could read.

Actually I had this theory that deep down *(way* deep down probably) Jimmy Pursey was fairly intelligent. The reason for this belief was the final track on the new album, "Is This Me Or Is This You?" — a hint that he was asking his following if they were content with such an existence.

However, its absence from the set here, coupled with a display of brainless belligerence from Pursey himself that made Derek and Clive sound like veritable intellectuals, effectively smashed that little illusion.

In fact, only about half of the "That's Life" magnum opus — in reality very little different from the last album, concept (so much for punk!) or no—got an airing amid the old tribal chants.

"White Riot" closed the set, just as unconvincing as when The Clash did it.

It's pretty difficult to actively dislike Pursey, though. He gives a pretty good show with all that leaping around, just like the big kid looking for attention. But what does need exposing is the myth that this guy represents some kind of proletarian wunderkind to be admired and imitated.

Now the sad fact is that, a few visionaries excepted, all the working class wants is to become middle-class. To this I'd say there's a fair chance Jimmy Pursey is no exception. Any desire he had for change probably evaporated on receipt of his royalty cheque, and now he's quite happy to profit from the system he was railing against only weeks ago.

No working class hero he — I'd say Jimmy Pursey has all the deep rooted principles of a tumbleweed in a sandstorm. It's what have YOU got now, you'll notice, as telling the truth gives way to going down the pub.

Still the farce goes on, however, and we get "Borstal Breakout" not once but twice.

Now look, Jimmy Pursey — what would happen even if there *was* a borstal breakout? The kids would just get recaptured and end up back where they started, only worse off than before, right? Some triumph.

Perhaps you could now teach them to make money out of the system (and the kids), just like you do.

Ian Cranna

Graham Parker And the Rumour

The Venue

"Saturday Night Is Dead!" sings Mr. Parker. From where I'm sitting, Thursday's doing just fine. And right now there can't be many better places to be than London's newly-opened Venue (at Victoria), taking in the superb GP and his no-less magnificent Rumour.

Maybe, like me, you've never been sufficiently struck by the man's recorded output to go catch him live. It's an error you'd do well to correct.

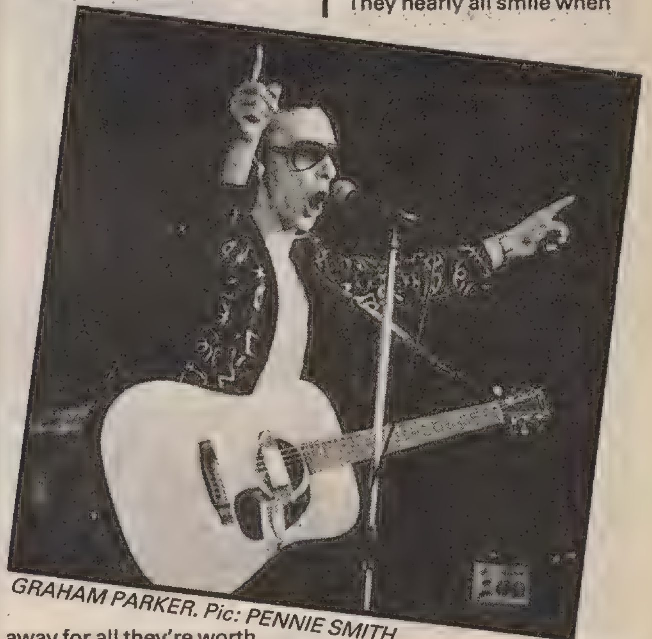
First a word or 50 about Virgin boss Richard Branson's latest investment The Venue, a biggish converted theatre — formerly the Metropole Cinema — that's now to be found posing as something like Manet's *Folies-Bergere* or else the set for a vast John Wayne saloon-room punch-up.

Harassed waiters in snappy red waistcoats scurry among the tightly-packed tables, ferrying the edibles. It's a queer place to discover rock'n'roll.

There's no support, just a short pre-Parker outing by The Rumour in their own right. Strong, supple rhythms, immaculate instrumental-work, this really is about as good as rock can get.

That's The Rumour: just add the Graham Parker And and it's all hands to the Thesaurus — how many ways can you say fantastic?

"Soul Shoes" kicks off, "Heat Treatment" follows. Augmenting is the four-man brass section — and sterling service they supply, pounding away for all they're worth.


GRAHAM PARKER. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

It's a rare and happy circumstance that joins the failsafe expertise of seasoned pros like The Rumour — Brinsley Schwarz, Bob Andrews, Andy Bodnar, Steve Goulding and Martin Belmont — with the raw-nerved and passionate vision of Graham Parker.

If I'm over-zealous then bear in mind that converts are generally pretty tiresome like that.

And yet there's something about this table-and-chairs food-and-drink environment which inhibits, which favours Cool Appraisal, night-club style, and the crowd response is so ridiculously muted that I'm starting to wonder if rock'n'roll is off The Venue menu.

Parker has no such doubts: "Just ignore the tables!" he says, and that's the turning-point. "Nobody Hurts You Harder Than Yourself" and "Love Gets You Twisted" (archetypal GP lyricism) see the beginnings of a migration to the front, chips and 'burgers abandoned.

Come "Stick To Me" they're on the chairs.

By "I'm Gonna Tear Your Playhouse Down" they're swarming forward, over and on the tables and hey, watch my *creme de menthe* there, friend. Kop-fashion, injured chairs are passed compassionately back above the heads of the throng. Cool Appraisal skulks out the back way.

Highlight of the set, for what's left of my money (The Venue can prove a pricey night out) is the vicious attack upon "I Want You Back", the trash-classic Jackson Five opus.

That aside, the old faithfuls ("Thunder And Rain", "Don't Ask Me Questions", "New York Shuffle") were handled brilliantly. The band are supremely capable (while free of that dreaded affliction, *over*-competence) and insolently self-confident, yet they can still play so close to the edge and that's the skill of it.

Promisingly, these familiar numbers were at least equalled in impact by the newer ones: "Waiting For The UFO's" is compelling, haunting, and "Passion Is No Ordinary Word" is a song of extraordinary power.

Graham Parker And The Rumour are no ordinary group. I've seen the light — pass me them shades.

Paul Du Noyer

Fischer-Z

Hope And Anchor

There probably isn't another band operating in quite the same area as Fischer-Z. They are neither part of the enigmatic neu musik of The Pop Group set nor do they belong to the ancien regime in a modern world like The Jam. They nearly all smile when they're playing too, so that's their street credibility out of the window.

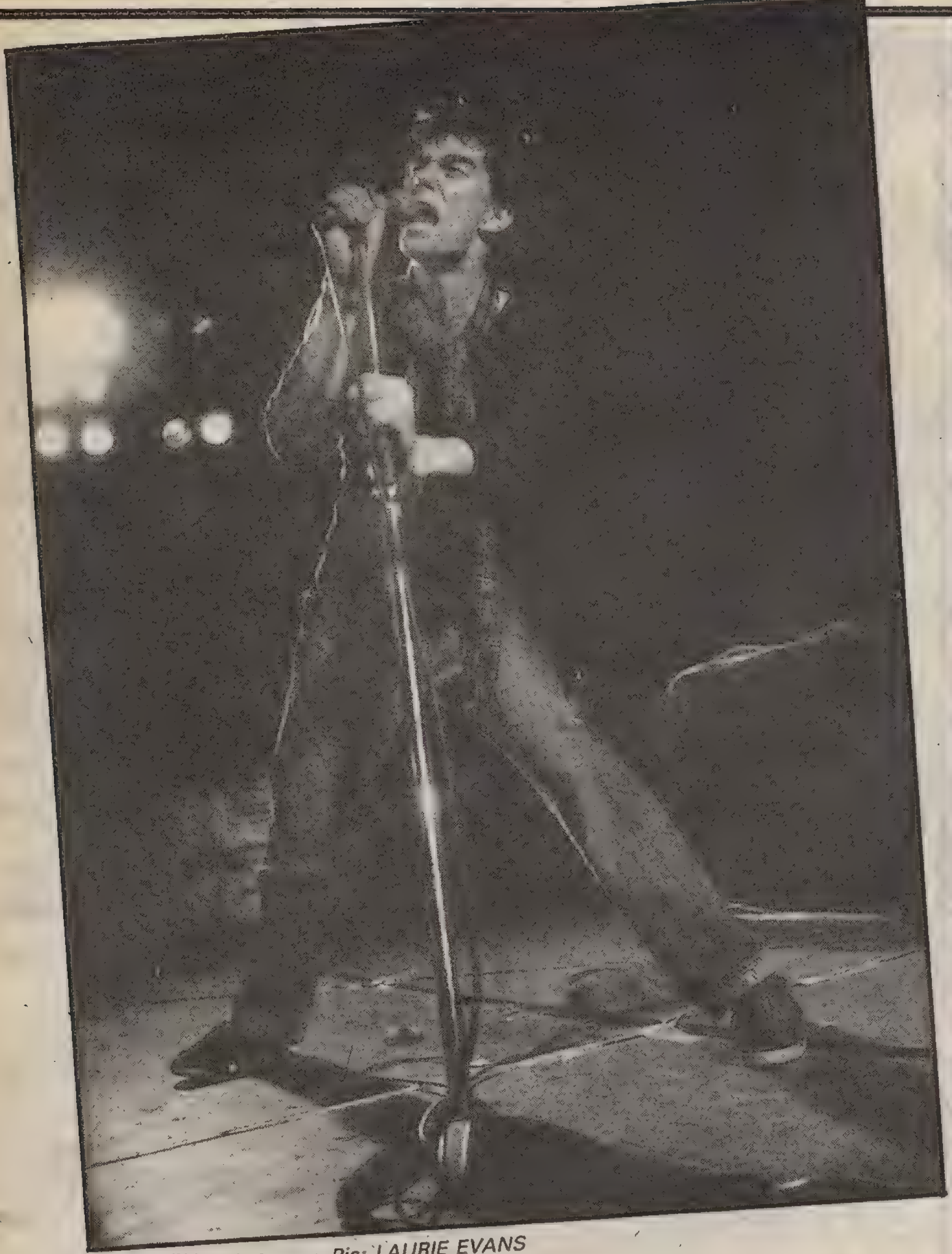
The music is full of contrasts, Steve Skolnik's organ providing a poppy melody to most of the songs while John Watt's acrid guitar shifts and slides underneath like a soul on ice.

These elements, plus Watt's idiosyncratic vocals, are all held together by centrifugal force thanks to drummer Steve Liddle and bass player Dave Graham who create a vortex of subtle power.

The songs are diamonds with hearts of darkness, frequently shaped into musical contexts befitting the lyrics.

"I Feel Like A Lemming Today" is tongue-in-cheek heavy metal, all pomp and swagger; "Remember Russia" is chillingly effective reggae, and "Kitten Curry" hurtles along to a rollicking oriental beat, cowbell and all.

The key to the band is



SHAM's Jimmy Pursey. Pic: LAURIE EVANS

undoubtedly the front man, John Watts. His animated face and unpredictable movements provide the focal point, creating rapid audience/band rapport, while his voice hiccoughs and croons the lyrics.

He also appears to be blessed with perfect timing, so that all the jokes work and the tongue-twisting double-tempo of "Oddball" is delivered with ease. He's so quirky he could have been invented by Charled Dickens or designed by James Whale.

They got two encores at the Islington Hope and Anchor, fooling everyone with "My Kind Of Girl" and "I Wanna Be Like You (Ooh Ooh)", which were a laugh though I would have preferred another of their own numbers.

I like this band a lot. They're fun without being a waste of time, and you can dance to them. But their Clockwork Toytown image won't appeal to everyone. Don't be deceived; these dolls have teeth. Go and see them in action and make up your own mind.

It's like taking a swig of strawberry milkshake to find it laced with absinthe.

Neil Norman

The Human League
The Mekons
Gang Of Four

Electric Ballroom

An evening of Fast Product at which Saturday night anticipation could be discerned in the expectant chattering of the throng outside — no slowcoaches amongst them.

For the curtain would soon rise in the capital on a package of three bands whose fortune it is to share releases — one apiece — on Edinburgh's Fast Product.

Fast have upheld the kind of quality control a lot of people still expect from the likes of Stiff and Radar, but who in fact seem content to simply unearth an endless supply of old codgers.

All human life may not yet reside under Fast's umbrella, but there were sparks and vitality aplenty to be had this night.

Some of it was misplaced, like The Scars, who shrieked their way through a set of glam-rock contrivances hamstrung by a distorted P.A. and one bloated lead guitarist's ego. The precocious little fellow got his when a jack plug fell out mid solo, vividly pointing up the absurdity of his posturing.

Anyone seeking a short list for '79 need look no further than The Members (who didn't play) and the Gang Of Four (who did). Their mere announcement caused a mass beer-slopping mid-conversation rush to the stage.

Their performance brought smiles of astonished discovery.

They work from a ferocious backbeat: a fat, hard frame on which hang fat, hard chords. It's a bare sound but impossibly rich at the same time — the Wire of "Mannequin" and "Too Late" or the Cheap Trick of "California Girls" — yet it's neither as studied as the former have become nor as coy as the latter tend to be.

In fact, they just exude equilibrium; that sense of each member adding exactly to the sum of the parts that informs the listener that this is a band that knows what it wants (musically speaking). This self-same unity manifests itself in other ways too, like band character: slightly crazed and sardonic, but intriguing and appealing and totally indivisible.

In pointed contrast were The Mekons' ungainly thrashings. The spirit of riotous 'fun' they seemed to be chasing was lost in the confusion created by five musicians dashing around trying to find something to do with themselves, or a way to connect with each other, or indeed a good song to play. They lucked into a version of Gang Of Four's "Elevator" and left.

Which, in turn, left The Human League. Maybe it was that cavernous, drained end-of-evening feeling and maybe it was the fact that we knew what to expect that worked against them. Whatever, the charmed surprise of their London debut some months back had strangely withered.

As had the barbarian fear of synthesiser bands — not a token of abuse was hurled their way! But this just served to underline a poker-faced seriousness that, despite intentions to the contrary, they find hard to avoid.

I thought I liked the Human League. But doing caricatures of Gary Glitter songs begins to seem like a short cut to the kind of populist balance they ought to have in their own songs. A glib short cut at that.

Then again, this person's boredom threshold lowered drastically after the Gang Of Four. He had trouble sitting still, his attention strayed . . .

Paul Rambali

Trans-Am

Brecknock

Time was when a half-decent track record was a passport to respect. These days we just use our ears, which is tough on the likes of Trans-Am.

Two Brits and two Yanks — hence the name — they sound what they are: sidemen without a cause.

The Meatloafian figure of Howard Massey dominates at London's Brecknock, playing over-loud bass and periodically emulating Johnny Winter's patented graceless bellow, but Steve Parr's piano and Moog frequently transcend the pedestrian material despite an expression of gloom that would cause comment at the average funeral.

He loves a good joke, probably.

Tim Stone and Henry Lascelles (guitar, drums) may look like trainee accountants but as musicians they're fully qualified. If you've just finished that solo album and need a road band, try snooping round Trans-Am. There are worse recommendations.

Harry George

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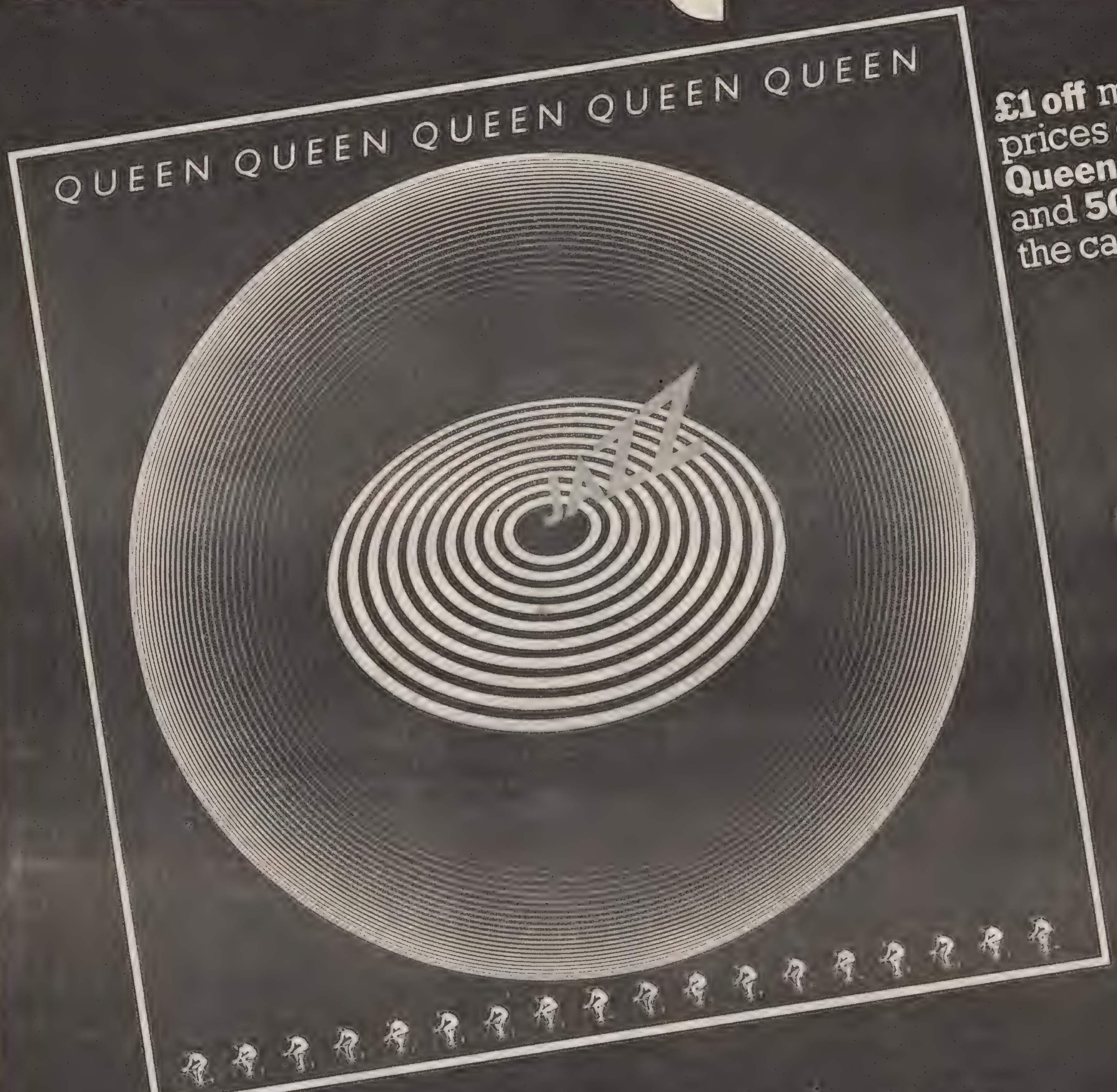
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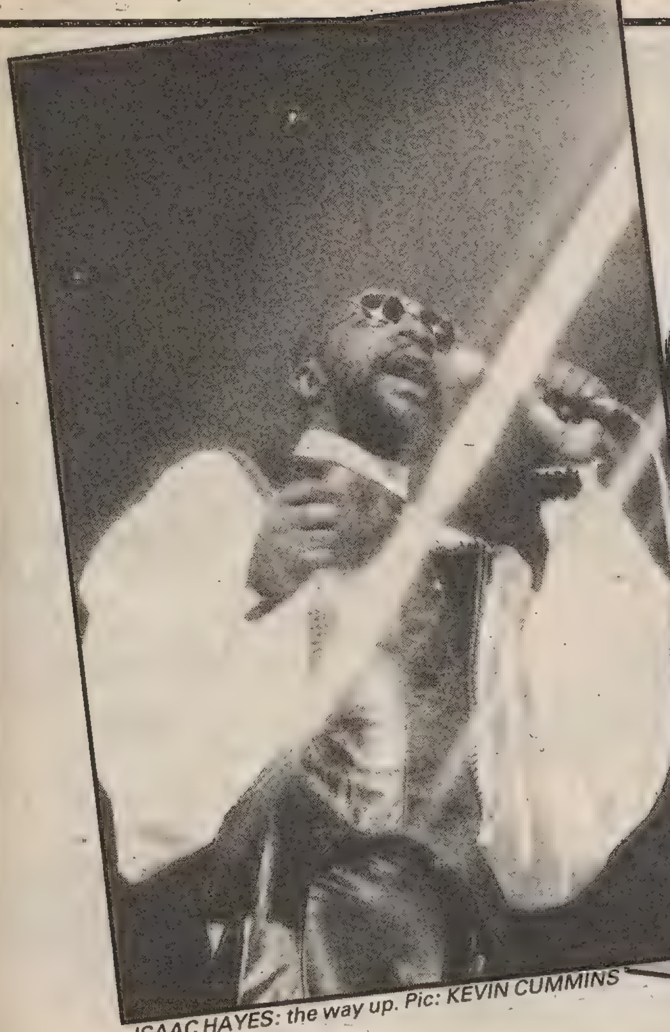


ISAAC HAYES: the way up. Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS

SANTANA: the way down? Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

This way is up

Isaac Hayes Edwin Starr

Manchester

Two men with but one single thought: Which way is up?

Despite their obvious musical differences, Hayes and Starr have more in common than meets the ear. They both tumbled from their respective peaks of success following bust-ups with record companies; after a couple of misguided interludes they're both now under new management/label deals; they've both still got what it took to make them successful in the first place.

Whether or not their particular talents are appropriate for Showbiz (1979) Inc. remains to be seen. If the audience at this gig was to have any say in the matter, both men would be back on top of the heap by tomorrow lunchtime.

Starr is a sparkling personality with a good strong voice who knows exactly what a British crowd expects of him and provides it with enthusiasm and vigour. Unlike most performers on the comeback trail he's refreshingly unembarrassed about having no recent hits to perform.

Instead of boring the backside off everyone with a load of new flops or versions of other peoples' hits, he slams straight into his prime cuts like they were fresh out the oven.

Consequently that's precisely how they sound — especially as he's got a snappy little sextet behind him called Candy. Starr has a sharp ear for accompanists; he once carried and encouraged the band that's now known as Rose Royce.

Magical moment of his act (magical moment of the last six months, for me) was his great rendition of "S.O.S./Stop Her On Sight", which had everyone singing and generally going bananas like it was V.E. day all over again; "25 Miles", "Headline News", "Agent Double-O Soul" and the powerfully delivered "War" all went down a treat too.

Only his brand new disco vamp failed to get my adrenalin racing but it got everyone else up and prancing so he may be onto another winner.

Hayes is even more likely to succeed with his typically slowed-down, rapped-up version of Billy Joel's "Just The Way You Are", the lead track off Ike's new Polydor album, "For The Sake Of Love".

Although, like Starr, the bulk of his act was devoted to familiar glories, it was this new recording — which hasn't been released in Britain yet — that got the almost hysterically effusive reaction of the night. That and of course the "Shaft" theme, slightly re-arranged, as also featured on the new album.

Having only ever seen Hayes in action in the *Wattstax* film before this gig, I was expecting to be confronted by some gross, heavy-breathing apparition of ludicrous proportions — perhaps someone not unlike a bald Barry White in chains.

Thankfully, the man is nothing of the kind. A slighter figure than one would imagine, he wasn't gross in manner, appearance or in his music; in fact he seemed a very likeable dude altogether.

Mind you, his black leatherette costume was a bit fanciful and I doubt that anyone in the auditorium took his lovelorn raps seriously (there was a chorus of good mannered groans at his corniest lines; I don't know how he managed to keep a straight face) but foolishness was cut to an absolute minimum — the new Isaac Hayes is obviously intent on making it back on the strength of his music, not theatrics.

After a shaky start with, gorblimey, "Stranger In Paradise", the assembled company — Ike's own seven-piece band, three girl singers and a 20 or so piece orchestra — settled into a remarkably tight groove for such an unwieldy conglomorate, reinforcing Ike's stand-and-delivered affirmation, "I Love Music".

From centre stage he then went and hid himself behind an organ (electric, for the playing of) for the best part of the next hour, from where he performed practically every song, or part of song, from his repertoire; a daunting musical enterprise that he announced as "a little medley of favourites for you" but was more like a complete show entitled The History Of Isaac Hayes.

Although he sometimes tends to mumble a bit, for the most part he's a far better singer than might be expected and the inerweaving arrangements of the 'medley' were generally skilfully contrived, so that there was seldom a dull moment throughout, even though nothing very visually exciting was going on.

During the ovation-creating "Just The Way You Are" he switched roles to play some very acceptable sax (I'd like to have heard more), then, in his final guise, he replaced his m.d. to sweep the stage full of musicians through the supercharged "Shaft" finale.

With a wild version of "Chocolate Chip" for an encore, there wasn't a seated bod left in the happily thrashing stalls. Isaac Hayes was back in *good* shape.

Cliff White

Santana

Wembley Arena

A three-night sell out for sluggish pop group Santana is apparently natural and predictable but seems entirely ludicrous. They function, they churn, they exist — nothing musical or creative but something . . . . obsolete, excessive, efficient.

Organisations such as Santana (the whole mess is a massive incurable hangover from the vacant 'progressive rock' period, an era that continues to misshape much modern thinking) are assured of immortality.

It's unsubtle and unreal (not surreal, which always implies something imaginative and there's no way anything imaginative in this business), a complex cross channel of wasted time, money and dedication. It seems irrelevant and wearisome to report about such featureless monsters, so I will.

Here we go . . . Carlos Santana's pet septet, The Devadip Orchestra, played a precise half-hour warm up set of dipping, driving, doodling mood rock. Not overly indulgent, nor particularly intoxicating . . . but a surprisingly modest starter that consistently highlighted Santana's noticeable deficiencies on electric guitar and proved the overwhelming falseness of playing any sort of music in such totally unsuitable surroundings.

Carlos Santana's guitar limitations weren't as glaring within the brutal, blasted textures of the ten-piece Santana, a version of the group that sees a return to the clumsy latinesque-'rock' hybrid of the Santana/Abraxas period — full turbulent rhythmic onslaught supplied by three wild percussionists and an excitable drummer plus a confused bass guitarist and mediocre rhythm guitarist.

Santana himself peeled off his predictable high register 'sweet' 'screaming' guitar lines, and a bank of keyboards operated by one and sometimes two technicians artificially inserted the brass and string parts.

The relationship between keyboards and percussion typified the messiness and lack of tension of the overall Santana sound.

This large, unweildy assembly weren't so much emotionally abandoned as poorly balanced and almost chaotic. After a vociferous, clattering opening instrumental, the unit broke noisily into their new single, "Well Alright", a gargantuan distortion of a Buddy Holly concoction with a huge black guy singing competently but looking awkward stuck away in the near right hand corner of the stage.

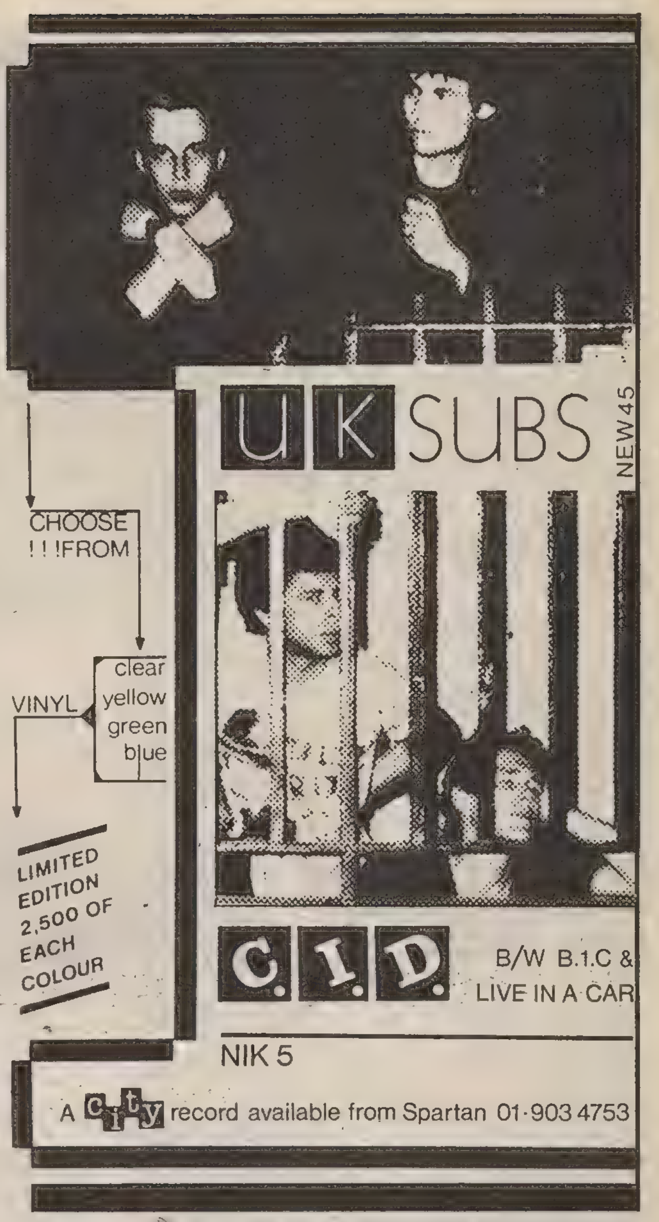
Santana's visual presentation was as graceless as the music, and the communication between group and audience almost sullen.

After 20-odd minutes toiling, relentless rhythmic battering they soothed down for the intro to "Black Magic Woman", but even here they couldn't resist systematically making it noisier until they returned to a more normal seething frenzy.

Breathing space was a rarity all evening, style and fire being equally sparse. Impact without reason or dimension. They made Meatloaf seem like a chamber quartet.

Santana were a cluttered, aimless shambles. 'Musical direction' doesn't come into it. It was a lesson in self-discipline to sit through it all.

Paul Morley



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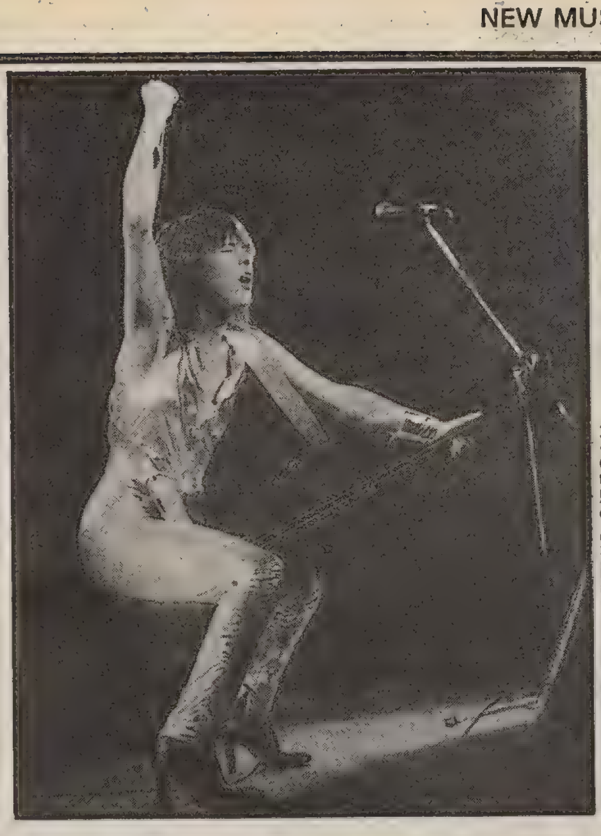

SUZI QUATRO. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Suzi Quatro

Hammersmith Odeon

Somewhere beneath the glittering, fresh-faced features of pop/rock for the airwaves, there lurks a hit-machine. It absorbs new talent in foetal form, it incubates with a diet of Chinn/Chapman singles, it defines a mass-digestible image, it brings rock music to the living-room.

They call it Mickie Most.

One of its progeny trundles onto the Odeon stage, recording "Quatrophonic" (they said it) for Capital Radio, a 28-year-old bopper from Detroit City, she of the clinging Bacofoil jumpsuit, one Suzi Quatro — self-styled "queen of rock'n'roll".

A cursory wave from her non-descript backing band and the hit-machine starts churning out filed-down rockers, canned in the early 70's and released with instant freshness. Is there a margin for human error? Is there life beyond automation?? Can it compute personality?!

First impressions of the lady suggest that she's attached to invisible wires; she flounces, stomps and jerks around under the spotlights, head nodding frantically and limbs akimbo as if auditioning for *The Muppet Show*.

She hammers out "The Wild One" — rocky; "Tired Of Waiting" (Kinks) — dull; and "Breakdown" (Tom Petty) — rousing. She is dwarfed by a massive bass guitar which she occasionally straddles in unseemly fashion.

Admiration is creeping in. I am amazed at her timing and crowd control. When she screams "Get up off yer asses", most of them do, without a murmur. When she orders them to sing, they sing (and how). She tries a mood-changer with the laborious "Suicide" and survives, cranks back up with "The Race Is On", and then — the only serious mistake of the evening — leaves us at the mercy of a staggeringly shapeless keyboard/drum solo.

This is followed closely by the statutary Quatro bass solo, much frenzied scrubbing of the strings, that backs up her unmistakable image of rebel-rousing butcho teenmania.

By the time we get to rock-a-boogie hits "Devil Gate Drive" and "Tear Me Apart", and "If You Can't Give Me Love" (which sounds more like Country and Western every time I hear it), the novelty of her wild antics is beginning to wear off.

But what a package — it borders on aggro, it teeters on raunchiness, it pretends to be hard rock, misses the lot, and ends up as commercially successful as it's intentionally misdirected and without completely drowning out Suzi's own irrepressible self.

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Motivators

Leeds

The Fforde Green's conversion into a "serious" rock venue means that — on low-key nights — local bands like The Motivators can play a few numbers to a few punters for a few quid without doing anyone serious harm.

The band's apparent architect (on vocals, rhythm and inspiration) — an acutely reptilian Devoto, with a hairline in even worse shape — led The Motivators through a heavily derivative repertoire. A reggae "Hey Joe" showcased the guy's Bill Nelson vibrato while Wishbone Ash licks figured prominently elsewhere.

Some competent, if occasionally non-contextual guitar soloing impressed, as did a nice touch in humour when, after a cock-up of a Television number, the Devotian said, "It'll be a long time before we play *that* again."

But a note-perfect rendition of "Marquee Moon" (if that's an achievement) showed the band are not just more local duffers. As yet an immature garageband finding their feet, The Motivators showed occasional signs of an oblique perception of what "rock" really means. Their grey school flannels blew their cover, but that's something they can work on.

Emma Ruth

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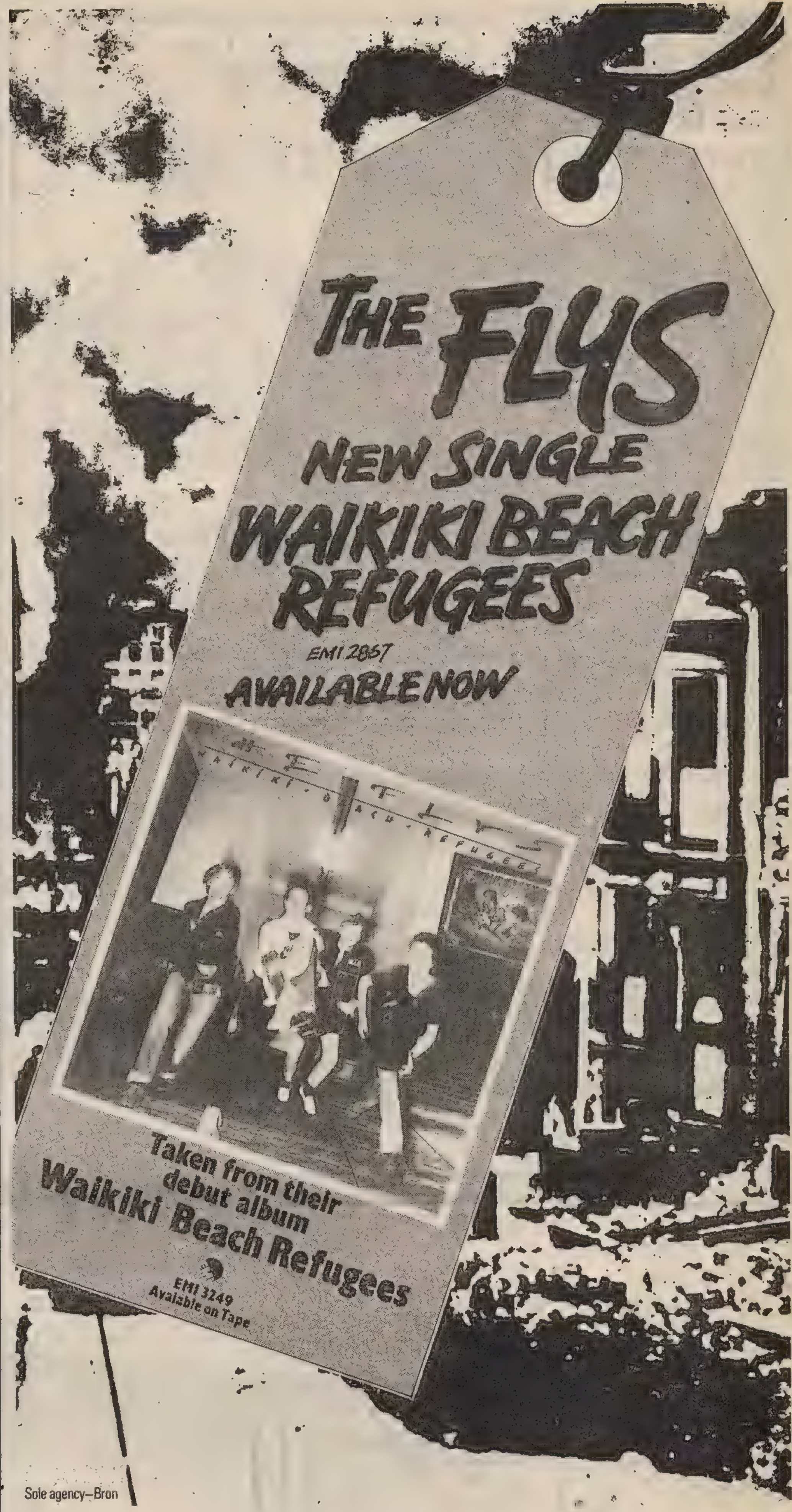

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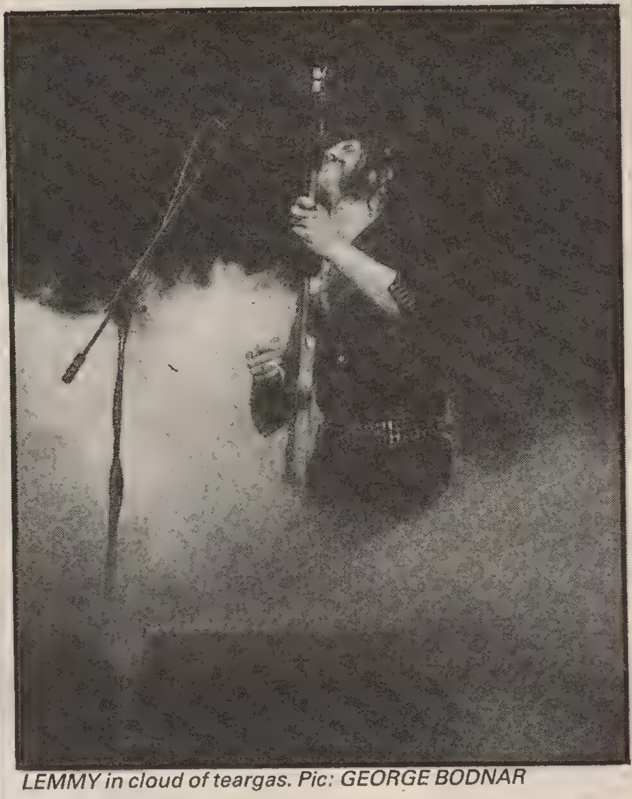
LEMMY in cloud of teargas. Pic: GEORGE BODNAR

The Ultimate, Metallic K.O.

Motorhead
Johnny Moped
The Business

Hammersmith Odeon

The Business are on stage and the sound's so thick it's like drowning in molasses. The music is welterweight HM which leaves the reasonably well-behaved audience unmoved. The place is half empty anyway and the band have trouble projecting beyond the first three rows — a recurring problem for support bands at the Odeon.

Total lack of stage presentation, a mere chit of a vocalist who thinks he's Robert Plant, and boring songs all conspire to reduce the band to a level they may not deserve — though I wouldn't stake my life on it.

Tawdry without being tacky, the titles were often painfully ironic: "I'm A Winner", "You've Got A Friend In Me" among others had me cringing in my seat, although a degree of affection was detected at the beginning of the latter as the vocalist's mike went dead.

"How about a sing-song?" he exhorts just before they lumber into "Sweet Lady", and the response is inevitably zilch. They retire defeated though some applause is heard.

No bar staff so no drinks; it looks like being a long dusty road.

Thank God for Johnny Moped who takes the stage in his customary insolent fashion, throwing three jabs in rapid succession: "I'm No-one", "Make Trouble" and "Little Queenie" tumble over the footlights, though again the sound is so bad that Johnny's voice is lost for much of the first and the alarming falsetto of "Queenie" doesn't have the effect it can do.

His reception, at first boisterous, begins to get nasty as the audience become aware of his total disregard of their opinion, be it good or bad.

"You may well shout 'Off! ... but we're great, we're marvellous!" shouts Johnny, swaying like a leather-clad mantis while Slimy Toad backs him to the hilt with his great reptilian guitar.

Captain Sensible joins in the fun, accompanying the singer on mandolin for one song before joining a couple of other freaks as go-go dancers and backing singers. The show's falling apart all over the place but the songs are still worth listening to.

"I Believed Her Lies" is particularly good and the express-train rhythm of "Physical Harm" also dents a few skulls; but the tide is against them, and they leave to a chorus of "Shit! Shit! Shit!"

Rock 'n' Roll lunatics, they neither deserved the reception they got, nor cared.

And now, Ladeez and Gentlemen, the main bout of the evening; in the Red Corner we have Everypunter (long hair, denim, badges) and in the Blue Corner, Motorhead (long hair, decibels, fireworks).

Flashing air raid lights, bombs falling, flak and machine-gun effects, the sound of jackboots on the march (which had the audience clapping along), and the grinning metal boar logo eventually herald our heroes. The Love Chorus they ain't.

"Now you noisy bunch of fuckers, 'ere we go," says Lemmy before unleashing "Motorhead", which I suspect was below the belt. After that there is no contest. The audience, which has doubled by now is quickly brought to its knees and finally stomped all over.

There's smoke all over the place, rockets soaring across the stage, about 96 Marshall speakers behind Lemmy alone and things are constantly going wrong. Lemmy's bass fuses an amp, his lead falls out, some of the rockets stop half way across the stage showering sparks over the band, and ... well it doesn't matter one little bit.

Nothing can stop them and for that at least I admire them. Dinosaurs they may be, but right now they're unique, they know it and they're not going to go away. There's no doubt about that because they fulfil a primal need judging by the reaction tonight.

And one or two of the songs do leave more than scorchmarks in your skull. "No Class" is one of the new ones; "I'm Your Witchdoctor" is dedicated to Captain Sensible, and "City Kids" played for the Pink Fairies.

"This is our latest singing hit", announces Lemmy and "Louie Louie" sunders sundry eardrums. At least they've got a sense of humour, which is more than can be said for those supercilious poseurs Blue Oyster Cult.

"White Line Fever" and a second rendition of their best song, "Motorhead", serve as encores for a metallic KO.

Motorhead take Heavy Metal to its logical extreme and in doing so are giving the audience a unique service. Who am I to gainsay them? I wouldn't say they had an adverse effect on the brain but I'd driven halfway home before I discovered I was in the wrong car.

Neil Norman

The Monos

Dingwalls

The Monos come from Edinburgh and should not be confused with Monos, who don't. London's Monos come from Lancashire, whereas the Scottish ones have Cockney accents. No, I don't understand it either.

Anyhow these particular Monos (four-piece backline plus an extrovert frontman with the illustrious name of Freddie King) are said to play something called "power calypso".

In truth it's nothing so exotic — just regulation-issue rock, occasionally funkified and prone to the odd attack of reggae.

Opening with "One Way Love" they seem a capable lot, but the sound has no direction, chugging along and failing to command any more than desultory attention from the indifferent Dingwalls mob.

Singer King is heavy on the stage presence — too heavy, really — all bulging eyes and swaggering, corner-boy repartee. In "Movie Queue Romance", a gor blimey narrative over a jerky bluebeat, he indulges his son-of-Ian-Dury image to the full (it's a comparison that's inescapable and damaging as well).

To be frank his theatric efforts to appear outrageous ("Pissin' On The Patio") and demented ("Psychic Eric") can wear a bit thin.

While The Monos do have at least two good numbers in "Totally Computerised" and "Talking Pictures" the final verdict, on this showing, just has to be . . . Monotony.

Paul Du Noyer

Pinpoint

Hope and Anchor

Aha, . . : so this really is the sound of the suburbs.

A hefty contingent of the teenage populations of the London boroughs of Fulham and Kingston ensured that Pinpoint, a three-piece band assembled by ex-Lurker Arturo Bassick, went down the proverbial storm before a packed Hope and Anchor.

Right down to the perennial pain of the clusters of little girls constantly begging "Have You Got 10p?" and a few token Howard Wall (!) lurkerlikes, Pinpoint attract a pedigree Lurkers audience — ever felt like you're walking into a rigged crowd?

The band could probably have played terribly and still grabbed their ego-quenching encores. As it happens, they're not too bad at all.

The nagging notion that Bassick's new group might be no more than mere copyists of his former outfit is firmly elbowed right from the off via an untitled instrumental opener, anxious and effective in a similar way to the twisting instrumental "Electricity" with which The Members always launch their gigs.

Just watch Buzzcocks — instrumentals are most definitely IN. Are we not hip?

In the ten-song set which followed, the doleful "Hospital" (not the Richman song) was another standout along with the anthemic "Richmond" (repeated for the first of two encores) and the psychotic funk of "Emotional Piggybacks".

Musically, the portly Bassick's Fender dominates the proceedings as he shares the lead vocal duties with his bassist Dave Allen (no, not that one) throughout.

Mid-way, the set sagged unpleasantly towards more mundane, staid HM-inclined fare, reminding me with the bump of being brought back to earth that — even though the band have improved immeasurably since I last witnessed them about six months back at a Marquee debacle — there remains room for amelioration.

Still, this outing was an unqualified Saturday night success. Go and see Pinpoint. Let their kick-in-the-groin music kick you in the groin. Watch them grow. Get pissed and pogo with the Fulham Boys. Be a generous mug and give your silver to the Fulham girls. And try not to miss Arty Puss if he's the support act.

Adrian Thrills

JAZZ DIARY

Stalwarts from the London Musicians Collective will be stumping the North this month, with Steve Beresford and Tristan Honsinger sharing a bill with SME at the Spectro Arts Workshop, Newcastle on 17th, Wrangthorne Church Hall, Leeds on 18th, St. John's College, York on 19th, The Arts Basement, King Street, Manchester on 20th and Liverpool Academy Of Arts on 21st.

Meanwhile, back at the LMC headquarters, there are two sessions with Saviotrump and Both Hands Free on 10th November and 11th, and a duo performance by Marc Charig and Marcio Mattos on 12th. South Hill Park, Bracknell features the Alan Rowe Dixieland Jazz Band on 14th, Dick Morrisey on 21st and the San Jacinto Jazz Band on 28th.

European Jazz Concensus, led by drummer Lala Kovacev and featuring Alan Skidmore, will be touring Britain, with gigs at the Aberthourne Hotel, Sheffield on 15th, Band On The Wall, Manchester on 16th, Bradford Hotel, Liverpool on 17th, Half Moon, Putney on 19th, the Students Union, Leeds on 20th, Platform, Glasgow, on 21st and Platform, Edinburgh, on 22nd.

Oxford Street's 100 Club has the Terry Smith Quartet, the Gary Boyle Band and the Kenny Shaw-Gary Boyle Duo on 13th and Georgie Fame And The Blue Flames on 20th. Putney's Half Moon presents the Bobby Wellins Quartet on 12th, while Croydon's Red Deer has the Bebop Preservation Society on 14th.

Impulse's excellent Dedication series supplies full versions of Sam Rivers' live performances on "The Trio Sessions", alternative takes of Archie Shepp classics on "Further Fire Music", Yusef Lateef's great Pep's Lounge gig on "The Live Session" and "Salute To Newport" from Pee Wee Russell.

Thirteen further doubles have come out on Savoy: "Fat Girl" by Fats Navarro; "Discoveries" by Art Pepper; "All Star Swing Sessions" by Pete Johnson and Cozy Cole; "Maggie" by Howard McGhee; "The Tenor Sax Album" by various artists; "The Roots Of Rock 'n' Roll"; "The Hunt" by Dexter Gordon and Wardell Gray; "Have No Fear, Big Joe is Here" by Joe Turner; "The Changing Face Of Harlem"; "The Bebop Boys" by various berets; "Gong" by Yusef Lateef; "The Greatest Group Of Them All" by The Ravens; "The Individualism Of Pee Wee Russell".

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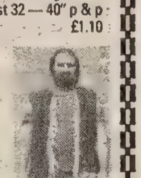

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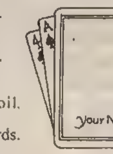

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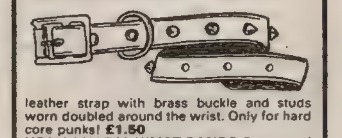

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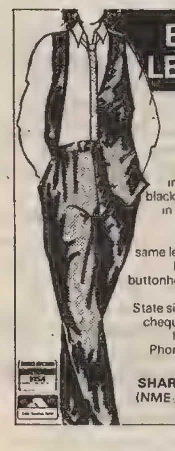

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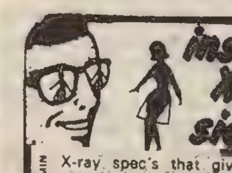

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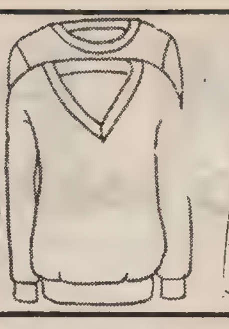
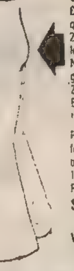

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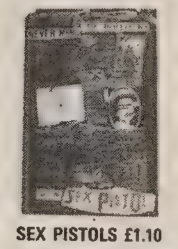
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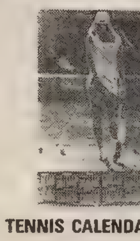
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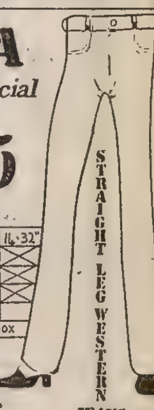

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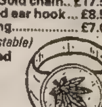

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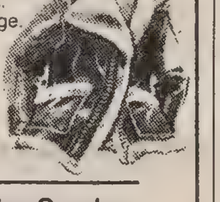
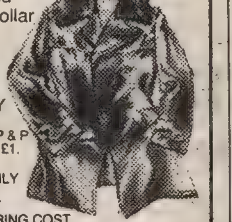

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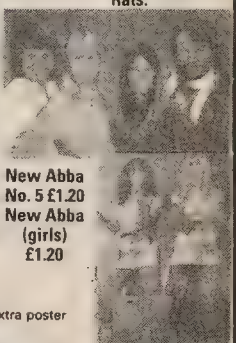

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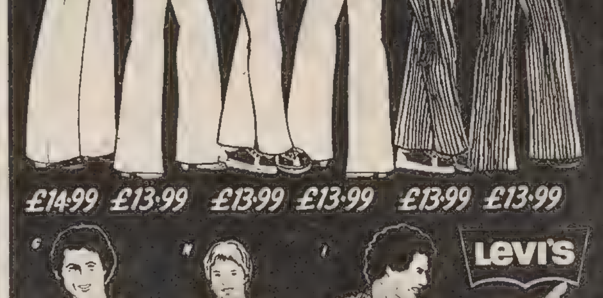

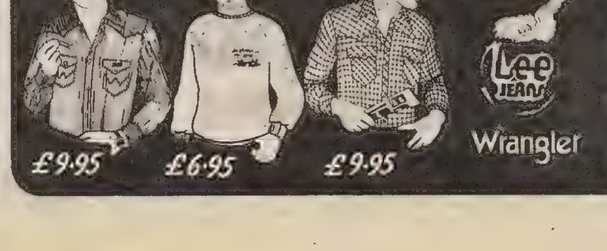

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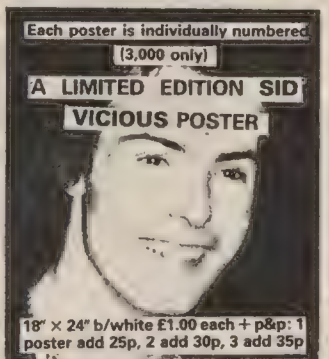

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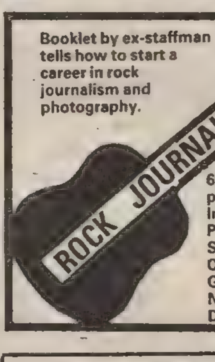
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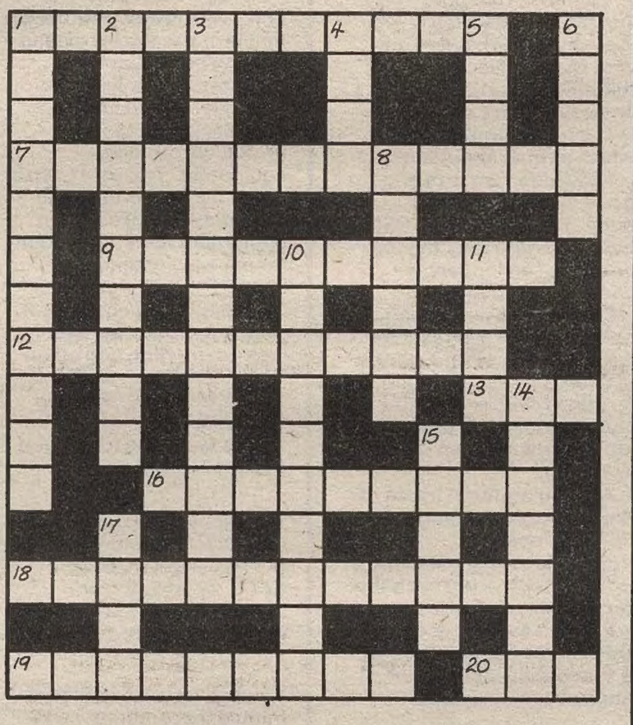


ACROSS

1 A top pop chartbreaker by the band of the same name (6,5)
7 Rock'n'roll oldie which was Little Richard's first hit single (4,4,5)
9 Part of the Bootsy Collins / George Clinton circus of funk'n'lunacy
12 Legendary soul stylist who died in a plane crash (4,7)
13 Techno-rockers whose new vegetable is in LP charts
16 The lesser-known Beach Boy (2,7)
18 Sky thing, glad? (anag. 6,6)
19 See 4 down
20 Marley number based on a speech by H. Selassie

DOWN

1 Clash City Bassist (4,7)
2 Remember 'supergroups'? This one comprised E. Clapton, S. Winwood, G. Baker and R. Grech, and argued itself into oblivion (5,5)
3 Disco hit for Dan Hartman (7,6)
4 & 19 Remember Paul McCarney? Remember his recent fab gear No 1 single? (4,2 7)
5 "Duke Of ———" Gene Chandler
6 John's the shorter, swarthy one — he's the taller, fairer one of the white soul duo
8 Little when he had hits such as "Fingertips" and "Uptight"
10 Former Roxy saxman currently resolving contradictions (4,6)
11 Detroit's idiot son
14 Pioneering U.S. label which gave first record contracts to Doors, Love, Tim Buckley etc.
15 11 down picks up a letter and merges into David Bowie — cryptic huh?
17 The one who got left out in the cold when Eric and Ginger went into 2 down.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK. LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW.

ACROSS: 1 "MacArthur Park"; 7 "Darlin'"; 8 "Abraxas"; 9 Generation X; 10 Fee (Waybill); 11 (Peter) Tosh; 13 Kiss; 14 Micky; 17 "Hurry Up Harry"; 19 "Old Grey Whistle (Test)"; 21 Scaffold; 22 "(Old Grey Whistle) Test". **DOWN:** 1 Midnight; 2 Cortinas; 3 Tony Banks; 4 "Up Against The Wall"; 5 (Gram) Parsons; 6 Kraftwerk; 12 "Hair"; 14 Martin; 15 Crystals; 16 Rutles; 18 Queen; 20 Gram (Parsons).

JON ANDERSON

From page 37

When every other male rock singer is determined to project a butch image, it's entirely to Anderson's credit that he's happy to sing in such an unfashionable way.

"I always used to like to do songs like 'Stay With Me Baby'" he says. "Slow tempo romantic songs. People like Marvin Gaye and Joe Tex. The Supremes even.

"It took me a few albums before I got a little bit more assurance about my voice. But after that I just seemed able to sing higher and higher. I've gone up an extra octave since 'Time And A Word'."

IN MANY ways, Jon Anderson looks like the epitome of the professional hippie. His dressing room has abstract Indian paintings scattered round the walls. He readily admits an early debt to Tolkien and Herman Hesse. He values childish insights.

As with most hippie tribes, there seem to be dozens of small children wandering about backstage. Two of them are his own, the others are nephews and nieces, and the sons and daughters of the rest of the entourage.

During the Yes show Anderson dedicates one new song, "Circus Of Heaven", to a comprehensive list of all the band's kids.

On the face of it it looks like yet more evidence of irredeemable tweeness.

But Anderson says that recently he's been listening to a lot of Randy Newman (of all people). And there's an ironic twist to "Circus Of Heaven".

The song elaborately lists all the attractions of this celestial circus, unicorns, centaurs, elves, *"bright fairies all in colours of jade"*, etc., etc. (You can perhaps imagine what he'd come up with).

But at the end of all that, a childish voice pipes up, demanding clowns, tigers, candy-floss and toffee apples.

In all fairness, you're bound to admit that's a turn-up for the book.

A professional cosmic hippie with a sense of self-mockery is an entirely new concept.

MILLIE JACKSON

From page 26

Surely not all women?

Millie sighs patiently. "The women who say they're not dependent on men, I think they are liars."

Really?

"Really. I mean, one way or another, you *are* dependent upon men. I don't give a damn how liberated you are, when the faucet breaks you're gonna call a man to fix it."

Oh, come on. That's not true.

"Well, I don't know any lady plumbers."

Well, I do.

We stare at each other in mutual disbelief.

Someone asks Millie if she isn't being a bit flippant. "No . . . well, maybe. But there *are* certain things which women *don't* do." But, asks someone else, you don't mean that women are dependent on men for their ultimate happiness, do you?

"Yes, they are. And men are dependent on us, too. One of the necessities of life is to love and be loved. Right? Ok, so who you gonna love?"

But, Millie, love in your songs is so *possessive*.

"Love is possessive, let's face it," she declares firmly. "I mean, now the act of making love is more free, but love itself is possessive. If you're in love, you don't want everybody getting your good thing. You're selfish with it."

She laughs. "It does something to you to know he's just got out of bed with her and he's coming to give you some of the same left-overs. You might not want it under those circumstances. True?"

Yeah. No. I don't know, I'm getting in a muddle, I ask her if she doesn't think the nature of relationships is changing; the family breaking up, people becoming less competitive, maybe. She doesn't. She's a thoroughly unmodern Millie.

"There's competition always. We're in a competitive world. It's almost impossible to have a triangle without competition. How you gonna do that? That's the point of the triangle — third party brings competition."

Yeah, but isn't that a result of our upbringing? I don't believe people are so competitive by nature.

"I do. Americans are, anyway."

Wouldn't you like to change that?

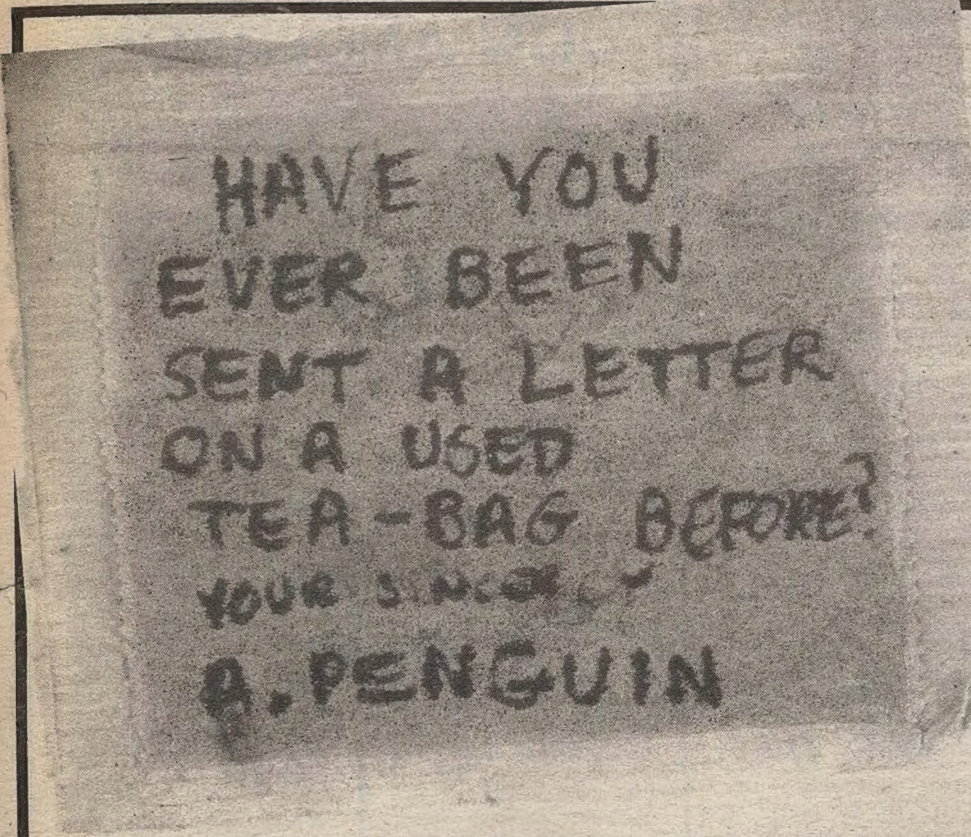
"I couldn't give less than a damn."

The boat of my idealism finally crashes on this barrier-reef of showbiz indifference. Millie qualifies her statement somewhat — "I don't necessarily agree with competitiveness, but I accept it" — and goes into a long rap about American materialism, but I'm not listening. For the rest of the interview I stare at the ceiling in utter dejection.

IN ALL fairness, even if she won't mend a leaky washer, Millie Jackson remains an astute business person. She manages her own career, co-produces her own albums, and looks after her two kids as a single parent. Though she may obey many of the taboos on women's behaviour, she has shown a healthy disregard for those on what a woman can and can't say on stage. And she is, of course, a magnificent singer.

Other information you may care to have — her next record will be, surprise surprise, a concept album, entitled "A Moment's Pleasure"; and after that, she hopes to do a live album. She spends about 10 to 11 months on the road each year, and loves it. Being at home *bores* her. She locks herself up in her room, does crossword puzzles and watches TV.

Her favourite programmes? You got it, soap operas.



HAVE YOU
EVER BEEN
SENT A LETTER
ON A USED
TEA-BAG BEFORE?
YOUR SINCERELY
A. PENGUIN

Yes, another first for NME — what can we say but welcome to T-BAG

Featuring The Clash Backlash And other related stuff

I see the Clash backlash has begun and it all seems rather meaningless and pointless. I find it amusing and a total waste of time. It will be interesting to see your converting various assorted dorks and hipsters, who will take it all to their media dictated hearts and join in the mud-slinging. Let them. Personally, I couldn't give a shit what anyone (especially you jaded cynics) has to say, cos no-one barring them is gonna change my feelings about the band. The Clash are tops and you can't stop them, baby. They're *the* punk band and just 'cos they won't pander to the likes of you and continue as they began, don't mean they're finished — they've only just begun.

You shout "progression" and when it comes you don't want it. "Oh, they're a heavy metal band now!" What crap!

Just 'cos the sound changes as the band become more musically competent, it doesn't change their direction, meaning, feeling, etc. You just want a lie — a musically competent band playin' below their capability. They've still got a lot to offer and continue to try for change (however limited their power). The band is having hard times right now, what with Bernie, etc. and this makes them easy targets for you, don't it? How very brave and clever. I'd like you lot to try and do more than they have, however many bad mistakes they've made along the way.

I could write all day about it, but it's not going to change your minds, just as you can't change mine. I wouldn't want to anyway, it's not worth it. I'll just carry on liking them all the same and I'll probably be extremely unhip at the end of the year. They've still got it and they're practically all we've got, baby.

SEAN, London, W9. P.S. Next years hip phrase: "Oh, *them*. I never really liked *them* anyway."

IAN PENMAN (I bet he's a hippy fart). I knew it! I know it! You're all wankers at *NME*. (Come on — admit it). You've done it to so many groups (especially new wave bands) — and now it's The Clash. You give bands like these, front page and middle page spreads saying how good they are and how they give such a good performance — then wot — a couple of months later and it's SLAG-SLAG-SLAG-SLAG.

"What is it exactly they have rebelled against?" is wot Penman said in his Roxy gig review. Well, smart arse Penman, I'll tell you they have rebelled against ticket prices — tight security — the playing of big halls and boring old hippy tramps who go to gigs to sit down and watch — yes watch — and not jump around. I went to the Roxy gigs (The Clash roadie got 60 of us in for nothing on the second night — stick that up your arse, Penman) and both gigs were good. You must have had shit in your eyes and a hood on your head to give The Clash a shitty review.

Before you throw this letter in your 'new wave letter crap bin' tell me this? How long will it take before you slag-off public image? I bet it is after the Xmas dates — or are you too scared of wot Rotten will do to your shitty-boring old hippy ridden rag paper — which isn't fit to read because you hide behind big words.

THE BOY WITH THE LARGE ARSE-HOLE.

Musically, the Clash continue to improve. Ethically, they try as much as any band in their position could. Ideologically, their stance is shot with contradictions. So what else is new? — CSM

Ian Penman's report of the Clash's Harlesden Roxy gig (Nov 4th) must rate as one of the worst pieces of critical journalism ever to appear in *NME*. From the title, 'Black n' White Drop Outasite' (Yes, Ian, I know it rhymes — but what does it mean?) right the way through to the conclusion, 'The Clash is a dying myth', the whole piece was littered with statements which were either embarrassingly elitist or simply untrue — (I MEAN that).

If this buffoon is to be believed, the Clash are "plain chaps with art school roots" (how perceptive), who play "joyless, emotionless(!), directionless, self-important music". Other gems of Penman's insight Topper Headon is an inept drummer, whilst Mick Jones plays "hackneyed guitar solos" and does "embarrassing runs across stage" (unlike Penetration, this month's model, maaaan). Also, contrary to earlier beliefs, no relationships exist between the members of the band — or between the band and the audience!

Gee! — and to think, I was almost fooled by people such as Charles Shaar Murray, Chris Salewicz, Gavin Martin and Tony Parsons (not to mention *Thrills* and *T-zers*) who tried to tell me that The Clash are the greatest band in the world. Perhaps next week Mr Penman will try and prove how the moon is made of cheese.

A CHARLTON CITY ROCKER, Plumstead, London SE18.

Styrofoam, actually. — SEAN TYLA.

Since CSM told me that "All Mod Cons" was "one of the handful of truly essential rock albums of the last few years", I bought it and although it's okay it hardly lived up to CSM's praises. For example, "English Rose" is not "a finger in the eye" etc., it's an unoriginal tune with every romantic cliche in the book. The Same goes for "All Mod Cons", "To Be Someone" and "Mr. Clean" — they are the usual targets — plenty of sweeping statements attacking stereotypes; what's wrong with the complacent middle-aged, middle classes anyway? I don't suppose they do any harm. Hardly worth writing about really.

Now Side Two is really good, but that's not the point. The point is that CSM has gone right over the top and being an influential person writing for an influential paper, he should hold something in reserve. I'm sure you can't judge an LP after 2 weeks' listening. A gushing review like that is about as useful as a hatchet job on Ian Anderson (but not as funny).

Are you a special friend of Weller's or something?

PETE, Norwich.

Nope — just someone who's totally knocked out with the Jam album, and who hasn't gone off it even after three weeks' overkill-multiplay. It is that good, you East Anglian cynic! — CSM.

I would give anything to kiss Paul Weller's arse.

A SIX FOOT EVERTON FAN.

Wonder how much Weller would give *not* to have his arse kissed by a six foot Everton fan? — CSM.

Contrary to popular opinion, I think your price rise was a good idea. Before, to have the exact amount to buy your rag, you had to carry a minimum of four coins. You have now reduced that to two, and if you raised it to fifty pee, you could do it in one. And (I hope this is not asking too much) if you raised it to £1, it would make for a lighter pocket without that annoying "clinking" sound which seems to encourage flag-day collectors.

BILL, Teignmouth, Devon.

We're glad you're being so eminently reasonable about all this, Bill. — CSM.

I'm in love with Tony Blackburn . . . am I normal?

PSEUDO NYM, Bacon Road, Belfast.

Dangerously so. — CSM.

In your "Who Really Runs Rock 'N' Roll?" feature on EMI you showed how deeply that firm's tentacles extend into the entertainment business. You might also have mentioned EMI's involvement in the production of military equipment. To quote from a CAAT leaflet, various EMI subsidiaries make spying equipment for aircraft, radar for missile guidance systems, underwater weapon testing equipment, proximity fuses, submarine instrumentation and other items. Very entertaining.

RICHARD LUND, Reading Berkshire.

You're welcome (duck, you sucker) — CSM.

Thought for the day: Save gas, fart in a money box.

A TYPICALLY VULGAR SCOT (from Scotland)

You won't curry favour that way, Hamish — CSM

You had me worried for a minute there, chaps. I was beginning to think you'd dispensed with the Boomtown Rats Backlash altogether.

SAMUEL PEPYS, Fire Of London.

Always nice ta hear from youse, B.G. — CSM

Malcolm Johnson,

Wherever you are — you bastard, you shared my flat with me for one year, then one day you legged it, taking with you my money, my best clothes, but worst of all, you stole my copy of "Quadrophenia". For that, mush, I'm going to get you. I promise.

YOU KNOW WHO, Minden, W Germany.

What? — CSM

Dear Hopeless Erik (see Oct 28th), I'm not complaining about the new price, the girl in John Menzies still thinks it's 18p.

A DISHONEST READER WHO TAKES ADVANTAGE OF OTHER PEOPLE'S OVERSIGHTS.

Whoops . . . — CSM

I hate:
1) Old men eating egg'n'chips in grotty cafes.
2) Wearing a bra that shoots up to my armpits when I put coffee cups away on the top shelf of the cupboard. (God, it *hurts*).
3) All photos of my Aunt Rita. (She makes me puke).
4) Nylon underwear.
5) All atheists outside Chelmsford.

I like: J B Singles Reviews and Yorkie Bars.

Thanks for letting me get this off my chest.

JO, A Saturday supermarket assistant. (I'm quite hip).

Evidently. We suggest a change of underwear and another Yorkie Bar in a different supermarket — CSM

Great, Julie's been let loose again on the singles page. She's going to rip them in shreds in punkoid fury. Here goes, disco disaster, she'll murder them, I daren't read it, it will be too gruesome, Travolta blood everywhere . . .'. . . there's a million times as many spunky, predatory faithful girls to be found in disco/soul than in any lousy, liberated white rock.'

Huh . . ? Must be a printing error — damned NATSOPA bums!

Great, Julie Covington's got a new record out, 'cause Cov's real liberated, a true woman's woman, right? Wrong! 'Covington is still completely charm-free and reeking of fringe-theatre.'

Huh . . ? How on earth do those typesetters justify their whopping pay packets when they make such obvious cock-ups?

Lynsey De Paul — Julie will tear her beauty spot clean off her wimpy face, the blood dwarf! What's this . . . 'Lynsey De Paul had one of the most . . . successful . . . careers of the early 70's, hideously under-studied by the rock press.'

Huh . . ? I'm beginning to hve doubts about my own sanity. Maybe I'm Napoleon after all. I thought I was hip! Julie, Julie, what are you doing to me?

Olivia Newton-John, a new record. This is it! The big one, the napalm job, mega-hatchet job-gore everywhere. Dare I read it, this so-obvious violent death kick? OK, here we go . . . 'Though I think *Grease* is easily the most magical musical since *Oklahoma*. . .

That's it, I'm bananas and the little white-coated men are axe-thrashing my front door. As they tie my arms around me, strait-jacket fashion, as the hypo pierces my deranged thigh, I only have a few seconds before padded cell life . . . hey, what if Julie Burchill just says everything diametrically opposed to your preconceptions, just to be a hipster, now out front, cool . . ?

I used to love you, Julie!

L. PARR, St. Helens.

Ever fallen in love with someone you shouldn't have? (ha ha ha) — CSM.

Is this the end of Parsons and Burchill? If they think rock is dead how can they possibly work for a (ahem) 'rock paper'? Please consider me for a job. I think rock is alive, perhaps a bit syphilitic, but alive. I hate heavy metal and everything else. I can write your style of English, e.g. 'With neo-crypto-cryptic feedback solos I was totally freaked-out, maaan!?!!' I can do the crossword. I would like also to meet 'The Lone Groover'.

THE LONE HOOVER, Gotham City.

Of course it's not the end of Tony and Julie. You can find them kicking the corpse round the room in every fab ish of *NME* — CSM.

My dictionary defines 'Grease' as the soft, melted fat of animals. I think that's a fair description.

SERGE NARBUTOWICZ, Prescot, Merseyside.

So do I — ROGET

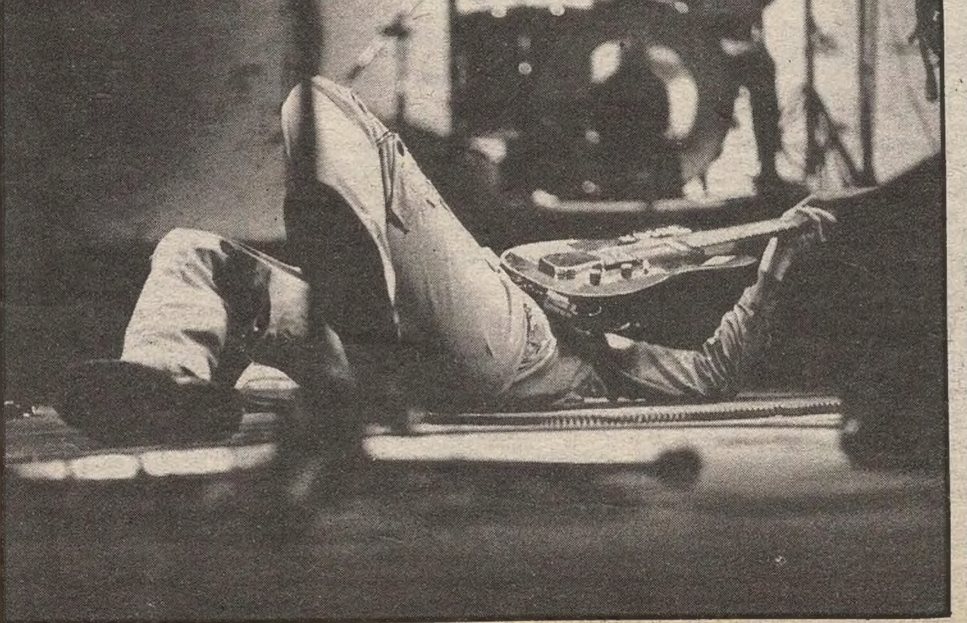
I might be getting a bike for Christmas.

TERRY NUISANCE, N7. (the other Terry's wiser brother).

Then again, you might not — CSM

Letters edited by CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY Write to GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1.

Strummer lies low under fire



CHALKIE DAVIES

T-ZERS

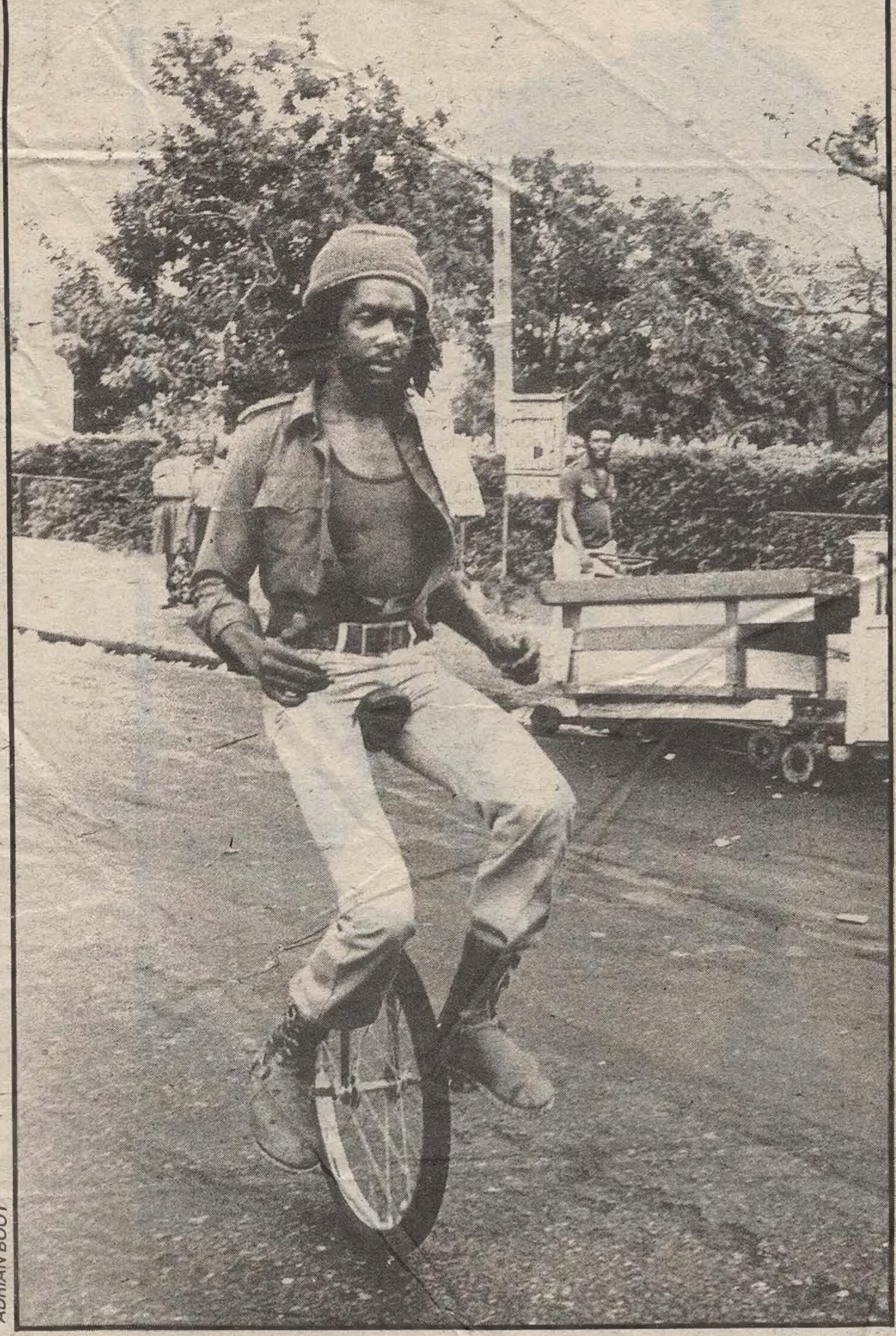
GETS FIT

AND A GREAT big "Hi there!" to all you wonderful human beings out there as we welcome you to the wild, weird, whacky, wanton, winken, blinken, dozy, beaky, sneezy, grumpy, crosby, stills and trashy world of punk, funk, disco, rock, pop, folk, jazz, blues, powerbilly, heavy metal, fusion, football, films, fantasy, lawsuits, vitamins, junk food, broken-down Transits and sudden death. For the first time, *T-Zerz* brings you the rumours behind the facts, the lies behind the truth, the dust behind the wardrobe, the women behind the great men, the men behind the great women and the names **Bob Geldof, Britt Ekland,** and **Joe Strummer** in dirty great thick heavy black letters. This week's *T-Zerz* makes the *Daily Star* look like *The Financial Times!* This week's *T-Zerz* makes *The Financial Times* look like *Monotony Maker!* This week's *T-Zerz* makes **Patti Smith** look like **John Cooper Clarke!** . . .

And while we're on the subject of **The Clash, Joe Strummer** made **Mick Jagger** look like Mick Jagger when hordes of freeloaders [illegible]led at the Cinema Blue [illegible]rt of sleazy, sexy, ar[illegible]oho to have their t[illegible]knocked off by [illegible] Gents' new [illegible] a few out-of-sync **Ben Turpin** movies (been a while since the Turp had his name in *T-Zerz)* guests were treated to one side of the new product played through a pair of totally ludicrous speakers, after which an impromptu press conference took place. Flanked by his silent partners, Joe Strummer made **Bob Geldof** look like a deaf-mute on elephant tranquiliser as he answered assorted penetrating questions. Sample answers (try and imagine the questions): "We're competing against all those groups who've got the big productions but no ideas. We've got the production *and* the ideas", "Sod it. You can't give up just because you make mistakes" and "I'd rather be attacked for failing to achieve the impossible than praised for achieving the ordinary." Page 45 tells all, Joey . . .

After the reception, the last gang in town went on to ceremoniously (hi there, infinitive-splitters!) lose against Camden Playgrounds in a 12-a-side tourney. **Topper Headon** and **Mick Jones** scored for The Clash and an observer observed, "They're both quite good, but Strummer's useless and **Simonon's** a dogger". . .

Other bozos seen kicking a ball about and blowing their credibility into tiny pieces were on view at *The Sun's* 5-a-side charity Goaldiggers match. **Elton John's** team (also featuring **Rod Stewart, Bill Oddie** and **Billy Connolly)** distinguished themselves by not distinguishing themselves. Rod demanded his own dressing room — bloody great nancy boy — but got sent off after five minutes. The overall winners were **The Stranglers** team, which consisted of **Huge Cornball** (who wore his mac throughout) and a doughty quartet of Finchley boys. Liggers included **The Boomtown Rats** (oh no! Surely not! Who'd 'a thought it? Well I never etc) and **Britt Ekland,** plus **Phil Lynott, Billie Jean King** and probably loads of other important people . . .


ADRIAN BOOT

PETER TOSH — you know, the bloke helping MICK JAGGER at present, shows how to stay dread on a monocycle.

Flash! Sorry to interrupt all this fascinating football stuff (ho, ho), but this one can't wait. In this year's poll in A.N. Other rock weekly, **Yes** and **Genesis** have between them won virtually every award on offer (snigger). About the only categories that escaped the yawning void were Best Album **(Lizzy's** "Live And Dangerous"), Best Single **(Gerry Rafferty's** Baker Street) and Top Female Singer **(Kate Bush).** We provide this information as a service to those of you who not only don't read *Monotony-Maker* but also don't know why . . .

DENIS O'REGAN

ROD waits for the ball, confounded by CORNWELL.

Earnest readers of the *Sunday Mirror* will by now know that **Bianca Jagger** has larger tits than **Anita Pallenberg** and that **Keith Richard(s)** once dosed a couple of unfortunate dogs with valium. Earnest readers of the *Sunday Mirror* will also know that there are better things to do on Sunday than read the *Sunday Mirror* . . .

Hey, here's a sneaky one: which Radio 1 DJ doesn't have a record player at home because he "gets enough of it at work?" Answers (on postcard please) to **Derek Chinnery,** Head of Radio One, Broadcasting House, London. Waaauuuuuuughhhh. . .

Tonite there's gonna be a jailbreak: when **Thin Lizzy** played Newcastle Australia (this one gets sillier as it goes along), eight criminal sheilas were temporarily released from Tomago Prison to see the show and meet'n greet the boys in the band. In the company of a warder, natch (y'have to watch that **Philip,** ya know) . . .

Our crime desk reports that a car belonging to **Jimmy Bain** and/or **Brian Robertson** was broken into outside the Marquee on the night of Monday October 31 and relieved of assorted tapes, address books and other impedimenta. Sufferers from terminal remorse can own up and get semi-forgiven by calling 01-734 9734. Meanwhile, **Penetration** (remember them?) were separated from their lighting desk after a gig at Birmingham Barbarellas last Saturday night and — needless to say — they'd like it back, puh-leeeze. Contrite persons can call **Al Clark** (a thrill in itself) at Virgin Records (01-727 8070).

DENIS O'REGAN

PLANT limps off, beaten by The Finchley Boys.

Our man in court reports that attempts by **Heatwave's** solicitors to get **Blast Furnace** and the You - Know - What's manager **Peter Mannheim** committed to one of **Her Majesty's** Detention Emporiums for alleged contempt of court were unsuccessful, but arising complications meant that the Blast team had to blow out a gig in Treforest. A subsequent Oxford gig went under when the band's Transit died on the road, which means that Blast And Co have missed more gigs in the last week then **B.B. King** has in his entire career . . .

On a more salubrious level of showbiz, **Graham Parker And The Rumour** opened Virgin Records' Victoria fun palace The Venue on Thursday before a star-studded audience which included **Paul Cook, Peter Cook, Steve Jones, Poly Styrene** (where was **Geldof?)** and loads of other famous people. We must confess that The Venue didn't exactly seem like the fun place of the century — what with house lights on throughout the performance, a sound system that wouldn't have deafened a gnat and all the intimacy of a converted cinema masquerading as a small club, but we're assured it's going to be better. Or as GP announced when he returned for his encore, "Are you sure you wouldn't rather have a hamburger instead?" . . .

Positively the last *T-Zer* about **Bob Geldof** in this week's fab ish: the Modest One and some of his small furry cohorts were observed checking out **Slade** at the Music Machine. Looking forward to 1983, youse guys? . . .

ABC Records are whacking out **"Steely Dan's** Greatest Hits" (what greatest hits?) next week including one previously unissued track to ensure collectibility. Maybe it's the standard contract-expiry shaft job, but rumour hath it that **Becker** and **Fagen** have decided not to sign with WEA after all (just to be different) and to renegotiate with ABC . . .

The final irony of **Keef's** Toronto escapade: while he was being sentenced (fifty lashes with a wet noodle and a promise never to do it again), a local girl got three months in the next court for possession of an ounce of grass. We here at *T-Zers* say, "Outlaw chic my triple dots." Incidentally, Keef went on to claim at a press conference that all the **Stones'** dope songs — like "Mother's Little Helper" and "Get Off Of My Cloud" — were in actual fact anti-drug songs. Warrabout "Sister Morphine", ya great jessie? . . .

In answer to the query that wound up last week's *T-Zers,* **Jean Jacket Barnowl** doesn't know about **Dave Greenfield's** mansion because he's currently in Japan on a five-month martial arts course. J.J.'s only British fellow student is some bloke called **Carl Palmer.** Adopt a basic horse stance and ram it up your auto-suggestion. . . .

And finally, all us dots here at *T-Zers* would like to wish the ailing **Elt** a speedy recovery from his current ill-health. We warned you about hanging out with **Wreckless Eric** but did you listen . . ?

BETTER BADGES

This week		Last week
1	Love	1
2	Bites	2
3	Smirks Against Travolta	10
4	Clash Police	3
5	The Jam	—
6	Buzzcocks	4
7	Stiff Little Fingers	5
8	My Way	7
9	The Rezillos	9
10	Alternative Ulster	8

New Releases

20p Meke Army, Smirks Against Travolta, So Alone, The Edge, Pill, Zig Zag Blondie, Lemmy, Animal Lib No 2. Skids, Scritti Politti.
25p New Siouxsie, Undertones, The Dogs (France), Pretty Vacant
X-Series 20p, Patti, Shelly, Culture, Poly

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